HISTORY

OF

FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA,

CALLED

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE.

[1858–1865.]

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. IX.

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.

LONDON
PRINTED BY VIRTUE AND CO.,
CITY ROAD.

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HISTORY

OF

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BOOK XX.

FRIEDRICH IS NOT TO BE OVERWHELMED: THE SEVEN-YEARS WAR GRADUALLY ENDS.

25th April 1760-15th February 1763.

CHAPTER I.

FIFTH CAMPAIGN OPENS.

THERE were yet, to the world's surprise and regret, Three Campaigns of this War; but the Campaign 1760, which we are now upon, was what produced or rendered possible the other two;—was the crisis of them, and is now the only one that can require much narrative from us here. Ill-luck, which, Friedrich complains, had followed him like his shadow, in a strange and fateful manner, from the day of Kunersdorf and earlier, does not yet cease its sad company; but, on the contrary, for long months to come, is more constant than ever, baffling every effort of his own, and from the distance sending him news of mere disaster and discomfiture. It is in this Campaign, though not till far on in it, that the long lane does prove to have a turning, and the Fortune of War recovers its old impartial form. After which, things visibly languish: and the hope of ruining

such a Friedrich becomes problematic, the effort to do it slackens also; the very will abating, on the Austrian part, year by year, as of course the strength of their resources is still more steadily doing. To the last, Friedrich, the weaker in material resources, needs all his talent,—all his luck too. But, as the strength, on both sides, is fast abating,—hard to say on which side faster (Friedrich's talent being always a *fixed* quantity, while all else is fluctuating and vanishing),—what remains of the once terrible Affair, through Campaigns Sixth and Seventh, is like a race between spent horses, little to be said of it in comparison. Campaign 1760 is the last of any outward eminence or greatness of event. Let us diligently follow that, and be compendious with the remainder.

Friedrich was always famed for his Marches; but, this Year, they exceeded all calculation and example; and are still the admiration of military men. Can there by no method be some distant notion afforded of them to the general reader? They were the one resource Friedrich had left, against such overwhelming superiority in numbers; and they came out like surprises in a theatre,—unpleasantly surprising to Daun. Done with such dexterity, rapidity and inexhaustible contrivance and ingenuity, as overset the schemes of his enemies again and again, and made his one army equivalent in effect to their three.

Evening of April 25th, Friedrich rose from his Freyberg cantonments; moved back, that is, northward, a good march; then encamped himself between Elbe and the Hill-Country; with freer prospect and more elbow-room for work coming. His left is on Meissen and the Elbe; his right at a Village called the Katzenhäuser, an uncommonly strong camp, of which one often hears afterwards; his centre camp is at Schlettau,* which also is strong, though not to such a degree. This line extends from Meissen southward about 10 miles, commanding the Reich-ward Passes of the Metal Mountains, and is defensive of Leipzig, Torgau and the Towns thereabouts.[1] Katzenhäuser is but a mile or two from Krögis—that unfortunate Village where Finck got his Maxen Order: "*Er weiss*,—You know I can't stand having difficulties raised; manage to do it!"

Friedrich's task, this Year, is to defend Saxony; Prince

* Map at end of this Book.

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 16 et seq.

Henri having undertaken the Russians,—Prince Henri and Fouquet, the Russians and Silesia. Clearly on very uphill terms, both of them: so that Friedrich finds he will have a great many things to assist in, besides defending Saxony. He lies here expectant till the middle of June, above seven weeks; Daun also, for the last two weeks, having taken the field in a sort. In a sort;—but comes no nearer; merely posting himself astride of the Elbe, half in Dresden, half on the opposite or northern bank of the River, with Lacy thrown-out ahead in good force on that vacant side; and so waiting the course of other people's enterprises.

Well to eastward and rearward of Daun, where we have seen Loudon about to be very busy, Prince Henri and Fouquet have spun themselves out into a long chain of posts, in length 300 miles or more, 'from Landshut, along the Bober, along 'the Queiss and Oder, through the Neumark, abutting on Stet-'tin and Colberg, to the Baltic Sea.'[2] On that side, in aid of Loudon or otherwise, Daun can attempt nothing; still less on the Katzenhäuser-Schlettau side can he dream of an attempt: only towards Brandenburg and Berlin,—the Country on that side, 50 or 60 miles of it, to eastward of Meissen, being vacant of troops, — is Daun's road open, were he enterprising, as Friedrich hopes he is not. For some two weeks, Friedrich,—not ready otherwise, it being difficult to cross the River, if Lacy with his 30,000 should think of interference,—had to leave the cunctatory Feldmarschall this chance or unlikely possibility. At the end of the second week ('June 14th,' as we shall mark by and by), the chance was withdrawn.

Daun and his Lacy are but one, and that by no means the most harassing, of the many cares and anxieties which Friedrich has upon him in those Seven Weeks, while waiting at Schlettau, reading the omens. Never hitherto was the augury of any Campaign more indecipherable to him, or so continually fluctuating with wild hopes, which proved visionary, and with huge practical fears, of what he knew to be the real likelihood. "Peace coming?" It is strange how long Friedrich clings to that fond hope: "My Edelsheim is in the Bastille, or packed home in disgrace: but will not the English and Choiseul make Peace? It is Choiseul's one rational course; bankrupt as he is,

[2] Tempelhof, iv. 21-24.

and reduced to spoons and kettles. In which case, what a beautiful effect might Duke Ferdinand produce, if he marched to Eger, say to Eger, with his 50,000 Germans (Britannic Majesty and Pitt so gracious), and twitched Daun by the skirt, whirling Daun home to Bohemia in a hurry!" Then the Turks; the Danes,—"Might not the Danes send us a trifle of Fleet to Colberg (since the English never will), and keep our Russians at bay?"—"At lowest these hopes are consolatory," says he once, suspecting them all (as, no doubt, he often enough does), "and give us courage to look calmly for the opening of this "Campaign, the very idea of which has made me shudder!"[3]

Meanwhile, by the end of May, the Russians are come across the Weichsel again, lie in four camps on the hither side; start about June 1st;—Henri waiting for them, in Sagan Country his headquarter; and on both hands of that, Fouquet and he spread out, since the middle of May, in their long thin Chain of Posts, from Landshut to Colberg again, like a thin wall of 300 miles. To Friedrich the Russian movements are, and have been, full of enigma: "Going upon Colberg? Going upon Glogau; upon Breslau?" That is a heavy-footed certainty, audibly tramping forward on us, amid these fond visions of the air! Certain too, and visible to a duller eye than Friedrich's; Loudon in Silesia is meditating mischief. "The inevitable Russians, the inevitable Loudon; and nothing but Fouquet and Henri on guard there, with their long thin chain of posts, infinitely too thin to do any execution!" thinks the King. To whom their modes of operating are but little satisfactory, as seen at Schlettau from the distance. "Condense yourself," urges he always on Henri; "go forward on the Russians; attack sharply this Corps, that Corps, while they are still separate and on march!" Henri did condense himself, 'took post between Sagan and Sprottau; post at Frankfurt,'—poor Frankfurt, is it to have a Kunersdorf or Zorndorf every year, then? No; the cautious Henri never could see his way into these adventures; and did not attack any Corps of the Russians. Took post at Landsberg ultimately,—the Russians, as usual, having Posen as place-of-arms,—and vigilantly watched the Russians, without coming to strokes at all. A spectacle growing gradually intolerable to the King, though he tries to veil his feelings.

[3] 'To Prince Henri:' in *Schöning*, ii. 246 (3d April 1760); ib. 263 (of the *Danish* outlook); &c. &c.

Neither was Fouquet's plan of procedure well seen by Friedrich in the distance. Ever since that of Regiment Manteuffel, which was a bit of disappointment, Loudon has been quietly industrious on a bigger scale. Privately he cherishes the hope, being a swift vehement enterprising kind of man, to oust Fouquet; and perhaps to have Glatz Fortress taken, before his Russians come! In the very end of May, Loudon, privately aiming for Glatz, breaks-in upon Silesia again,—a long way to eastward of Fouquet, and as if regardless of Glatz. Upon which, Fouquet, in dread for Schweidnitz and perhaps Breslau itself, hastened down into the Plain Country, to manœuvre upon Loudon; but found no Loudon moving that way; and, in a day or two, learned that Landshut, so weakly guarded, had been picked-up by a big corps of Austrians; and in another day or two, that Loudon (June 7th) had blocked Glatz,—Loudon's real intention now clear to Fouquet. As it was to Friedrich from the first; whose anger and astonishment at this loss of Landshut were great, when he heard of it in his Camp of Schlettau. "Back to Landshut," orders he (11th June, three days before leaving Schlettau); "neither Schweidnitz nor Bres-
"lau are in danger: it is Glatz the Austrians mean" (as Fouquet and all the world now see they do!); "watch Glatz; re-
"take me Landshut instantly!"

The tone of Friedrich, which is usually all friendliness to Fouquet, had on this occasion something in it which offended the punctual and rather peremptory Spartan mind. Fouquet would not have neglected Glatz; pity he had not been left to his own methods with Landshut and it. Deeply hurt, he read this Order (16th June); and vowing to obey it, and nothing but *it*, used these words, which were remembered afterwards, to his assembled Generals: "*Meine Herren*, it appears,
"then, we must take Landshut again. Loudon, as the next
"thing, will come on us there with his mass of force; and we
"must then, like Prussians, hold-out as long as possible, think
"of no surrender on open field, but if even beaten, defend our-
"selves to the last man. In case of a retreat, I will be one of
"the last that leaves the field: and should I have the misfor-
"tune to survive such a day, I give you my word of honour
"never to draw a Prussian sword more."[4] This speech of Fouquet's (June 16th) was two days after Friedrich got on march

[4] Stenzel, v. 239.

from Schlettau. June 17th, Fouquet got to Landshut; drove out the Austrians more easily than he had calculated, and set diligently, next day, to repair his works, writing to Friedrich: "Your Majesty's Order shall be executed here, while a man of us lives." Fouquet, in the old Crown-Prince time, used to be called Bayard by his Royal friend. His Royal friend, now darker of face and scathed by much ill-weather, has just quitted Schlettau, three days before this recovery of Landshut; and will not have gone far till he again hear news of Fouquet.

Night of June 14th-15th, Friedrich, 'between Zehren and Zabel,' several miles down stream,—his bridges now all ready, out of Lacy's cognisance,—has suddenly crossed Elbe; and next afternoon pitches camp at Broschwitz, which is straight towards Lacy again. To Lacy's astonishment; who is posted at Moritzburg, with headquarter in that beautiful Country-seat of Polish Majesty,—only 10 miles to eastward, should Friedrich take that road. Broschwitz is short way north of Meissen, and lies on the road either to Grossenhayn or to Radeburg (Radeburg only four miles northward of Lacy), as Friedrich shall see fit, on the morrow. For the Meissen north road forks off there, in those two directions: straight northward is for Grossenhayn, right hand is for Radeburg. Most interesting to Lacy, which of these forks, what is quite optional, Friedrich will take! Lacy is an alert man; looks well to himself; warns Daun; and will not be caught if he can help it. Daun himself is encamped at Reichenberg, within two miles of him, inexpugnably intrenched as usual; and the danger surely is not great: nevertheless both these Generals, wise by experience, keep their eyes open.

The *First* great Feat of Marching now follows, on Friedrich's part; with little or no result to Friedrich; but worth remembering, so strenuous, so fruitless was it,—so barred by ill-news from without! Both this and the Second stand recorded for us, in brief intelligent terms by Mitchell, who was present in both; and who is perfectly exact on every point, and intelligible throughout,—if you will read him with a Map; and divine for yourself what the real names are, out of the inhuman blotchings made of them, not by Mitchell's blame at all.[5]

[5] Mitchell, *Memoirs and Papers*, ii. 160 et seq.

Tuesday June 17th, second day of Friedrich's stay at Broschwitz, Mitchell, in a very confidential Dialogue they had together, learned from him, under seal of secrecy, That it was his purpose to march for Radeburg tomorrow morning, and attack Lacy and his 30,000, who lie encamped at Moritzburg out yonder; for which step his Majesty was pleased farther to show Mitchell a little what the various inducements were: 'One Russian Corps is aiming as if for Berlin; the Austrians 'are about besieging Glatz,—pressing need that Fouquet were 'reinforced in his Silesian post of difficulty. Then here are 'the Reichs-people close by; can be in Dresden three days 'hence, joined to Daun: 80,000 odd there will then be of Ene-'mies in this part: I must beat Lacy, if possible, while time 'still is!'—and ended by saying: "Succeed here, and all may "yet be saved; be beaten here, I know the consequences: but "what can I do? The risk must be run; and it is now smaller "than it will ever again be."

Mitchell, whose account is a fortnight later than the Dialogue itself, does confess, 'My Lord, these reasons, though un-'happily the thing seems to have failed, "appear to me to be solid "and unanswerable."' Much more do they to Tempelhof, who sees deeper into the bottom of them than Mitchell did; and finds that the failure is only superficial.[6] The real success, thinks Tempelhof, would be, Could the King manœuvre himself into Silesia, and entice a cunctatory Daun away with him thither. A cunctatory Daun to preside over matters *there*, in his superstitiously cautious way; leaving Saxony free to the Reichsfolk,—whom a Hülsen, left with his small remnant in Schlettau, might easily take charge of, till Silesia were settled? 'The plan was bold, was new, and completely worthy of Fried-'rich,' votes Tempelhof; 'and it required the most consummate 'delicacy of execution. To lure Daun on, always with the 'prospect opened to him of knocking you on the head, and 'always by your rapidity and ingenuity to take care that he 'never got it done.' This is Tempelhof's notion: and this, sure enough, was actually Friedrich's mode of management in the weeks following; though whether already altogether planned in his head, or only gradually planning itself, as is more likely, nobody can say. We will look a very little into the execution, concerning which there is no dubiety:

[6] Mitchell, *Memoirs and Papers*, ii. 160 (Despatch, 'June 30th, 1760'); Tempelhof, iv. 44.

Wednesday 18th June, 'Friedrich,' as predicted to Mitchell, the night before, 'did start punctually, in three columns, at 3 A.M.' (Sun just rising); 'and, after a hot march, got encamped on the southward 'side of Radeburg: ready to cross the Rödern Stream there tomorrow, 'as if intending for the Lausitz' (should that prove needful for alluring Lacy),—'and in the mean while very inquisitive where Lacy might be. 'One of Lacy's outposts, those Saxon light horse, was fallen-in with; 'was chased home, and Lacy's camp discovered, that night. At Berns-'dorf, not three miles to southward or right of us; Daun only another 'three to south of him. Let us attack Lacy tomorrow morning; wind 'round to get between Daun and him,'—with fit arrangements; rapid 'as light! In the King's tent, accordingly, his Generals are assembled 'to take their Orders; brief, distinct, and to be done with brevity. 'And all are on the move for Bernsdorf at 4 next morning; when, 'behold,—

Thursday 19th, 'At Bernsdorf there is no Lacy to be found. Cau-'tious Daun has ordered him in,—and not for Lacy's sake, as appears, 'but for his own: "Hitherward, you alert Lacy; to cover my right 'flank here, my Hill of Reichenberg,—lest it be not impregnable 'enough against that feline enemy!" And there they have taken post, 'say 60,000 against 30,000; and are palisading to a quite extraordinary 'degree. No fight possible with Lacy or Daun.'

This is what Mitchell counts the failure of Friedrich's enterprise: and certainly it grieved Friedrich a good deal. Who, on riding out to reconnoitre Reichenberg (Quintus Icilius and Battalion *Quintus* part of his escort, if that be an interesting circumstance), finds Reichenberg a plainly unattackable post; finds, by Daun's rate of palisading, that there will be no attack from Daun either. No attack from Daun;—and, therefore, that Hülsen's people may be sent home to Schlettau again; and that he, Friedrich, will take post close by, and wearisomely be content to wait for some new opportunity.

Which he does for a week to come; Daun sitting impregnable, intrenched and palisaded to the teeth,—rather wishing to be attacked, you would say; or hopeful sometimes of doing something of the Hochkirch sort again (for the country is woody, and the enemy audacious); —at all events, very clear not to attack. A man erring, sometimes to a notable degree, by over-caution. 'Could hardly have failed to over-'whelm Friedrich's small force, had he at once, on Friedrich's crossing 'the Elbe, joined Lacy, and gone-out against him,' thinks Tempelhof, pointing out the form of operation too.[8] Caution is excellent; but not quite by itself. Would caution alone do it, an Army all of Druidic whinstones, or innocent clay-sacks, incapable of taking hurt, would be the proper one!—Daun stood there; Friedrich looking daily into him, —visibly in ill-humour, says Mitchell; and no wonder; gloomy and surly words coming out of him, to the distress of his Generals: "Which I took the liberty of hinting, one evening, to his Majesty;" hint gra-

[7] Tempelhof, iv. 47-49. [8] Ib. iv. 42, 48.

23d June 1760.

ciously received, and of effect perceptible, at least to my imagining.

Wednesday June 25th, After nearly a week of this, there rose, towards sunset, all over the Reichenberg, and far and wide, an exuberant joy-firing: "For what in the world?" thinks Friedrich. Alas, your Majesty,—since your own messenger has not arrived, nor indeed ever will, being picked-up by Pandours,—here, gathered from the Austrian outposts or deserters, are news for you, fatal enough! Landshut is done; Fouquet and his valiant 13,000 are trodden out there. Indignant Fouquet has obeyed you, not wisely but too well. He has kept Landshut six nights and five days. On the morning of the sixth day, here is what befell:

"*Landshut, Monday 23d June*, About a quarter to two in the morning, Loudon, who had gathered 31,000 horse and foot for the business, and taken his measures, fired aloft, by way of signal, four howitzers into the gray of the summer morning; and burst loose upon Fouquet, in various columns, on his southward front, on both flanks, ultimately in his rear too: columns all in the height of fighting humour, confident as three to one,—and having brandy in them, it is likewise said. Fouquet and his people stood to arms, in the temper Fouquet had vowed they would: defended their Hills with an energy, with a steady skill, which Loudon himself admired; but their Hill-works would have needed thrice the number;—Fouquet, by detaching and otherwise, has in arms only 10,680 men. Toughly as they strove, after partial successes, they began to lose one Hill, and then another; and in the course of hours, nearly all their Hills. Landshut Town Loudon had taken from them, Landshut and its roads: in the end, the Prussian position is becoming permeable, plainly untenable;—Austrian force is moving to their rearward to block the retreat.

"Seeing which latter fact, Fouquet throws-out all his Cavalry, a poor 1,500, to secure the Passes of the Bober; himself forms square with the wrecks of his Infantry; and, at a steady step, cuts way for himself with bayonet and bullet. With singular success for some time, in spite of the odds. And is clear across the Bober; when lo, among the knolls ahead, masses of Austrian Cavalry are seen waiting him, besetting every passage! Even these do not break him; but these, with infantry and cannon coming up to help them, do. Here, for some time, was the fiercest tug of all,—till a bullet having killed Fouquet's horse, and carried the General himself to the ground, the spasm ended. The Lichnowski Dragoons, a famed Austrian regiment, who had charged and again charged with nothing but repulse on repulse, now broke in, all in a foam of rage; cut furiously upon Fouquet himself; wounded Fouquet thrice; would have killed him, had it not been for the heroism of poor Trautschke, his Groom" (let us name the gallant fellow, even if unpronounceable), "who flung himself on the body of his Master, and took the bloody strokes instead

"of him; shrieking his loudest, 'Will you murder the Commanding "General, then!' Which brought up the Colonel of Lichnowski; a "Gentleman and Ritter, abhorrent of such practices. To him Fouquet "gave his sword;—kept his vow never to draw it again.

"The wrecks of Fouquet's Infantry were, many of them, massacred, "no quarter given; such the unchivalrous fury that had risen. His "Cavalry, with the loss of about 500, cut their way through. They "and some stragglers of Foot, in whole about 1,500 of both kinds, "were what remained of those 10,680 after this bloody morning's "work. There had been about six hours of it; 'all over by 8 o'clock.'"[9]

Fouquet has obeyed to the letter: "Did not my King wrong me?" Fouquet may say to himself. Truly, Herr General, your King's Order was a little unwise; as you (who were on the ground, and your King not) knew it to be. An unwise Order;—perhaps not inexcusable in the sudden circumstances. And perhaps a still more perfect Bayard would have preferred obeying such a King in spirit, rather than in letter, and thereby doing him vital service *against* his temporary will? It is not doubted but Fouquet, left to himself and his 13,000, with the Fortresses and Garrisons about him, would have maintained himself in Silesia till help came. The issue is,—Fouquet has probably lost this fine King his Silesia, for the time being; and beyond any question, has lost him 10,000 Prussian-Spartan fighters, and a fine General whom he could ill spare!— —In a word, the Gate of Silesia is burst open; and Loudon has every prospect of taking Glatz, which will keep it so.

What a thunderbolt for Friedrich! One of the last pillars struck away from his tottering affairs. "Inevitable, then? We are over with it, then?" One may fancy Friedrich's reflections. But he showed nothing of them to anybody; in a few hours, had his mind composed, and new plans on the anvil. On the morrow of that Austrian Joy-Firing,—morrow, or some day close on it (ought to have been dated, but is not),—there went from him, to Magdeburg, the Order: "Have me such and such quantities of Siege-Artillery in a state of readiness."[10] Already meaning, it is thought, or contemplating as possible a certain Siege, which surprised everybody before long! A most inventive, enterprising being; no end to his contrivances and unexpected outbreaks; especially when you have him jammed into a corner, and fancy it is all over with him!

'To no other General,' says Tempelhof, 'would such a no-'tion of besieging Dresden have occurred; or if it had sug-

[9] *Hofbericht von der am 23 Junius 1760 bey Landshuth vorgefallenen Action* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 669-671); *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 258-284; Tempelhof, iv. 26-41; Stenzel, v. 241 (who, by oversight,—this Volume being posthumous to poor Stenzel,—protracts the Action to 'half-past 7 *in the evening*').

[10] Tempelhof, iv. 51.

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'gested itself, the hideous difficulties would at once have ban-
'ished it again, or left it only as a pious wish. But it is strokes
'of this kind that characterise the great man. Often enough
'they have succeeded, been decisive of great campaigns and
'wars, and become splendid in the eyes of all mankind; some-
'times, as in this case, they have only deserved to succeed,
'and to be splendid in the eyes of judges. How get these
'masses of enemies lured away, so that you could try such a
'thing? There lay the difficulty; insuperable altogether, except
'by the most fine and appropriate treatment. Of a truth, it
'required a connected series of the wisest measures and most
'secret artifices of war;—and withal, that you should throw
'over them such a veil as would lead your enemy to see in
'them precisely the reverse of what they meant. How all this
'was to be set in action, and how the Enemy's own plans, in-
'tentions and moods of mind were to be used as raw material
'for attainment of your object,—studious readers will best see
'in the manœuvres of the King in his now more than critical
'condition; which do certainly exhibit the completest master-
'piece in the Art of leading Armies that Europe has ever
'seen.'

Tempelhof is well enough aware, as readers should continue to be, that, primarily, and onward for three weeks more, not Dresden, but the getting to Silesia on good terms, is Friedrich's main enterprise: Dresden only a supplement or substitute, a second string to his bow, till the first fail. But, in effect, the two enterprises or strings coincide, or are one, till the first of them fail; and Tempelhof's eulogy will apply to either. The initiatory step to either is a *Second* Feat of Marching;—still notabler than the former, which has had this poor issue. Soldiers of the studious or scientific sort, if there are yet any such among us, will naturally go to Tempelhof, and fearlessly encounter the ruggedest Documents and Books, if Tempelhof leave them dubious on any point (which he hardly will): to ingenuous readers of other sorts, who will take a little pains for understanding the thing, perhaps the following intermittent far-off glimpses may suffice.[11]

On ascertaining the Landshut disaster, Friedrich falls back a little; northward to Gross-Dobritz: "Possibly Daun will think us cowed by

[11] Mitchell, ii. 162 et seq.; and Tempelhof (iv. 50-53 et seq), as a scientific check on Mitchell, or unconscious fellow-witness with him,—agreeing beautifully almost always.

what has happened; and may try something on us?" Daun is by no means sure of this *cowed* phenomenon, or of the retreat it has made; and tries nothing on it; only rides up daily to it, to ascertain that it is there; and diligently sends out parties to watch the North-eastward parts, where run the Silesian Roads. After about a week of this, and some disappointments, Friedrich decides to march in earnest. There had, one day, come report of Lacy's being detached, Lacy with a strong Division, to block the Silesian roads; but that, on trial, proved to be false. "Pshaw, nothing for us but to go ourselves!" concludes Friedrich,—and, *July 1st*, sends-off his Bakery and Heavy-Baggage; indicating to Mitchell, "Tomorrow morning at 3!"—Here is Mitchell's own account; accurate in every particular, as we find:[12]

Wednesday July 2d. 'From Gross-Dobritz to Quosdorf'—(to Quosdorf, a poor Hamlet there, not Quo*l*sdorf, as many write, which is a Town far enough from there)—'the Army marched accordingly. In 'two columns; baggage, bakery and artillery in a third; through a 'Country extremely covered with wood. Were attacked by some 'Uhlans and Hussars; whom a few cannon-shot sent to the road again. 'March lasted from 3 in the morning to 3 in the afternoon;' twelve long hours. 'Went north-eastward a space of 20 miles, leaving Rade-'burg, much more leaving Reichenberg, Moritzburg and the Daun 'quarters well to the right, and at last quite to rearward; crossed the 'Röder, crossed the Pulsnitz,' small tributaries or sub-tributaries of the Elbe in those parts; 'crossed the latter (which divides Meissen from 'the Lausitz) partly by the bridge of Krakau, first Village in the Lau-'sitz. Headquarter was the poor Hamlet of Quosdorf, a mile farther 'on. "This march had been carefully kept secret," says Mitchell; "and it was the opinion of the most experienced Officers, that, had the "Enemy discovered the King of Prussia's design, they might, by "placing their light troops in the roads with proper supports, have "rendered it extremely difficult, if not impracticable."'

Daun very early got to know of Friedrich's departure, and whitherward; which was extremely interesting to Daun: "Aims to be in "Silesia before me; will cut-out Loudon from his fine prospects on "Glatz?"—and had instantly reinforced, perhaps to 20,000, Lacy's Division; and ordered Lacy, who is the nearest to Friedrich's March, to start instantly on the skirts of said March, and endeavour diligently to trample on the same. For the purpose of harassing said March, Lacy is to do whatever he with safety can (which we see is not much: 'a few Uhlans and Hussars'); at lowest, is to keep it constantly in sight; and always encamp as near it as he dare;[13]—Daun himself girding-up his loins; and preparing, by a short-cut, to get ahead of it in a day or two. Lacy was alert enough, but could not do much with safety: a few Uhlans and Hussars, that was all; and he is now encamped somewhere to rearward, as near as he dare.

Thursday 3d July. 'A rest-day; Army resting about Krakau, after

[12] Mitchell, ii. 164; Tempelhof, iv. 54. [13] Tempelhof, iv. 54.

2d-8th July 1760.

'such a spell through the woody moors. The King, with small escort, 'rides out reconnoitering, hither, thither, on the southern side or Lacy 'quarter: to the top of the Keulenberg (*Bludgeon Hill*), at last,— 'which is ten or a dozen miles from Krakau and Quosdorf, but com- 'mands an extensive view. Towns, village-belfries, courses of streams; 'a country of mossy woods and wild agricultures, of bogs, of shaggy 'moor. Southward 10 miles is Radeberg' (not Radeburg, observe); 'yonder is the town of Pulsnitz on our stream of Pulsnitz; to south-east, 'and twice as far, is Bischofswerda, chasmy Stolpen (too well known 'to us before this): behind us, Königsbrück, Kamenz and the road 'from Grossenhayn to Bautzen: these and many other places memor- 'able to this King are discoverable from Bludgeon Hill. But the dis- 'covery of discoveries to him is Lacy's Camp,—not very far off, about 'a mile behind Pulsnitz; clearly visible, at Lichtenberg yonder. Which 'we at once determine to attack; which, and the roads to which, are 'the one object of interest just now,—nothing else visible, as it were, 'on the top of the Keulenberg here, or as we ride homeward, meditat- 'ing it with a practical view. "March at midnight," that is the prac- 'tical result arrived at, on reaching home.'

Friday July 4th. 'Since the stroke of midnight we are all on march 'again; nothing but the baggages and bakeries left' (with Quintus to watch them, which I see is his common function in these marches); 'King himself in the Vanguard,—who hopes to give Lacy a saluta- 'tion.[14] "The march was full of defiles," says Mitchell: and Mitchell, 'in his carriage, knew little what a region it was, with boggy intrica- 'cies, lakelets, tangly thickets, stocks and stumps; or what a business 'to pass with heavy cannon, baggage-wagons and columns of men! 'Such a march; and again not far from twenty miles of it: very hot, 'as the morning broke, in the breathless woods. Had Lacy known 'what kind of ground we had to march in, and been enterprising—! 'thinks Tempelhof. The march being so retarded, Lacy got notice of 'it, and vanished quite away,—to Bischofswerda, I believe, and the 'protecting neighbourhood of Daun. Nothing of him left when we 'emerge, simultaneously from this hand and from that, on his front 'and on his rear, to take him as in a vice, as in the sudden snap of a 'fox-trap;—fox quite gone. Hardly a few hussars of him to be picked 'up; and no chase possible, after such a march.'

Friedrich had done everything to keep himself secret: but Lacy has endless Pandours prowling about; and, I suppose, the Country-people (in the Lausitz here, who ought to have loyalty) are on the Lacy side. Friedrich has to take his disappointment. He encamps here, on the Heights, headquarter Pulsnitz,—till Quintus come up with the baggage, which he does punctually, but not till nightfall, not till mid-night the last of him.

Saturday July 5th. 'To the road again at 3 A.M. Again to north- 'ward, to Kloster (*Cloister*) Marienstern, a 15 miles or so,—headquar-

[14] Tempelhof, iv. 56.

'ter in the Cloister itself. Daun had set-off for Bautzen, with his 50 'or 60,000, in the extremest push of haste, and is at Bautzen this 'night; ahead of Friedrich, with Lacy as rearguard of him, who is 'also ahead of Friedrich, and safe at Bischofswerda. A Daun hasten-'ing as never before. This news of a Daun already at Bautzen awak-'ened Friedrich's utmost speed: "Never do, that Daun be in Silesia 'before us! Indispensable to get ahead of Bautzen and him, or to be 'waiting on the flank of his next march!" Accordingly,

Sunday July 6th, 'Friedrich, at 3 A.M., is again in motion; in 'three columns, streaming forward all day: straight eastward, Daun-'ward. Intends to cross the Spree, leaving Bautzen to the right; and 'take post somewhere to north-east of Bautzen, and on the flank of 'Daun. The windless day grows hotter and hotter; the roads are 'of loose sand, full of jungles and impediments. This was such a 'march for heat and difficulty as the King never had before. In front 'of each Column went wagons with a few pontoons; there being many 'brooks and little streams to cross. The soldier, for his own health's 'sake, is strictly forbidden to drink; but as the burning day rose higher, 'in the sweltering close march, thirst grew irresistible. Crossing any 'of these Brooks, the soldiers pounce down, irrepressible, whole ranks 'of them; lift water, clean or dirty; drink it greedily from the brim 'of the hat. Sergeants may wag their tongues and their cudgels at 'discretion: "showers of cudgel-strokes," says Archenholtz; Sergeants 'going like threshers on the poor men;—"though the upper Officers 'had a touch of mercy, and affected not to see this disobedience to the 'Sergeants and their cudgels," which was punishable with death. War 'is not an over-fond Mother, but a sufficiently Spartan one, to her 'Sons. There dropt down, in the march that day, 105 Prussian men, 'who never rose again. And as to intercepting Daun by such velocity, '—Daun too is on march; gone to Görlitz, at almost a faster pace, 'if at a far heavier,—like a cart-horse on gallop; faring still worse in 'the heat: "200 of Daun's men died on the road this day, and 300 'more were invalided for life."[15]

'Before reaching the Spree, Friedrich, who is in the Vanguard, 'hears of this Görlitz March, and that the bird is flown. For which 'he has, therefore, to devise straightway a new expedient: "Wheel to 'the right; cross Spree farther down, holding towards Bautzen itself," 'orders Friedrich. And settles within two miles of Bautzen; his left 'being at Doberschütz,—on the strong ground he held after Hochkirch, 'while Daun, two years ago, sat watching so quiescent. Daun knows 'what kind of march these Prussians, blocked-out from relief of Neisse, 'stole on him *then*, and saved their Silesia, in spite of his watching 'and blocking;—and has plunged off, in the manner of a cart-horse 'scared into galloping, to avoid the like.' What a Sabbath-day's journey, on both sides, for those Sons of War! Nothing in the Roman times, though they had less baggage, comes up to such modern march-

[15] Tempelhof, iv. 58; Archenholtz, ii. 68; Mitchell, ii. 166.

7th July 1760.

ing: nor is this the fastest of Friedrich's, though of Daun's it unspeakably is. 'Friedrich, having missed Daun, is thinking now to whirl 'round, and go into Lacy,—which will certainly bring Daun back, 'even better.

'This evening, accordingly, Ziethen occupies Bautzen; sweeps out 'certain Lacy precursors, cavalry in some strength, who are there. 'Lacy has come on as far as Bischofswerda: and his Horse-people 'seem to be wide ahead; provokingly pert upon Friedrich's outposts, 'who determines to chastise them the first thing tomorrow. Tomorrow, 'as is very needful, is to be a rest-day otherwise. For Friedrich's 'wearied people a rest-day; not at all for Daun's, who continues his 'heavy-footed galloping yet another day and another, till he get across 'the Queiss, and actually reach Silesia.

Monday July 7th. 'Rest-day accordingly, in Bautzen neighbourhood; nothing passing but a curious Skirmish of Horse,—in which 'Friedrich, who had gone westward reconnoitering, seeking Lacy, had 'the main share, and was notably situated for some time. Gödau, a 'small town or village, six miles west of Bautzen, was the scene of 'this notable passage: actors in it were Friedrich himself, on the Prussian part; and, on the Austrian, by degrees Lacy's Cavalry almost in 'whole. Lacy's Cavalry, what Friedrich does not know, are all in 'those neighbourhoods: and no sooner is Gödau swept clear of them, 'than they return in greater numbers, needing to be again swept; and, 'in fact, they gradually gather in upon him, in a singular and dangerous manner, after his first successes on them, and before his Infantry 'have time to get up and support.

'Friedrich was too impatient in this provoking little haggle, arresting him here. He had ordered on the suitable Battalion with cannon; 'but hardly considers that the Battalion itself is six miles off,—not to 'speak of the Order, which is galloping on horseback, not going by 'electricity:—the impatient Friedrich had slashed-in at once upon 'Gödau, taken above 100 prisoners; but is astonished to see the slashed 'people return, with Saxon-Dragoon regiments, all manner of regiments, reinforcing them. And has some really dangerous fencing 'there;—issuing in dangerous and curious pause of both parties; who 'stand drawn-up, scarcely beyond pistol-shot, and gazing into one 'another, for I know not how many minutes; neither of them daring 'to move off, lest, on the instant of turning, it be charged and overwhelmed. As the impatient Friedrich, at last, almost was,—had not 'his Infantry just then got in, and given their cannon-salvo. He lost 'about 200, the Lacy people hardly so many; and is now out of a considerable personal jeopardy, which is still celebrated in the Anecdote-'Books, perhaps to a mythical extent. "Two Uhlans" (Saxon-Polish 'Light-Horse), "with their truculent pikes, are just plunging in," say 'the Anecdote-Books: "Friedrich's Page, who had got unhorsed, sprang "to his feet, bellowed in Polish to them: 'What are you doing here, "fellows?' 'Excellenz' (for the Page is not in Prussian uniform, or in

"uniform at all, only well-dressed), 'Excellenz, our horses ran away "with us,' answer the poor fellows; and whirl back rapidly."' The story, says Retzow, is true.[16]

This is the one event of July 7th,—and of July 8th withal; which day also, on news of Daun that come, Friedrich rests. Up to July 8th, it is clear Friedrich is shooting with what we called the first string of his bow,—intent, namely, on Silesia. Nor, on hearing that Daun is forward again, now hopelessly ahead, does he quit that enterprise; but, on the contrary, tomorrow morning, July 9th, tries it by a new method, as we shall see: method cunningly devised to suit the *second* string as well. "How lucky that we have a second string, in case of failure!"—

Tuesday 8th July. 'News that Daun reached Görlitz yesternight; 'and is due tonight at Lauban, fifty miles ahead of us:—no hope now 'of reaching Daun. Perhaps a sudden clutch at Lacy, in the opposite 'direction, might be the method of recalling Daun, and reaching him? 'That is the method fallen upon.

'Sun being set, the drums in Bautzen sound *tattoo*,—audible to 'listening Croats in the Environs;—beat *tattoo*, and, later in the night, 'other passages of drum-music, also for Croat behoof (*general-march* I 'think it is); indicating That we have started again, in pursuit of Daun. 'And in short, every precaution being taken to soothe the mind of 'Lacy and the Croats, Friedrich silently issues, with his best speed, in 'Three columns, by Three roads, towards Lacy's quarters, which go 'from that village of Gödau westward, in a loose way, several miles. 'In three columns, by three routes, all to converge, with punctuality, 'on Lacy. Of the columns, two are of Infantry, the leftmost and the 'rightmost, on each hand, hidden as much as possible; one is of Cavalry 'in the middle. Coming on in this manner—like a pair of triple-'pincers, which are to grip simultaneously on Lacy, and astonish him, 'if he keep quiet. But Lacy is vigilant, and is cautious almost in ex-'cess. Learning by his Pandours that the King seems to be coming 'this way, Lacy gathers himself on the instant; quits Gödau, by one 'in the morning; and retreats bodily, at his fastest step, to Bischofs-'werda again; nor by any means stops there."[17]

For the third time! "Three is lucky," Friedrich may have thought: and there has no precaution, of drum-music, of secrecy or persuasive finesse, been neglected on Lacy. But Lacy has ears that hear the grass grow: our elaborately accurate triple-pincers, closing simultaneously on Bischofswerda, after eighteen miles of sweep, find Lacy flown again; nothing to be caught of him but some 80 hussars. All this day and all next night Lacy is scouring through the western parts at an extraordinary rate; halting for a camp, twice over, at different places,—Dürre Fuchs (*Thirsty Fox*), Dürre Bühle

[16] Retzow, ii. 215. [17] Tempelhof, iv. 61-63.

(*Thirsty Sweetheart*), or wherever it was; then again taking wing, on sound of Prussian parties to rear; in short, hurrying towards Dresden and the Reichsfolk, as if for life.

Lacy's retreat, I hear, was ingeniously done, with a minimum of disorder in the circumstances: but certainly it was with a velocity as if his head had been on fire; and, indeed, they say he escaped annihilation by being off in time. He put up finally, not at Thirsty Sweetheart, still less at Thirsty Fox, successive Hamlets and Public Houses in the sandy Wilderness which lies to north of Elbe, and is called *Dresden Heath;* but farther on, in the same Tract, at Weisse Hirsch (*White Hart*); which looks close over upon Dresden, within two miles or so; and is a kind of Height, and military post of advantage. Next morning, July 10th, he crosses Dresden Bridge, comes streaming through the City; and takes shelter with the Reichsfolk near there:—towards Plauen Chasm; the strongest ground in the world; hardly strong enough, it appears, in the present emergency.

Friedrich's first string, therefore, has snapt in two; but, on the instant, he has a second fitted on:—may that prove luckier!

CHAPTER II.

FRIEDRICH BESIEGES DRESDEN.

FROM and after the Evening of Wednesday July 9th, it is upon a Siege of Dresden that Friedrich goes;—turning the whole war-theatre topsy-turvy; throwing Daun, Loudon, Lacy, everybody *out*, in this strange and sudden manner. One of the finest military feats ever done, thinks Tempelhof. Undoubtedly a notable result so far, and notably done; as the impartial reader (if Tempelhof be a little inconsistent) sees for himself. These truly are a wonderful series of marches, opulent in continual promptitudes, audacities, contrivances;—done with shining talent, certainly; and also with result shining, for the moment. And in a Fabulous Epic I think Dresden would certainly have fallen to Friedrich, and his crowd of enemies been left in a tumbled condition.

But the Epic of Reality cares nothing for such considerations; and the time allowable for capture of Dresden is very

brief. Had Daun, on getting warning, been as prompt to return as he was to go, frankly fronting at once the chances of the road, he might have been at Dresden again perhaps within a week,—no Siege possible for Friedrich, hardly the big guns got-up from Magdeburg. But Friedrich calculated there would be very considerable fettling and haggling on Daun's part; say a good Fortnight of Siege allowed;—and that, by dead-lift effort of all hands, the thing was feasible within that limit. On Friedrich's part, as we can fancy, there was no want of effort; nor on his people's part,—in spite of his complainings, say Retzow and the Opposition party; who insinuate their own private belief of impossibility from the first. Which is not confirmed by impartial judgments,—that of Archenholtz, and others better. The truth is, Friedrich was within an inch of taking Dresden by the first assault,—they say he actually could have taken it by storm the first day; but shuddered at the thought of exposing poor Dresden to sack and plunder; and hoped to get it by capitulation.

One of the rapidest and most furious Sieges anywhere on record. Filled Europe with astonishment, expectancy, admiration, horror:—must be very briefly recited here. The main chronological epochs, salient points of crisis and successive phases of occurrence, will sufficiently indicate it to the reader's fancy.

'It was Thursday Evening 10th July, when Lacy got to his Reichs-'folk, and took breath behind Plauen Chasm. Maguire is Governor 'of Dresden. The consternation of garrison and population was ex-'treme. To Lacy himself it did not seem conceivable that Friedrich 'could mean a Siege of Dresden. Friedrich, that night, is beyond the 'River, in Daun's old impregnability of Reichenberg: "He has no 'siege-artillery," thinks Lacy; "no means, no time."

'Nevertheless, Saturday, next day after tomorrow,—behold, there 'is Hülsen, come from Schlettau to our neighbourhood, on our Aus-'trian side of the River. And at Kaditz yonder, a mile below Dresden, 'are not the King's people building their Pontoons; in march since 2 'in the morning,—evidently coming across, if not to besiege Dresden, 'then to attack us; which is perhaps worse! We outnumber them, '—but as to trying fight in any form? Zweibrück leaves Maguire an 'additional 10,000;—every help and encouragement to Maguire; 'whose garrison is now 14,000: "Be of courage, Excellenz Maguire! 'Nobody is better skilled in siege-matters. Feldmarschall and relief 'will be here with dispatch!"—and withdraws, Lacy and he, to the 'edge of the Pirna Country, there to be well out of harm's way. Lacy

'and he, it is thought, would perhaps have got beaten, trying to save 'Dresden from its misery. Lacy's orders were, Not, on any terms, 'to get into fighting with Friedrich, but only to cover Dresden. Dres- 'den, without fighting, has proved impossible to cover, and Lacy leaves 'it bare.[1]

"At Kaditz," says Mitchell, "where the second bridge of boats "took a great deal of time, I was standing by his Majesty, when news "to the above effect came across from General Hülsen. The King "was highly pleased; and, turning to me, said: 'Just what I wished! "They have saved me a very long march' (round by Dippoldiswalde "or so, in upon the rear of them) 'by going of will.' And imme- "diately the King got on horseback; ordering the Army to follow as "fast as it could."[2] 'Through Preisnitz, Plauen-ward, goes the Army; 'circling round the Western and the Southern side of Dresden' (a dread spectacle from the walls); 'across Weistritz Brook and the Plauen 'Chasm' (comfortably left vacant); 'and encamps on the South-eastern 'side of Dresden, at Gruna, behind the *Great Garden;* ready to begin 'business on the morrow. Gruna, about a mile to south-east of Dres- 'den Walls, is headquarter during this Siege.

'Through the night, the Prussians proceed to build batteries, the 'best they can;—there is no right siege-artillery yet; a few accidental 'howitzers and 25-pounders, the rest mere field-guns;—but tomorrow 'morning, be as it may, business shall begin. Prince von Holstein' (nephew of the Holstein Beck, or "Holstein *Silver-Plate,*" whom we lost long ago), 'from beyond the River, encamped at the White Hart 'yonder, is to play upon the Neustadt simultaneously.

Monday 14th, 'At 6 A.M., cannonade began; diligent on Holstein's 'part and ours; but of inconsiderable effect. Maguire has been sum- 'moned: "Will" (with such a garrison, in spite of such trepidations 'from the Court and others) "defend himself to the last man." Free- 'Corps people' (not Quintus's, who is on the other side of the River),[3] 'with regulars to rear, advance on the Pirna Gate; hurl-in Maguire's 'Out-parties; and had near got in along with them,—might have done 'so, they and their supports, it is thought by some, had storm seemed 'the recommendable method.

'For four days there is livelier and livelier cannonading; new bat- 'teries getting opened in the Moschinska Garden and other points; on 'the Prussian part, great longing that the Magdeburg artillery were 'here. The Prussians are making diligently ready for it, in the mean 'while (refitting the old Trenches, "old Envelope" dug by Maguire 'himself in the Anti-Schmettau time; these will do well enough):— 'the Prussians reinforce Holstein at the Weisse Hirsch, throw a new 'bridge across to him; and are busy day and night. Maguire, too, is 'most industrious, resisting and preparing: Thursday shuts-up the 'Weistritz Brook (a dam being ready this long while back, needing 'only to be closed), and lays the whole South side of Dresden under

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 65. [2] Mitchell, ii. 168. [3] Tempelhof, v. 67.

'water. Many rumours about Daun: coming, not coming;—must for 'certain come, but will possibly be slowish.'

Friday 18*th*. 'Joy to every Prussian soul: here are the heavy guns 'from Magdeburg. These, at any rate, are come; beds for them all 'ready; and now the cannonading can begin in right earnest. As it 'does with a vengeance. To Mitchell, and perhaps others, "the King "of Prussia says He will now be master of the Town in a few days. "And the disposition he has made of his troops on the other side of "the River is intended not only to attack Dresden on that side" (and defend himself from Daun), "but also to prevent the Garrison from "retiring." . . . "This morning, Friday 18th, the Suburb of Pirna, "the one street left of it, was set fire to, by Maguire; and burnt out "of the way, as the others had been. Many of the wretched inhabit-"ants had fled to our camp: 'Let them lodge in Plauen, no fighting "there, quiet artificial water expanses there instead.' Many think the "Town will not be taken; or that, if it should, it will cost very dear, "—so determined seems Maguire."[4] And, in effect, from this day on-'wards, the Siege became altogether fierce, and not only so, but fiery 'as well; and, though lasting in that violent form only four, or at the 'very utmost seven, days more, had near ruined Dresden from the face 'of the world.'

Saturday 19*th*, 'Maguire, touched to the quick by these new artil-'leries of the Prussians this morning, found good to mount a gun or 'two on the leads of the Kreuz-Kirche' (Protestant High Church, where, before now, we have noticed Friedrich attending quasi-divine service more than once);—'that is to say, on the crown of Dresden; from 'which there is view into the bottom of Friedrich's trenches and opera-'tions. Others say, it was only two or three old Saxon cannon, which 'stand there, for firing on gala-days; and that they hardly fired on 'Friedrich more than once. For certain, this is one of the desirablest 'battery stations,—if only Friedrich will leave it alone. Which he 'will not for a moment; but brings terrific howitzers to bear on it; 'cannon-balls, grenadoes; tears it to destruction, and the poor Kreuz-'Kirche along with it. Kirche speedily all in flames, street after street 'blazing-up round it, again and again for eight-and-forty hours coming; 'hapless Dresden, during two days and nights, a mere volcano hence-'forth.' "By mistake all that, and without order of mine," says Friedrich once;—meaning, I think, all that of the Kreuz-Kirche: and perhaps wishing he could mean the bombardment altogether,[5]—who nevertheless got, and gets, most of the credit of the thing from a shocked outside world.

'This morning,' same Saturday 19th, 'Daun is reported to have 'arrived; vanguard of him said to be at Schönfeld, over in *Thirsty-'Sweetheart* Country yonder: which Friedrich, going to reconnoitre,

[4] Mitchell, iii. 170, 171.

[5] Schöning, ii. 361: 'To Prince Henri, at Giessen' (Frankfurt Country), '23d July 1760.'

'finds tragically indisputable: "There, for certain; only five miles 'from Holstein's post at the *White Hart*, and no River between;—as 'the crow flies, hardly five from our own Camp. Perhaps it will be 'some days yet before he do anything?" So that Friedrich persists 'in his bombardment, only the more: "By fire-torture, then! Let the 'bombarded Royalties assail Maguire, and Maguire give-in;—it is our 'one chance left; and succeed we will and must!" Cruel, say you? '—Ah, yes, cruel enough, not merciful at all. The soul of Friedrich, 'I perceive, is not in a bright mood at this time, but in a black and 'wrathful, worn almost desperate against the slings and arrows of un-'just Fate: "Ahead, I say! If everybody will do miracles, cannot 'we perhaps still manage it, in spite of Fate?" Mitchell is very sorry; 'but will forget and forgive those inexorable passages of war.'

"I cannot think of the bombardment of Dresden without horror," says he; "nor of many other things I have seen. Misfortunes naturally "sour men's temper" (even royal men's); "and long continued, with-"out interval, at last extinguish humanity." "We are now in a most "critical and dangerous situation, which cannot long last: one lucky "event, approaching to a miracle, may still save all: but the extreme "caution and circumspection of Marshal Daun—!"[6]

If Daun could be swift, and end the miseries of Dresden, surely Dresden would be much obliged to him. It was ten days yet, after that of the Kreuz-Kirche, before Dresden quite got rid of its Siege: Daun never was a sudden man. By a kind of accident, he got Holstein hustled across the River that first night (July 19th),—not annihilated, as was very feasible, but pushed home, out of his way. Whereby the North side of Dresden is now open; and Daun has free communication with Maguire.

Maguire rose thereupon to a fine pitch of spirits; tried several things, and wished Daun to try; but with next to no result. For two days after Holstein's departure, Daun sat still, on his safe Northern shore; stirring nothing but his own cunctations and investigations, leaving the bombardment, or cannonade, to take its own course. One attempt he did make in concert with Maguire (night of Monday 21st), and one attempt only, of a serious nature; which, like the rest, was unsuccessful. And would not be worth mentioning,—except for the poor Regiment *Bernburg's* sake; Bernburg having got into strange case in consequence of it.

'This Attempt' (Night of 21st-22d July) 'was a combined sally and 'assault,—Sally by Maguire's people, a General Nugent heading them,

[6] Mitchell, ii. 184, 185.

'from the South or Plauen side of Dresden, and Assault by 4,000 of 'Daun's from the North side,—upon Friedrich's Trenches. Which 'are to be burst-in upon in this double way, and swept well clear, as 'may be expected. Friedrich, however, was aware of the symptoms, 'and had people ready waiting,—especially, had Regiment *Bernburg*, 'Battalions 1st and 2d; a Regiment hitherto without stain.

'Bernburg accordingly, on General Nugent's entering their trenches 'from the south side, falls altogether heartily on General Nugent; 'tumbles him back, takes 200 prisoners, Nugent himself one of them' (who is considered to have been the eye of the enterprise, worth many hundreds this night): 'all this Bernburg, in its usually creditable man-'ner, does, as expected of it. But after, or during all this, when the 'Daun people from the north come streaming in, say four to one, both 'south and north, Bernburg looked round for support; and seeing 'none, had, after more or less of struggle, to retire as a defeated Bern-'burg,—Austrians taking the battery, and ruling supreme there for 'some time. Till Wedell, or somebody with fresh Battalions, came 'up; and, rallying Bernburg to him, retook their Battery, and drove 'out the Austrians, with a heavy loss of prisoners.[7]

'I did not hear that Bernburg's conduct was liable to the least fair 'censure. But Friedrich's soul is severe at this time; demanding 'miracles from everybody: "You runaway Bernburg, shame on you!" '—and actually takes the swords from them, and cuts-off their Hat-'tresses: "There!" Which excited such an astonishment in the Prus-'sian Army as was seldom seen before. And affected Bernburg to the 'length almost of despair, and breaking of heart,—in a way that is not 'ridiculous to me at all, but beautiful and pathetic. Of which there 'is much talk, now and long afterwards, in military circles. The sor-'rows of these poor Bernburgers, their desperate efforts to wash-out 'this stigma, their actual washing of it out, not many weeks hence, 'and their magnificent joy on the occasion,—these are the one distin-'guishing point in Daun's relief of Dresden, which was otherwise quite 'a cunctatory, sedentary matter.'

Daun built three Bridges,—he had a broad stone one already,—but did little or nothing with them; and never himself came across at all. Merely shot-out nocturnal Pandour Parties, and ordered up Lacy and the Reichsfolk to do the like, and break the night's rest of his Enemy. He made minatory movements, one at least, down the River, by his own shore, on Friedrich's Ammunition-Boats from Torgau, and actually intercepted certain of them, which was something; but, except this, and vague flourishings of the Pandour kind, left Friedrich to his own course.

Friedrich bombarded for a day or two farther; cannon-

[7] Tempelhof, iv. 79.

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aded, out of more or fewer batteries, for eight, or I think ten days more. Attacks from Daun there were to be, now on this side, now on that; many rumours of attack, but, except once only (midnight Pandours attempting the King's lodging, 'a Farmhouse near Gruna,' but to their astonishment rousing the whole Prussian Army 'in the course of three minutes'[8]), rumour was mainly all. For guarding his siege-lines, Friedrich has to alter his position; to shift slightly, now fronting this way, now the other way; is 'called always at midnight' (against these nocturnal disturbances), and 'never has his clothes off.' Nevertheless, continues his bombardment, and then his cannonading, till his own good time, which I think is till the 26th. His 'ricochet-battery,' which is good against Maguire's people, innocent to Dresden, he continued for three days more;—while gathering his furnitures about Plauen Country, making his arrangements at Meissen;—did not march till the night of July 29th. Altogether calmly; no Daun or Austrian molesting him in the least; his very sentries walking their rounds in the trenches till daylight; after which they also marched, unmolested, Meissen-ward.

Unfortunate Friedrich has made nothing of Dresden, then. After such a June and July of it, since he left the Meissen Country; after all these intricate manœuvrings, hot fierce marchings and superhuman exertions, here is he returning to Meissen Country poorer than if he had stayed. Fouquet lost, Glatz unrelieved—Nay, just before marching off, what is this new phenomenon? Is this by way of "Happy journey to you!" Towards sunset of the 29th, exuberant joy-firing rises far and wide from the usually quiet Austrian lines,—"Meaning what, once more?" Meaning that Glatz is lost, your Majesty; that, instead of a siege of many weeks (as might have been expected with Fouquet for Commandant), it has held-out, under Fouquet's Second, only a few hours; and is gone without remedy! Certain, though incredible. Imbecile Commandant, treacherous Garrison (Austrian deserters mainly), with stealthy Jesuits acting on them: no use asking what. Here is the sad Narrative, in succinct form:

[8] Archenholtz, ii. 81 (who is very vivid, but does not date); Rödenbeck, ii. 24 (quotes similar account by another Eye-witness, and guesses it to be 'night of July 22d-23d').

Capture of Glatz (26th July 1760).

'Loudon is a swift man, when he can get bridle; but the curb-hand 'of Daun is often heavy on him. Loudon has had Glatz blockaded 'since June 7th; since June 23d he has had Fouquet rooted away, and 'the ground clear for a Siege of Glatz. But had to abstain altogether, 'in the mean time; to take camp at Landshut, to march and manœuvre 'about, in support of Daun, and that heavy-footed gallop of Daun's 'which then followed: on the whole, it was not till Friedrich went for 'Dresden that the Siege-Artillery, from Olmütz, could be ordered for-'ward upon Glatz; not for a fortnight more that the Artillery could 'come; and, in spite of Loudon's utmost dispatch, not till break of 'day July 26th, that the batteries could open. After which, such was 'Loudon's speed and fortune,—and so diligent had the Jesuits been 'in those seven weeks,—the "Siege," as they call it, was over in less 'than seven hours.

'One Colonel D'O' (Piedmontese by nation, an incompetent per-son, known to loud Trenck during his detention here) 'was Command-'ant of Glatz, and had the principal Fortress,—for there are two, one 'on each side of the Neisse River;—his Second was a Colonel Quadt, 'by birth Prussian, seemingly not very competent he either, who had 'command of the Old Fortress, round which lies the Town of Glatz: 'a little Town, abounding in Jesuits;—to whose Virgin, if readers 'remember, Friedrich once gave a new gown; with small effect on her, 'as would appear. The Quadt-D'O garrison was 2,400,—and, if tales 'are true, it had been well bejesuited during those seven weeks.[9] At 'four in the morning July 26th, the battering began on Quadt; Quadt, 'I will believe, responding what he could,—especially from a certain 'Arrowhead Redoubt (or *Flèche*) he has, which ought to have been 'important to him. After four or five hours of this, there was mutual 'pause,—as if both parties had decided upon breakfast before going 'farther.

'Quadt's Fortress is very strong, mostly hewn in the rock; and he 'has that important outwork of a *Flèche;* which is excellent for enflad-'ing, as it extends well beyond the glacis; and, being of rock like the 'rest, is also abundantly defensible. Loudon's people, looking over 'into this *Flèche*, find it negligently guarded; Quadt at breakfast, as 'would seem:—and directly send for Harsch, Captain of the Siege, 'and even for Loudon, the General-in-Chief. Negligently guarded, 'sure enough; nothing in the *Flèche* but a few sentries, and these in 'the horizontal position, taking their *un*lawful rest there, after such a 'morning's work. "Seize me that," eagerly orders Loudon; "hold 'that with firm grip!" Which is done; only to step in softly, two 'battalions of you, and lay hard hold. Incompetent Quadt, figure in 'what a flurry, rushing out to recapture his *Flèche*,—explodes instead 'into mere anarchy, whole Companies of him flinging-down their arms

[9] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 55.

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'at their Officers' feet, and the like. So that Quadt is totally driven-
'in again, Austrians along with him; and is obliged to beat chamade;
'—D'O following the example, about an hour after, without even a
'capitulation. Was there ever seen such a defence! Major Unruh,
'one of a small minority, was Prussian, and stanch: here is Unruh's
'personal experience,—testimony on D'O's Trial, I suppose,—and
'now pretty much the one thing worth reading on this subject.

'*Major Unruh testifies:* "At four in the morning 26th July 1760,
"the Enemy began to cannonade the Old Fortress" (that of Quadt);
"and about nine, I was ordered with 150 men to clear the Envelope
"from Austrians. Just when I had got to the Damm-Gate, halt was
"called. I asked the Commandant, who was behind me, which way
"I should march; to the Crown-work or to the Envelope? Being
"answered, To the Envelope, I found on coming out at the Field-Gate
"nothing but an Austrian Lieutenant-Colonel and some men. He
"called to me, 'There had been chamade beaten, and I was not to
"run into destruction (*mich unglücklich machen*)!' I offered him
"Quarter; and took him in effect prisoner, with 20 of his best men;
"and sent him to the Commandant, with request that he would keep
"my rear free, or send me reinforcement. I shot the Enemy a great
"many people here; chased him from the Field-Gate, and out of both
"the Envelope and the Redoubt called the Crane" (that is the *Flèche* itself, only that the Austrians are mostly not now there, but gone *through* into the interior there!)—"Returning to the Field-Gate, I
"found that the Commandant had beaten chamade a second time;
"there were marching in, by this Field-Gate, two Battalions of the
"Austrian Regiment *Andlau;* I had to yield myself prisoner, and was
"taken to General Loudon. He asked me, 'Don't you know the rules
"of war, then; that you fire after chamade is beaten?' I answered
"in my heat, 'I knew of no chamade; what poltroonery or what
"treachery had been going on, I knew not!' Loudon answered, 'You
"might deserve to have your head laid at your feet, Sir! Am I here
"to inquire which of you shows bravery, which poltroonery?'"[10] A blazing Loudon, when the fire is up!—

After the Peace, D'O had Court-martial, which sentenced him to death, Friedrich making it perpetual imprisonment: "Perhaps not a traitor, only a blockhead!" thought Friedrich. He had been recommended to his post by Fouquet. What Trenck writes of him is, otherwise, mostly lies.

Thus is the southern Key of Silesia (one of the two southern Keys, Neisse being the other) lost to Friedrich, for the first time; and Loudon is like to drive a trade there. "Will absolutely nothing prosper with us, then?" Nothing, seemingly, your Majesty! Heavier news Friedrich scarcely ever had. But there is no help. This too he has to carry

[10] Seyfarth, ii. 652.

with him as he can into the Meissen Country. Unsuccessful altogether; beaten on every hand. Human talent, diligence, endeavour, is it but as lightning smiting the Serbonian Bog? Smite to the last, your Majesty, at any rate; let that be certain. As it is, and has been. That is always something, that is always a great thing.

Friedrich intends no pause in those Meissen Countries. *July 30th*, on his march northward, he detaches Hülsen with the old 10,000 to take Camp at Schlettau as before, and do his best for defence of Saxony against the Reichsfolk, numerous, but incompetent; he himself, next day, passes on, leaving Meissen a little on his right, to Schieritz, some miles farther down,—intending there to cross Elbe, and make for Silesia without loss of an hour. Need enough of speed thither; more need than even Friedrich supposes! Yesterday July 30th, Loudon's Vanguard came blockading Breslau, and this day Loudon himself;—though Friedrich heard nothing, anticipated nothing, of that dangerous fact, for a week hence or more.

Soltikof's and Loudon's united intentions on Silesia he has well known this long while; and has been perpetually dunning Prince Henri on the subject, to no purpose,—only hoping always there would probably be no great rapidity on the part of these discordant Allies. Friedrich's feelings, now that the contrary is visible, and indeed all through the Summer in regard to the Soltikof-Loudon Business, and the Fouquet-Henri method of dealing with it, have been painful enough, and are growing ever more so. Cautious Henri never would make the smallest attack on Soltikof, but merely keep observing him;—the end of which, what can the end of it be? urges Friedrich always: "Condense yourselves; go in upon the Russians, while they are in separate corps;"—and is very ill-satisfied with the languor of procedures there. As is the Prince with such reproaches, or implied reproaches, on said languor. Nor is his humour cheered, when the King's bad predictions prove true. What has it come to? These Letters of King and Prince are worth reading,—if indeed you can, in the confusion of Schöning (a somewhat exuberant man, loud rather than luminous);—so curious is the Private Dialogue going on there at all times, in the background of the

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stage, between the Brothers. One short specimen, extending through the June and July just over,—specimen distilled faithfully out of that huge jumbling sea of Schöning, and rendered legible,—the reader will consent to.

Dialogue of Friedrich and Henri (from their Private Correspondence: June 7th—July 29th, 1760).

Friedrich (June 7th; before his first crossing Elbe: Henri at Sagan; he at Schlettau, scanning the waste of fatal possibilities). ❁ ❁ 'Embarrassing? Not a doubt of that!' "I own, the circumstances "both of us are in are like to turn my head, three or four times a day." 'Loudon aiming for Neisse, don't you think? Fouquet all in the 'wrong.'—"One has nothing for it but to watch where the likelihood "of the biggest misfortune is, and to run thither with one's whole "strength."

Henri. ❁ ❁ "I confess I am in great apprehension for Col- "berg:"—'shall one make thither, think you? Russians, 8,000 as the 'first instalment of them, have *arrived;* got to Posen under Fermor, 'June 1st:—so the Commandant of Glogau writes me (see enclosed).'

Friedrich (June 9th). 'Commandant of Glogau writes impossi- 'bilities: Russians are not on march yet, nor will be for above a 'week.'

"I cross Elbe, the 15th. I am compelled to undertake something "of decisive nature, and leave the rest to chance. For desperate dis- "orders desperate remedies. My bed is not one of roses. Heaven "aid us: for human prudence finds itself fall short in situations so "cruel and desperate as ours."[11]

Henri. 'Hm, hm, ha' (Nothing but carefully-collected rumours, and wire-drawn auguries from them, on the part of Henri; very intense inspection of the chicken-bowels,—hardly ever without a shake of the head).

Friedrich (June 26th; has heard of the Fouquet disaster). ❁ ❁ "Yesterday my heart was torn to pieces" (news of Landshut, Fouquet's downfall there), "and I felt too sad to be in a state for writing you "a sensible Letter; but today, when I have come to myself a little "again, I will send you my reflections. After what has happened to "Fouquet, it is certain Loudon can have no other design but on "Breslau" (he designs Glatz first of all): "it will be the grand point, "therefore, especially if the Russians too are bending thither, to save "that Capital of Silesia. Surely the Turks must be in motion:—if "so, we are saved; if not so, we are lost! Today I have taken this "Camp of Döbritz, in order to be more collected, and in condition to "fight well, should occasion rise,—and in case all this that is said and "written to me about the Turks is *true*" (which nothing of it was), "to be able to profit by it when the time comes."[12]

[11] Schöning, ii. 313 ('Meissen Camp, 7th June 1760'); ib. ii. 317 ('9th June').
[12] Ib. ii. 341 ('Gross-Döbritz, 26th June 1760').

Henri (simultaneously, June 26th: Henry is forward from Sagan, through Frankfurt, and got settled at Landsberg, where he remains through the rest of the Dialogue). ❁ ❁ 'Tottleben, with his Cossacks, scouring about, got a check from us,—nothing like enough.' "By all my accounts, Soltikof, with the gross of the Russians, is marching for Posen. The other rumours and symptoms agree in indicating "a separate Corps, under Fermor, who is to join Tottleben, and besiege Colberg: if both these Corps, the Colberg and the Posen one, "act in concert, my embarrassment will be extreme." ❁ ❁ "I have "just had news of what has befallen General Fouquet. Before this "stroke, your affairs were desperate enough; now I see but too well "what we have to look for."[13] (How comforting!)

Friedrich. "Would to God your prayers for the swift capture of "Dresden had been heard; but unfortunately I must tell you, this "stroke has failed me." ❁ ❁ "Dresden has been reduced to ashes, "third part of the Altstadt lying burnt;—contrary to my intentions: "my orders were, To spare the City, and play the Artillery against "the works. My Minister Graf von Finck will have told you what "occasioned its being set on fire."[14]

Henri (July 26th; Dresden Siege gone awry). ❁ ❁ "I am to "keep the Russians from Frankfurt, to cover Glogau, and prevent a "besieging of Breslau! All that forms an overwhelming problem;— "which I, with my whole heart, will give up to somebody abler for it "than I am."[15]

Friedrich (29th July; quits the Trenches of Dresden this night). ❁ ❁ "I have seen with pain that you represent everything to your- "self on the black side. I beg you, in the name of God, my dearest "Brother, don't take things up in their blackest and worst shape:— "it is this that throws your mind into such an indecision, which is so "lamentable. Adopt a resolution rather, what resolution you like, "but stand by it, and execute it with your whole strength. I conjure "you, take a fixed resolution; better a bad than none at all." ❁ ❁ "What is possible to man, I will do; neither care nor consideration "nor effort shall be spared, to secure the result of my plans. The rest "depends on circumstances. Amid such a number of enemies, one "cannot always do what one will, but must let *them* prescribe."[16]

An uncomfortable little Gentleman; but full of faculty, if one can manage to get good of it! Here, what might have preceded all the above, and been preface to it, is a pretty passage from him; a glimpse he has had of Sans-Souci, before setting-out on those gloomy marchings and cunctatory hagglings. Henri writes (at Torgau, April 26th, just back from Berlin and farewell of friends):

[13] Schöning, ii. 339 ('Landsberg, 26th June 1760').
[14] Ib. ii. 361 ('2d-3d July').
[15] Ib. ii. 369-371 ('Landsberg, 26th July').
[16] Ib. ii. 370-2 ('Leubnitz, before Dresden, 29th July 1760').

"I mean to march the day after tomorrow. I took arrange-
" ments with General Fouquet" (about that long fine-spun Chain of Posts, where we are to do such service?)—" the Black
" Hussars cannot be here till tomorrow, otherwise I should
" have marched a day sooner. My Brother" (poor little invalid Ferdinand) "charged me to lay him at your feet. I
" found him weak and thin, more so than formerly. Return-
" ing hither, the day before yesterday, I passed through Pots-
" dam; I went to Sans-Souci" (April 24th, 1760):—"all is
" green there; the Garden embellished, and seemed to me
" excellently kept. Though these details cannot occupy you
" at present, I thought it would give you pleasure to hear of
" them for a moment."[17] Ah, yes; all is so green and blessedly silent there: sight of the lost Paradise, actually *it*, visible for a moment yonder, far away, while one goes whirling in this manner on the illimitable wracking winds!—

Here finally, from a distant part of the War-Theatre, is another Note; which we will read while Friedrich is at Schieritz. At no other place so properly; the very date of it, chief date (July 31st), being by accident synchronous with Schieritz:

Duke Ferdinand's Battle of Warburg (31st July 1760).

Duke Ferdinand has opened his difficult Campaign; and especially, —just while that Siege of Dresden blazed and ended,—has had three sharp Fights, which were then very loud in the Gazettes, along with it. Three once famous Actions; which unexpectedly had little or no result, and are very much forgotten now. So that bare enumeration of them is nearly all we are permitted here. Pitt has furnished 7,000 new English, this Campaign,—there are now 20,000 English in all, and a Duke Ferdinand raised to 70,000 men. Surely, under good omens, thinks Pitt; and still more think the Gazetteers, judging by appearances. Yes: but if Broglio have 130,000, what will it come to? Broglio is two to one; and has, before this, proved himself a considerable Captain.

Fight *first* is that of *Korbach* (July 10th): of Broglio, namely, who has got across the River Ohm in Hessen (to Ferdinand's great disgust with the General Imhof in command there), and is streaming on to seize the Diemel River, and menace Hanover; of Broglio, in successive sections, at a certain "Pass of Korbach," *versus* the Hereditary Prince (*Erbprinz* of Brunswick), who is waiting for him there in one good section,—and who beautifully hurls back one and another of the Broglio sections; but cannot hurl back the whole Broglio Army, *all* marching

[17] Schöning, ii. 263 ('Torgau, 26th April 1760').

by sections that way; and has to retire, back-foremost, fencing sharply, still in a diligently handsome manner, though with loss.[18] That is the Battle of Korbach, fought July 10th,—while Lacy streamed through Dresden, panting to be at Plauen Chasm, safe at last.

Fight *second* (July 16th) was a kind of revenge on the Erbprinz's part: Affair of *Emsdorf*, six days after, in the same neighbourhood; beautiful too, said the Gazetteers; but of result still more insignificant. Hearing of a considerable French Brigade posted not far off, at that Village of Emsdorf, to guard Broglio's meal-carts there, the indignant Erbprinz shoots-off for that; light of foot,—English horse mainly, and Hill Scots (*Berg-Schotten* so called, who have a fine free stride, in summer weather);—dashes-in upon said Brigade (Dragoons of Bauffremont and other picked men), who stood firmly on the defensive; but were cut up, in an amazing manner, root and branch, after a fierce struggle, and as it were brought home in one's pocket. To the admiration of military circles,—especially of messrooms and the junior sort. "Elliot's "light horse" (part of the new 7,000), "what a regiment! Unparal-"leled for willingness, and audacity of fence; lost 125 killed,"—in fact, the loss chiefly fell on Elliot.[19] The *Berg-Schotten* too,—I think it was here that these kilted fellows, who had marched with such a stride, "came home mostly riding:" poor Bauffremont Dragoons being entirely cut up, or pocketed as prisoners, and their horses ridden in this unexpected manner! But we must not linger,—hardly even on *Warburg*, which was the *third* and greatest; and has still points of memorability, though now so obliterated.

'Warburg,' says my Note on this latter, 'is a pleasant little Hes-'sian Town, some twenty-five miles west of Cassel, standing on the 'north or left bank of the Diemel, among fruitful knolls and hollows. 'The famous "*Battle of Warburg*,"—if you try to inquire in the Town 'itself, from your brief railway-station, it is much if some intelligent 'inhabitant, at last, remembers to have heard of it! The thing went 'thus: Chevalier du Muy, who is Broglio's Rear-guard or Reserve, '30,000 foot and horse, with his back to the Diemel, and eight bridges 'across it in case of accident, has his right flank leaning on Warburg, 'and his left on a Village of Ossendorf, some two miles to north-west 'of that. Broglio, Prince Xavier of Saxony, especially Duke Ferdin-'and, are all vehemently and mysteriously moving about, since that 'Fight of Korbach; Broglio intent to have Cassel besieged, Du Muy 'keeping the Diemel for him; Ferdinand eager to have the Diemel 'back from Du Muy and him.

'Two days ago (July 29th), the Erbprinz crossed over into these 'neighbourhoods, with a strong Vanguard, nearly equal to Du Muy; 'and, after studious reconnoitering and survey had, means, this morn-

[18] Mauvillon, ii. 105.

[19] Ib. ii. 109 (Prisoners got 'were 2,661, including General and Officers 179,' with all their furnitures whatsoever, '400 horses, 8 cannon,' &c.).

'ing (July 31st), to knock him over the Diemel again, if he can. No 'time to be lost; Broglio near and in such force. Duke Ferdinand 'too, quitting Broglio for a moment, is on march this way; crossed the 'Diemel, about midnight, some ten miles farther down, or eastward; 'will thence bend southward, at his best speed, to support the Erb-'prinz, if necessary, and beset the Diemel when got;—Erbprinz not, 'however, in any wise, to wait for him; such the pressure from Broglio 'and others. A most busy swift-going scene that morning;—hardly 'worth such describing at this date of time.

'The Erbprinz, who is still rather to north-eastward, that is to 'rightward, not directly frontward, of Du Muy's lines; and whose plan 'of attack is still dark to Du Muy, commences' (about 8 A.M., I should guess) 'by launching his British Legion so-called,—which is a compo-'site body, of Free-Corps nature, British some of it ("Colonel Beck-'with's people," for example), not British by much the most of it, but 'an aggregate of wild strikers, given to plunder too:—by launching 'his British Legion upon Warburg Town, there to take charge of Du 'Muy's right wing. Which Legion, "with great rapidity, not only 'pitched the French all out, but clean plundered the poor Town;" and 'is a sad sore on Du Muy's right, who cannot get it attended to, in the 'ominous aspects elsewhere visible. For the Erbprinz, who is a stra-'tegic creature, comes on, in the style of Friedrich, not straight towards 'Du Muy, but sweeps out in two columns round northward; privately 'intending upon Du Muy's left wing and front—left wing, right wing '(by British Legion), and front, all three;—and is well aided by a mist 'which now fell, and which hung on the higher ground, and covered 'his march, for an hour or more. This mist had not begun when he 'saw, on the knoll-tops, far off on the right, but indisputable as he 'flattered himself,—something of Ferdinand emerging! Saw this; and 'pours along, we can suppose, with still better step and temper. And 'bursts, pretty simultaneously, upon Du Muy's right wing and left 'wing, coercing his front the while; squelches both these wings furi-'ously together; forces the coerced centre, mostly horse, to plunge 'back into the Diemel, and swim. Horse could swim; but many of 'the Foot, who tried, got drowned. And, on the whole, Du Muy is 'a good deal wrecked' (1,500 killed, 2,000 prisoners, not to speak of cannon and flags), 'and, but for his eight bridges, would have been 'totally ruined.

'The fight was uncommonly furious, especially on Du Muy's left; '"Maxwell's Brigade" going at it, with the finest bayonet-practice, 'musketry, artillery-practice; obstinate as bears. On Du Muy's right, 'the British Legion, left wing, British too by name, had a much easier 'job. But the fight generally was of hot and stubborn kind, for hours, 'perhaps two or more;—and some say, would not have ended so tri-'umphantly, had it not been for Duke Ferdinand's Vanguard, Lord 'Granby and the English Horse; who, warned by the noise ahead, 'pushed on at the top of their speed, and got in before the death.

'Granby and the Blues had gone at the high trot, for above five miles; 'and, I doubt not, were in keen humour when they rose to the gallop 'and slashed in. Mauvillon says, "It was in this attack that Lord "Granby, at the head of the Blues, his own regiment, had his hat "blown off; a big bald circle in his head rendering the loss more con-"spicuous. But he never minded; stormed still on," bare bald head 'among the helmets and sabres; "and made it very evident that had he, "instead of Sackville, led at Minden, there had been a different story "to tell. The English, by their valour," adds he, "greatly distin-"guished themselves this day. And accordingly they suffered by far "the most; their loss amounting to 590 men:" or, as others count,— 'out of 1,200 killed and wounded, 800 were English.'[20]

This of Granby and the bald head is mainly what now renders Warburg memorable. For, in a year or two, the excellent Reynolds did a Portrait of Granby; and by no means forgot this incident; but gives him bare-headed, bare and bald; the oblivious British connoisseur not now knowing why, as perhaps he ought. The Portrait, I suppose, may be in Belvoir Castle; the artistic Why of the baldness is this *Battle of Warburg*, as above. An Affair otherwise of no moment. Ferdinand had soon to quit the Diemel, or to find it useless for him, and to try other methods,—fencing gallantly, but too weak for Broglio; and, on the whole, had a difficult Campaign of it, against that considerable Soldier with forces so superior.

CHAPTER III.

BATTLE OF LIEGNITZ.

FRIEDRICH stayed hardly one day in Meissen Country; Silesia, in the jaws of destruction, requiring such speed from him. His new Series of Marches thitherward, for the next two weeks especially, with Daun and Lacy, and at last with Loudon too, for escort, are still more singular than the foregoing; a fortnight of Soldier History such as is hardly to be paralleled elsewhere. Of his inward gloom one hears nothing. But the Problem itself approaches to the desperate; needing daily new invention, new audacity, with imminent destruction overhanging it throughout. A March distinguished in Military Annals; —but of which it is not for us to pretend treating. Military readers will find it in *Tempelhof*, and the supplementary Books from time to time cited here. And, for our own share, we can

[20] Mauvillon, ii. 114. Or better, in all these three cases, as elsewhere, Tempelhof's specific Chapter on Ferdinand (Tempelhof, iv. 101-122). Ferdinand's Despatch (to King George), in *Knesebeck*, ii. 96-98;—or in the Old Newspapers (*Gentleman's Magazine*, xxx. 386, 387), where also is Lord Granby's Despatch.

only say, that Friedrich's labours strike us as abundantly Herculean; more Alcides-like than ever,—the rather as hopes of any success have sunk lower than ever. A modern Alcides, appointed to confront Tartarus itself, and be victorious over the Three-headed Dog. Daun, Lacy, Loudon coming on you simultaneously, open-mouthed, are a considerable Tartarean Dog! Soldiers judge that the King's resources of genius were extremely conspicuous on this occasion; and to all men it is in evidence that seldom in the Arena of this Universe, looked-on by the idle Populaces and by the eternal Gods and Anti-gods (called Devils), did a Son of Adam fence better for himself, now and throughout.

This, his Third march to Silesia in 1760, is judged to be the most forlorn and ominous Friedrich ever made thither; real peril, and ruin to Silesia and him, more imminent than even in the old Leuthen days. Difficulties, complicacies very many, Friedrich can foresee: a Daun's Army and a Lacy's for escort to us; and such a Silesia when we do arrive. And there is one complicacy more which he does not yet know of; that of Loudon waiting ahead to welcome him, on crossing the Frontier, and increase his escort thenceforth!—Or rather, let us say, Friedrich, thanks to the despondent Henri and others, has escaped a great Silesian Calamity;—of which he will hear, with mixed emotions, on arriving at Bunzlau on the Silesian Frontier, six days after setting out. Since the loss of Glatz (July 26th), Friedrich has no news of Loudon; supposes him to be trying something upon Neisse, to be adjusting with his slow Russians; and, in short, to be out of the dismal account-current just at present. That is not the fact in regard to Loudon; that is far from the fact.

Loudon is trying a Stroke-of-hand on Breslau, in the Glatz Fashion, in the Interim (July 30th—August 3d).

Hardly above six hours after taking Glatz, swift Loudon, no Daun now tethering him (Daun standing, or sitting, "in relief of Dresden" far off), was on march for Breslau—Vanguard of him 'marched that same evening (July 26th):' in the liveliest hope of capturing Breslau; especially if Soltikof, to whom this of Glatz ought to be a fine symbol and pledge, make

speed to coöperate. Soltikof is in no violent enthusiasm about Glatz; anxious rather about his own Magazine at Posen, and how to get it carted-out of Henri's way, in case of our advancing towards some Silesian Siege. "If we were not ruined last year, it wasn't Daun's fault!" growls he often; and Montalembert has need of all his suasive virtues (which are wonderful to look at, if anybody cared to look at them, all flung into the sea in this manner) for keeping the barbarous man in any approach to harmony. The barbarous man had, after haggle enough, adjusted himself for besieging Glogau; and is surly to hear, on the sudden (order from Petersburg, reinforcing Loudon), that it is Breslau instead. "Excellenz, it is not Cunctator Daun this time, it is fiery Loudon." "Well, Breslau, then!" answers Soltikof at last, after much suasion. And marches thither;[1] faster than usual, quickened by new temporary hopes, of Montalembert's raising or one's own: "What a place-of-arms, and place of victual, would Breslau be for us, after all!"

And really mends his pace, mends it ever more, as matters grow stringent; and advances upon Breslau at his swiftest: "To rendezvous with Loudon under the walls there,—within the walls very soon, and ourselves chief proprietor!"—as may be hoped. Breslau has a garrison of 4,000, only 1,000 of them stanch; and there are, among other bad items, 9,000 Austrian Prisoners in it. A big City with weak walls: another place to defend than rockhewn little Glatz,—if there be no better than a D'O for Commandant in it! But perhaps there is.

'*Wednesday 30th July*, Loudon's Vanguard arrived at Breslau; next 'day Loudon himself;—and besieged Breslau very violently, according 'to his means, till the Sunday following. Troops he has plenty, '40,000 odd, which he gives out for 50 or even 60,000; not to speak of 'Soltikof, "with 75,000" (read 45,000), striding on in a fierce and 'dreadful manner to meet him here. "Better surrender to Christian 'Austrians, had not you?" Loudon's Artillery is not come up, it is 'only struggling on from Glatz; Soltikof of his own has no Siege-'Artillery; and Loudon judges that heavy-footed Soltikof, waited on 'by an alert Prince Henri, is a problematic quantity in this enter-'prise. "Speedy oneself; speedy and fiery!" thinks Loudon: "by 'violence of speed, of bullying and bombardment, perhaps we can still 'do it!" And Loudon tried all these things to a high stretch; but 'found in Tauentzien the wrong man.

'*Thursday 31st*, Loudon, who has two bridges over Oder, and the 'Town begirt all round, summons Tauentzien in an awful-sounding

[1] Tempelhof, iv. 87-89 ('Rose from Posen July 26th').

'tone: "Consider, Sir: no defence possible; a trading Town, you 'ought not to attempt defence of it: surrender on fair terms, or I shall, 'which God forbid, be obliged to burn you and it from the face of the 'world!" "Pooh, pooh," answers Tauentzien, in brief polite terms; '"you yourselves had no doubt it was a Garrison, when we besieged 'you here, on the heel of Leuthen; had you? Go to!"— Fiery 'Loudon cannot try storm, the Town having Oder and a wet ditch 'round it. He gets his bombarding batteries forward, as the one 'chance he has, aided by bullying. And tomorrow,

'*Friday August 1st*, sends, half officially, half in the friendly way, 'dreadful messages again: a warning to the Mayor of Breslau (which 'was not signed by Loudon), "Death and destruction, Sir, unless"—! '—warning to the Mayor; and, by the same private half-official mes- 'senger, a new summons to Tauentzien: "Bombardment infallible; 'universal massacre by Croats; I will not spare the child in its mother's 'womb." "I am not with child," said Tauentzien, "nor are my 'soldiers! What is the use of such talk?" And about 10 that night, 'Loudon does accordingly break-out into all the fire of bombardment 'he is master of. Kindles the Town in various places, which were 'quenched again by Tauentzien's arrangements; kindles especially the 'King's fine Dwelling-house (Palace they call it), and adjacent streets, 'not quenchable till Palace and they are much ruined. Will this 'make no impression? Far too little.

'Next morning Loudon sends a private messenger of conciliatory 'tone: "Any terms your Excellency likes to name. Only spare me 'the general massacre, and child in the mother's womb!" From all 'which Tauentzien infers that you are probably short of ammunition; 'and that his outlooks are improving. That day he gets guns brought 'to bear on General Loudon's own quarter; blazes into Loudon's sit- 'ting-room, so that Loudon has to shift elsewhither. No bombard- 'ment ensues that night; nor next day anything but desultory cannon- 'ading, and much noise and motion;—and at night, *Sunday 3d*, 'everything falls quiet, and, to the glad amazement of everybody, Lou- 'don has vanished.'[2]

Loudon had no other shift left. This Sunday his Russians are still five-days distant; alert Henri, on the contrary, is, in a sense, come to hand. Crossed the Katzbach River this day, the Vanguard of him did, at Parchwitz; and fell upon our Bakery; which has had to take the road. "Guard the Bakery, all hands there," orders Loudon; "off to Striegau and the Hills

[2] Tempelhof, iv. 90-100; Archenholtz, ii. 89-94; *Hofbericht von der Belagerung von Breslau im August 1760* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 688-698); also in *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 299-309: in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iv. 115-124), that is, in the *Old Newspapers*, extremely particular account, How 'not only the finest Horse in Breslau, 'and the finest House' (King's Palace), 'but the handsomest Man, and, alas, also 'the prettiest Girl' (poor Jungfer Müller, shattered by a bomb-shell on the streets), 'were destroyed in this short Siege,'—world-famous for the moment. Preuss, ii. 246.

with it;"—and is himself gone thither after it, leaving Breslau, Henri and the Russians to what fate may be in store for them. Henri has again made one of his winged marches, the deft creature, though the despondent; 'march of 90 miles in three days' (in the last three, from Glogau, 90; in the whole, from Landsberg, above 200), 'and has saved the State,' says Retzow. 'Made no camping, merely bivouacked; halting for a rest four 'or five hours here and there;'[3] and on August 5th is at Lissa (this side the Field of Leuthen); making Breslau one of the gladdest of cities.

So that Soltikof, on arriving (village of Hundsfeld, August 8th), by the other side of the River, finds Henri's advanced guards intrenched over there, in Old Oder; no Russian able to get within five miles of Breslau,—nor able to do more than cannonade in the distance, and ask with indignation, "Where are the siege-guns, then; where is General Loudon? Instead of Breslau capturable, and a sure Magazine for us, here is Henri, and nothing but steel to eat!" And the Soltikof risen into Russian rages, and the Montalembert sunk in difficulties: readers can imagine these. Indignant Soltikof, deaf to suasion, with this dangerous Henri in attendance, is gradually edging back; always rather back, with an eye to his provisions, and to certain bogs and woods he knows of. But we will leave the Soltikof-Henri end of the line, for the opposite end, which is more interesting.—To Friedrich, till he got to Silesia itself, these events are totally unknown. His cunctatory Henri, by this winged march, when the moment came, what a service has he done!—

Tauentzien's behaviour, also, has been superlative at Breslau; and was never forgotten by the King. A very brave man, testifies Lessing of him; true to the death: 'Had there come 'but three, to rally with the King under a bush of the forest, 'Tauentzien would have been one.' Tauentzien was on the ramparts once, in this Breslau pinch, giving orders; a bomb burst beside him, did not injure him. "Mark that place," said Tauentzien; and clapt his hat on it, continuing his orders, till a more permanent mark were put. In that spot, as intended through the next thirty years, he now lies buried.[4]

[3] Retzow, ii. 230 (very vague); in Tempelhof (iv. 89, 90, 95-97) clear and specific account.

[4] *Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 72-75; Lessing's *Werke*; &c. &c.

Friedrich on March, for the Third Time, to rescue Silesia
(August 1st-15th).

August 1st, Friedrich crossed the Elbe at Zehren, in the Schieritz vicinity, as near Meissen as he could; but it had to be some six miles farther down, such the liabilities to Austrian disturbance. All are across that morning by 5 o'clock (began at 2); whence we double back eastward, and camp that night at Dallwitz,—are quietly asleep there, while Loudon's bombardment bursts out on Breslau, far away! At Dallwitz we rest next day, wait for our Bakeries and Baggages; and *Sunday August 3d*, at 2 in the morning, set forth on the forlornest adventure in the world.

The arrangements of the March, foreseen and settled beforehand to the last item, are of a perfection beyond praise;—as is still visible in the General Order, or summary of directions given out; which, to this day, one reads with a kind of satisfaction like that derivable from the Forty-seventh of Euclid: clear to the meanest capacity, not a word wanting in it, not a word superfluous, solid as geometry. 'The Army marches 'always in Three Columns, left Column foremost: our First 'Line of Battle' (in case we have fighting) 'is this foremost 'Column; Second Line is the Second Column; Reserve is the 'Third. All Generals' chaises, money-wagons, and regimental 'Surgeons' wagons remain with their respective Battalions; 'as do the Heavy Batteries with the Brigades to which they 'belong. When the march is through woody country, the 'Cavalry regiments go in between the Battalions' (to be ready against Pandour operations and accidents).

'With the First Column, the Ziethen Hussars and Free-'Battalion Courbière have always the vanguard; Möhring 'Hussars and Free-Battalion Quintus' (speed to you, learned friend!) 'the rearguard. With the Second Column always the 'Dragoon regiments Normann and Krockow have the vanguard; 'Regiment Czetteritz' (Dragoons, poor Czetteritz himself, with his lost *Manuscript*, is captive since February last), 'the rear-'guard. With the Third Column always the Dragoon regiment 'Holstein as head, and the ditto Finckenstein to close the 'Column.'—'During every march, however, there are to be of 'the Second Column 2 Battalions joined with **Column Third**;

'so that the Third Column consist of 10 Battalions, the Second 'of 6, while on march.

'Ahead of each Column go three Pontoon Wagons; and 'daily are 50 work-people allowed them, who are immediately 'to lay Bridge, where it is necessary. The rearguard of each 'Column takes up these Bridges again; brings them on, and 'returns them to the head of the Column, when the Army has 'got to camp. In the Second Column are to be 500 wagons, 'and also in the Third 500; so shared that each battalion gets 'an equal number. The battalions—'[5] * * This may serve as specimen.

The March proceeded through the old Country; a little to left of the track in June past: Röder Water, Pulsnitz Water; Kamenz neighbourhood, Bautzen neighbourhood,—Bunzlau on Silesian ground. Daun, at Bischofswerda, had foreseen this March; and, by his Light people, had spoiled the Road all he could; broken all the Bridges, *half*-felled the Woods (to render them impassable). Daun, the instant he heard of the actual March, rose from Bischofswerda: forward, forward always, to be ahead of it, however rapid; Lacy, hanging on the rear of it, willing to give trouble with his Pandour harpies, but studious above all that it should not whirl round anywhere and get upon his, Lacy's, own throat. One of the strangest marches ever seen. 'An onlooker, 'who had observed the march of these different Armies,' says Friedrich, 'would have thought that they all belonged to one leader. Feld-'marschall Daun's he would have taken for the Vanguard, the King's for 'the main Army, and General Lacy's for the Rearguard.'[6] Tempelhof says: 'It is given only to a Friedrich to march on those terms; between 'Two hostile Armies, his equals in strength, and a Third' (Loudon's, in Striegau Country) 'waiting ahead.'

The March passed without accident of moment; had not, from Lacy or Daun, any accident whatever. On the second day, an Aide-de-Camp of Daun's was picked-up, with Letters from Lacy (back of the cards visible to Friedrich). Once,—it is the third day of the March (August 6th, village of Rothwasser to be quarter for the night),—on coming toward Neisse River, some careless Officer, trusting to peasants, instead of examining for himself and building a bridge, drove his Artillery-wagons into the so-called ford of Neisse; which nearly swallowed the foremost of them in quicksands. Nearly, but not completely; and caused a loss of five or six hours to that Second Column. So that darkness came on Column Second in the woody intricacies; and several hundreds of the deserter kind took the opportunity of disappearing altogether. An unlucky, evidently too languid Officer; though Fried-

[5] In *Tempelhof* (iv. 125, 126) the entire Piece.
[6] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 56

rich did not annihilate the poor fellow, perhaps did not rebuke him at all, but merely marked it in elucidation of his qualities for time coming. 'This miserable village of Rothwasser' (headquarters after the dangerous fording of Neisse), says Mitchell, 'stands in the middle of a wood, 'almost as wild and impenetrable as those in North America. There 'was hardly ground enough cleared about it for the encampment of the 'troops.'[7] *Thursday August 7th*, Friedrich,—traversing the whole Country, but more direct, by Königsbrück and Kamenz this time,—is at Bunzlau altogether. 'Bunzlau on the Bober;' the *Silesian* Bunzlau, not the Bohemian or any of the others. It is some 30 miles west of Liegnitz, which again lies some 40 north-west of Schweidnitz and the Strong Places. Friedrich has now done 100 miles of excellent marching; and he has still a good spell more to do,—dragging '2,000 heavy wagons' with him, and across such impediments within and without. Readers that care to study him, especially for the next few days, will find it worth their while.

Tempelhof gives, as usual, a most clear Account, minute to a degree; which, supplemented by Mitchell and a Reimann Map, enables us as it were to accompany, and to witness with our eyes. Hitherto a March toilsome in the extreme, in spite of everything done to help it; starting at 3 or at 2 in the morning; resting to breakfast in some shady place, while the sun is high, frugally cooking under the shady woods,—"*Burschen abzukochen* here," as the Order pleasantly bears. All encamped now, at Bunzlau in Silesia, on Thursday evening, with a very eminent week's work behind them. 'In the last five days, above 100 'miles of road, and such road; five considerable rivers in it'—Bober, Queiss, Neisse, Spree, Elbe; and with such a wagon-train of 2,000 teams.[8]

Proper that we rest a day here; in view of the still swifter marchings and sudden dashings about, which lie ahead. It will be by extremely nimble use of all the limbs we have,—hands as well as feet,—if any good is to come of us now! Friedrich is aware that Daun already holds Striegau "as an outpost" (Loudon thereabouts, unknown to Friedrich), "these several days;" and that Daun personally is at Schmöttseifen, in our own old Camp there, twenty or thirty miles to south of us, and has his Lacy to leftward of him, partly even to rearward: rather in advance of *us*, both of them,—if we were for Landshut;* which we are not. "Be swift enough, may not we cut through to Jauer, and get ahead of Daun?" counts Friedrich: "To Jauer, southeast of us, from Bunzlau here, is 40 miles; and to Jauer it is above 30 east for Daun: possible to be there before Daun! Jauer ours, thence to the Heights of Striegau and Hohenfriedberg Country, within wind of Schweidnitz, of Breslau: magazines, union with Prince Henri, all secure thereby?" So reckons the sanguine Friedrich; unaware that Loudon, with his corps of 35,000, has been summoned hitherward;

[7] Mitchell, ii. 190; Tempelhof, iv. 131.
[8] Tempelhof, iv. 123-150. * See Map, p. 94 *a*.

which will make important differences! Loudon, Beck with a smaller Satellite Corps, both these, unknown to Friedrich, lie ready on the east of him: Loudon's Army on the east; Daun's, Lacy's on the south and west; three big Armies, with their Satellites, gathering in upon this King: here is a Three-headed Dog, in the Tartarus of a world he now has! On the fourth side of him is Oder, and the Russians, who are also perhaps building Bridges, by way of a supplementary or fourth head.

August 9th (*Bunzlau to Goldberg*), Friedrich, with his Three Columns and perfect arrangements, makes a long march: from Bunzlau at 3 in the morning; and at 5 afternoon arrives in sight of the Katzbach Valley, with the little Town of Goldberg some miles to right. Katzbach River is here; and Jauer, for tomorrow, still fifteen miles ahead. But on reconnoitering here, all is locked and bolted: Lacy strong on the Hills of Goldberg; Daun visible across the Katzbach; Daun, and behind him Loudon, inexpugnably posted: Jauer an impossibility! We have bread only for eight days; our Magazines are at Schweidnitz and Breslau: what is to be done? Get through, one way or other, we needs must! Friedrich encamps for the night; expecting an attack. If not attacked, he will make for Liegnitz leftward; cross the Katzbach there, or farther down at Parchwitz:—Parchwitz, Neumarkt, *Leuthen*, we have been in that country before now:—Courage!

August 10th-11th (*to Liegnitz and back*). At 5 A.M., Sunday August 10th, Friedrich, nothing of attack having come, got on march again: down his own left bank of the Katzbach, straight for Liegnitz; unopposed altogether; not even a Pandour having attacked him overnight. But no sooner is he under way, than Daun too rises; Daun, Loudon, close by, on the other side of Katzbach, and keep step with us, on our right; Lacy's light people hovering on our rear:—three truculent fellows in buckram; fancy the feelings of the wayworn solitary fourth, whom they are gloomily dogging in this way! The solitary fourth does his fifteen miles to Liegnitz, unmolested by them; encamps on the Heights which look down on Liegnitz over the south; finds, however, that the Loudon-Daun people have likewise been diligent; that they now lie stretched-out on their right bank, three or four miles up-stream or to rearward, and what is far worse, seven miles downwards, or ahead: that, in fact, they are a march nearer Parchwitz than he;—and that there is again no possibility. "Perhaps by Jauer, then, still? Out of this, and at lowest, into some vicinity of bread, it does behove us to be!" At 11 that night Friedrich gets on march again; returns the way he came. And,

August 11th, At daybreak, is back to his old ground; nothing now to oppose him but Lacy, who is gone across from Goldberg, to linger as rear of the Daun-Loudon march. Friedrich steps across on Lacy, thirsting to have a stroke at Lacy; who vanishes fast enough, leaving the ground clear. Could but our baggage have come as fast as we!

11th Aug. 1760

But our baggage, Quintus guarding and urging, has to groan on for five hours yet; and without it, there is no stirring. Five mortal hours;—by which time, Daun, Lacy, Loudon are all up again; between us and Jauer, between us and everything helpful;—and Friedrich has to encamp in Seichau,—'a very poor Village in the Mountains' (writes Mitchell, who was painfully present there), 'surrounded on all sides 'by Heights; on several of which, in the evening, the Austrians took 'camp, separated from us by a deep ravine only.'[9]

Outlooks are growing very questionable to Mitchell and everybody. "Only four-days provisions" (in reality six), whisper the Prussian Generals gloomily to Mitchell and to one another: "Shall we have to make for Glogau, then, and leave Breslau to its fate? Or perhaps it will be a second Maxen to his Majesty and us, who was so indignant with poor Finck?" My friends, no; a Maxen like Finck's it will never be: a very different Maxen, if any! But we hope better things.

Friedrich's situation, grasped in the Three-lipped Pincers in this manner, is conceivable to readers. Soltikof, on the other side of Oder, as supplementary or fourth lip, is very impatient with these three. "Why all this dodging, and fidgeting to and fro? You are above three to one of your enemy. Why don't you close on him at once, if you mean it at all? The end is, He will be across Oder; and it is I that shall have the brunt to bear: Henri and he will enclose me between two fires!" And in fact, Henri, as we know, though Friedrich does not or only half does, has gone across Oder, to watch Soltikof, and guard Breslau from any attempts of his,—which are far from *his* thoughts at this moment;—a Soltikof fuming violently at the thought of such cunctations, and of being made cat's-paw again. "Know, however, that I understand you," violently fumes Soltikof, "and that I won't. I fall back into the Trebnitz Bog-Country, on my own right bank here, and look out for my own safety."—"Patience, your noble Excellenz," answer they always; "oh, patience yet a little! Only yesterday (Sunday 10th, the day after his arrival in this region), we had decided to attack and crush him; Sunday very early:[10] but he skipped away to Liegnitz. Oh, be patient yet a day or two: he skips about at such a rate!" Montalembert has to be suasive as the Muses and the Sirens. Soltikof gloomily consents to another day or two. And even, such his anxiety lest this swift King skip over upon *him*, pushes-out a consider-

[9] Mitchell, ii. 194. [10] Tempelhof, iv. 137, 148-150.

able Russian Division, 24,000 ultimately, under Czernichef, towards the King's side of things, towards Auras on Oder, namely,—there to watch for oneself these interesting Royal movements; or even to join with Loudon out there, if that seem the safer course, against them. Of Czernichef at Auras we shall hear farther on,—were these Royal movements once got completed a little.

Morning of August 12th, Friedrich has, in his bad lodging at Seichau, laid a new plan of route: "Towards Schweidnitz let it be; round by Pombsen and the south-east, by the Hill-roads, make a sweep flankward of the enemy!"—and has people out reconnoitering the Hill-roads. Hears, however, about 8 o'clock, That Austrians in strength are coming between us and Goldberg! "Intending to enclose us in this bad pot of a Seichau; no crossing of the Katzbach, or other retreat to be left us at all?" Friedrich strikes his tents; ranks himself; is speedily in readiness for dispute of such extremity;—sends out new patrols, however, to ascertain. "Austrians in strength" there are *not* on the side indicated;—whereupon he draws-in again. But, on the other hand, the Hill-roads are reported absolutely impassable for baggage; Pombsen an impossibility, as the other places have been. So Friedrich sits down again in Seichau to consider; does not stir all day. To Mitchell's horror, who, 'with great labour,' burns all the legationary ciphers and papers ("impossible to save the baggage if we be attacked in this hollow pot of a camp"), and feels much relieved on finishing.[11]

Towards sunset, General Bülow, with the Second Line (second column of march), is sent out Goldberg-way, to take hold of the passage of the Katzbach: and at 8 that night we all march, recrossing there about 1 in the morning; thence down our left bank to Liegnitz for the second time,—sixteen hours of it in all, or till noon of the 13th. Mitchell had been put with the Cavalry part; and 'cannot but observe 'to your Lordship what a chief comfort it was in this long, dangerous 'and painful March,' to have burnt one's ciphers and dread secrets quite out of the way.

And thus, *Wednesday August 13th*, about noon, we are in our old Camp; Headquarter in the southern suburb of Liegnitz (a wretched little Tavern, which they still show there, on mythical terms): main part of the Camp, I should think, is on that range of Heights, which reaches two miles southward, and is now called "*Siegesberg* (Victory Hill)" from a modern Monument built on it, after nearly 100 years. Here Friedrich stays one day,—more exactly, 30 hours;—and his shifting, next time, is extremely memorable.

[11] Mitchell, ii. 144; Tempelhof, iv. 144.

Battle, in the Neighbourhood of Liegnitz, does ensue
(Friday morning 15th August 1760).

Daun, Lacy and Loudon, the Three-lipped Pincers, have of course followed, and are again agape for Friedrich, all in scientific postures: Daun in the Jauer region, seven or eight miles south; Lacy about Goldberg, as far to south-west; Loudon 'between Jeschkendorf and Koischwitz,' north-eastward, somewhat closer on Friedrich, with the Katzbach intervening. That Czernichef, with an additional 24,000, to rear of Loudon, is actually crossing Oder at Auras, with an eye to junction, Friedrich does not hear till tomorrow.[12]

The scene is rather pretty, if one admired scenes. Liegnitz, a square, handsome, brick-built Town, of old standing, in good repair (population then, say 7,000), with fine old castellated edifices and aspects: pleasant meeting, in level circumstances, of the Katzbach valley with the Schwartzwasser (*Black-water*) ditto, which forms the north rim of Liegnitz; pleasant mixture of green poplars and brick towers, —as seen from that "Victory Hill" (more likely to be "Immediate-Ruin Hill!") where the King now is. Beyond Liegnitz and the Schwartzwasser, north-westward, right opposite to the King's, rise other Heights, called of Pfaffendorf, which guard the two streams *after* their uniting. Kloster Wahlstatt, a famed place, lies visible to south-east, few miles off. Readers recollect one Blücher "Prince of Wahlstatt," so named from one of his Anti-Napoleon victories gained there? Wahlstatt was the scene of an older Fight, almost six centuries older,[13] —a then Prince of Liegnitz *versus* hideous Tartar multitudes, who rather beat him; and has been a *Cloister* Wahlstatt ever since. Till Thursday 14th, about 8 in the evening, Friedrich continued in his Camp of Liegnitz. We are now within reach of a notable Passage of War.

Friedrich's Camp extends from the Village of Schimmelwitz, fronting the Katzbach for about two miles, north-eastward, to his Headquarter in Liegnitz Suburb: Daun is on his right and rearward, now come within four or five miles; Loudon to his left and frontward, four or five, the Katzbach separating Friedrich and him; Lacy lies from Goldberg north-eastward, to within perhaps a like distance rearward:

[12] Tempelhof, iv. 148-151; Mitchell, ii. 197.
[13] April 9th, 1241 (Köhler, *Reichs-Historie*).

that is the position on Thursday 14th.* Provisions being all but run-out; and three Armies, 90,000 (not to count Czernichef and his 24,000 as a fourth) watching round our 30,000, within a few miles; there is no staying here, beyond this day. If even this day it be allowed us? This day, Friedrich had to draw-out, and stand to arms for some hours; while the Austrians appeared extensively on the Heights about, apparently intending an attack; till it proved to be nothing: only an elaborate reconnoitering by Daun; and we returned to our tents again.

Friedrich understands well enough that Daun, with the facts now before him, will gradually form his plan, and also, from the lie of matters, what his plan will be: many are the times Daun has elaborately reconnoitered, elaborately laid his plan; but found, on coming to execute, that his Friedrich was off in the interim, and the plan gone to air. Friedrich has about 2,000 wagons to drag with him in these swift marches: Glogau Magazine, his one resource, should Breslau and Schweidnitz prove unattainable, is forty-five long miles north-westward. "Let us lean upon Glogau withal," thinks Friedrich; "and let us be out of this straightway! March tonight; towards Parchwitz, which is towards Glogau too. Army rest till daybreak on the Heights of Pfaffendorf yonder, to examine, to wait its luck: let the empty meal-wagons jingle on to Glogau; load themselves there, and jingle back to us in Parchwitz neighbourhood, should Parchwitz not have proved impossible to our manœuvrings,—let us hope it may not!"——Daun and the Austrians having ceased reconnoitering, and gone home, Friedrich rides with his Generals, through Leignitz, across the Schwartzwasser, to the Pfaffendorf Heights. "Here, Messieurs, is our first halting-place to be: here we shall halt till daybreak, while the meal-wagons jingle on!" And explains to them orally where each is to take post, and how to behave. Which done, he too returns home, no doubt a wearied individual; and at 4 of the afternoon lies down to try for an hour or two of sleep, while all hands are busy packing, according to the Orders given.

It is a fact recorded by Friedrich himself, and by many other people, That, at this interesting juncture, there appeared at the King's Gate, King hardly yet asleep, a stag-

* Plan at p. 94*a*.

gering Austrian Officer, Irish by nation, who had suddenly found good to desert the Austrian Service for the Prussian —("Sorrow on them: a pack of"—what shall I say?)—Irish gentleman, bursting with intelligence of some kind, but evidently deep in liquor withal. "Impossible; the King is asleep," said the Adjutant on duty; but produced only louder insistance from the drunk Irish gentleman. "As much as all your heads are worth; the King's own safety, and not a moment to lose!" What is to be done? They awaken the King: "The man is drunk, but dreadfully in earnest, your Majesty." "Give him quantities of weak tea" (Tempelhof calls it tea, but Friedrich merely warm water); "then examine him, and report if it is anything." Something it was: "Your Majesty to be attacked, for certain, this night!" what his Majesty already guessed:—something, most likely little; but nobody to this day knows. Visible only, that his Majesty, before sunset, rode out reconnoitering with this questionable Irish gentleman, now in a very flaccid state; and altered nothing whatever in prior arrangements;—and that the flaccid Irish gentleman staggers out of sight, into dusk, into rest and darkness, after this one appearance on the stage of History.[14]

From about 8 in the evening, Friedrich's people got on march, in their several columns, and fared punctually on; one column through the streets of Liegnitz, others to left and to right of that; to left mainly, as remoter from the Austrians and their listening outposts from beyond the Katzbach River; —where the camp-fires are burning extremely distinct to-night. The Prussian camp-fires, they too are all burning uncommonly vivid; country people employed to feed them; and a few hussar sentries and drummers to make the customary sounds for Daun's instruction, till a certain hour. Friedrich's people are clearing the North Suburb of Liegnitz, crossing the Schwartzwasser: artillery and heavy wagons all go by the Stone-bridge at Töpferberg (*Potter-hill*) there; the lighter people by a few pontoons farther down that stream, in the Pfaffendorf vicinity. About one in the morning, all, even the right wing from Schimmelwitz, are safely across.

Schwartzwasser, a River of many tails (boggy most of them, Schnelle or *Swift* Deichsel hardly an exception), gathering

[14] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 63; Tempelhof, iv. 154.

itself from the southward for twenty or more miles, attains its maximum of north at a place called Waldau, not far north-west of Töpferberg.* Towards this Waldau, Lacy is aiming all night; thence to pounce on our "left wing,"—which he will find to consist of those empty watch-fires merely. Down from Waldau, past Töpferberg and Pfaffendorf (*Priest*-town, or as we should call it, "Preston"), which are all on its northern or left bank, Schwartzwasser's course is in the form of an irregular horseshoe; high ground to its northern side, Liegnitz and hollows to its southern; till in an angular way it do join Katzbach, and go with that, northward for Oder the rest of its course. On the brow of these horseshoe Heights,—which run parallel to Schwartzwasser one part of them, and nearly parallel to Katzbach another (though above a mile distant, these latter, from *it*),—Friedrich plants himself: in Order of Battle; slightly altering some points of the afternoon's program, and correcting his Generals, "Front rather so and so; see where their fires are, yonder!" Daun's fires, Loudon's fires; vividly visible both:—and, singular to say, there is nothing yonder either but a few sentries and deceptive drums! All empty yonder too, even as our own Camp is; all gone forth, even as we are; we resting here, and our meal-wagons jingling on Glogau way! Excellency Mitchell, under horse-escort, among the lighter baggage, is on Kuchelberg Heath, in scrubby country, but well north behind Friedrich's centre: has had a dreadful march; one comfort only, that his ciphers are all burnt. The rest of us lie down on the grass;—among others, young Herr von Archenholtz, ensign or lieutenant in Regiment *Forcade:* who testifies that it is one of the beautifulest nights, the lamps of Heaven shining down in an uncommonly tranquil manner; and that almost nobody slept. The soldier-ranks all lay horizontal, musket under arm; chatting pleasantly in an undertone, or each in silence revolving such thoughts as he had. The Generals amble like observant spirits, hoarsely imperative.[15] Friedrich's line, we observed, is in the horseshoe shape (or *parabolic*, straiter than horseshoe), fronting the waters. Ziethen commands in that smaller Schwartzwasser part of the line, Friedrich in the Katzbach part, which is more in risk. And now, things being moderately in order, Friedrich has himself sat down,—I think, towards the middle or convex part of his

* Plan at p. 94 *a*.

[15] Archenholtz, ii. 100-111.

lines,—by a watch-fire he has found there; and, wrapt in his cloak, his many thoughts melting into haze, has sunk into a kind of sleep. Seated on a drum, some say; half asleep by the watch-fire, time half-past 2,—when a Hussar Major, who has been out by the Bienowitz, the Pohlschildern way, northward, reconnoitering, comes dashing up full speed: "The King? where is the King?" "What is it, then?" answers the King for himself. "Your Majesty, the Enemy in force, from Bienowitz, from Pohlschildern, coming on our Left Wing yonder; has flung back all my vedettes: is within 500 yards by this time!"

Friedrich springs to horse; has already an Order speeding forth, "General Schenkendorf and his Battalion, their cannon, to the crown of the Wolfsberg, on our left yonder; swift!" How excellent that every battalion (as by Order that we read) "has its own share of the heavy cannon always at hand!" ejaculate the military critics. Schenkendorf, being nimble, was able to astonish the Enemy with volumes of case-shot from the Wolfsberg, which were very deadly at that close distance. Other arrangements, too minute for recital here, are rapidly done; and our Left Wing is in condition to receive its early visitors,—Loudon or whoever they may be. It is still dubious to the History-Books whether Friedrich was in clear expectation of Loudon here; though of course he would now guess it was Loudon. But there is no doubt Loudon had not the least expectation of Friedrich; and his surprise must have been intense, when, instead of vacant darkness (and some chance of Prussian baggage, which he had heard of), Prussian musketries and case-shot opened on him.

Loudon had, as per order, quitted his Camp at Jeschkendorf, about the time Friedrich did his at Schimmelwitz; and, leaving the lights all burning, had set forward on his errand; which was (also identical with Friedrich's), To seize the Heights of Pfaffendorf, and be ready there when day broke. Scouts having informed him that the Prussian Baggage was certainly gone through to Töpferberg,—more his scouts did not know, nor could Loudon guess,—"We will snatch that Baggage!" thought Loudon; and with such view has been speeding all he could; no vanguard ahead, lest he alarm the Baggage-escort: Loudon in person, with the Infantry of the Reserve, striding on ahead, to devour any Baggage-escort there may

be. Friedrich's reconnoitering Hussar parties had confirmed this belief: "Yes, yes!" thought Loudon. And now suddenly, instead of Baggage to capture, here, out of the vacant darkness, is Friedrich in person, on the brow of the Heights where we intended to form!—

Loudon's behaviour, on being hurled back with his Reserve in this manner, everybody says, was magnificent. Judging at once what the business was, and that retreat would be impossible without ruin, he hastened instantly to form himself, on such ground as he had,—highly unfavourable ground, uphill in part, and room in it only for Five Battalions (5,000) of front;—and came on again, with a great deal of impetuosity and good skill; again and ever again, three times in all. Had partial successes; edged always to the right to get the flank of Friedrich; but could not, Friedrich edging conformably. From his right-hand, or north-east part, Loudon poured in, once and again, very furious charges of Cavalry; on every repulse, drew out new Battalions from his left and centre, and again stormed forward: but found it always impossible. Had his subordinates all been Loudons, it is said, there was once a fine chance for him. By this edging always to the north-eastward on his part and Friedrich's, there had at last a considerable gap in Friedrich's Line established itself,—not only Ziethen's Line and Friedrich's Line now fairly fallen asunder, but, at the Village of Panten, in Friedrich's own Line, a gap where anybody might get in. One of the Austrian Columns was just entering Panten when the Fight began; in Panten that Column has stood cogitative ever since; well to left of Loudon and his struggles; but does not, till the eleventh hour, resolve to push through. At the eleventh hour;—and lo, in the nick of time, Möllendorf (our Leuthen-and-Hochkirch friend) got his eye on it; rushed up with infantry and cavalry; set Panten on fire, and blocked-out that possibility and the too cogitative Column.

Loudon had no other real chance: his furious horse-charges and attempts were met everywhere by corresponding counter-fury. Bernburg, poor Regiment Bernburg, see what a figure it is making! Left almost alone, at one time, among those horse-charges; spending its blood like water, bayonet-charging, platooning as never before; and on the whole, stem-

ming invincibly that horse-torrent,—not unseen by Majesty, it may be hoped; who is here where the hottest pinch is. On the third repulse, which was worse than any before, Loudon found he had enough; and tried it no farther. Rolled over the Katzbach, better or worse; Prussians catching 6,000 of him, but not following farther: threw-up a fine battery at Bienowitz, which sheltered his retreat from horse:—and went his ways, sorely but not dishonourably beaten, after an hour and half of uncommonly stiff fighting, which had been very murderous to Loudon. Loss of 10,000 to him: 4,000 killed and wounded; prisoners 6,000; 82 cannon, 28 flags, and other items; the Prussian loss being 1,800 in whole.[16] By 5 o'clock, the Battle, this Loudon part of it, was quite over; Loudon (35,000) wrecking himself against Friedrich's Left Wing (say half of his Army, some 15,000) in such conclusive manner. Friedrich's Left Wing alone has been engaged hitherto. And now it will be Ziethen's turn, if Daun and Lacy still come on.

By 11 last night, Daun's Pandours, creeping stealthily on, across the Katzbach, about Schimmelwitz, had discerned with amazement that Friedrich's Camp appeared to consist only of watch-fires; and had shot-off their speediest rider to Daun, accordingly; but it was one in the morning before Daun, busy marching and marshalling, to be ready at the Katzbach by daylight, heard of this strange news; which probably he could not entirely believe till seen with his own eyes. What a spectacle! One's beautiful Plan exploded into mere imbroglio of distraction; become one knows not what! Daun's watch-fires too had all been left burning; universal stratagem, on both sides, going on; producing,—tragically for some of us,—a *Tragedy* of Errors, or the Mistakes of a Night! Daun sallied out again, in his collapsed, upset condition, as soon as possible: pushed on, in the track of Friedrich; warning Lacy to push on. Daun, though within five miles all the while, had heard nothing of the furious Fight and cannonade; "south-west wind having risen," so Daun said, and is believed by candid persons,—not by the angry Vienna people, who counted it impossible: "Nonsense; you were not deaf; but you loitered and haggled, in your

[16] Tempelhof, iv. 159.

usual way; perhaps not sorry that the brilliant Loudon should get a rebuff!"

Emerging out of Liegnitz, Daun did see, to north-eastward, a vast pillar or mass of smoke, silently mounting, but could do nothing with it. "Cannon-smoke, no doubt; but fallen entirely silent, and not wending hitherward at all. Poor Loudon, alas, must have got beaten!" Upon which Daun really did try, at least upon Ziethen; but could do nothing. Poured cavalry across the Stone-bridge at the Töpferberg; who drove-in Ziethen's picket there; but were torn to pieces by Ziethen's cannon. Ziethen across the Schwartzwasser is alert enough. How form in order of battle here, with Ziethen's batteries shearing your columns longitudinally, as they march up? Daun recognises the impossibility; wends back through Liegnitz to his Camp again, the way he had come. Tide-hour missed again; ebb going uncommonly rapid! Lacy had been about Waldau, to try farther up the Schwartzwasser on Ziethen's right: but the Schwartzwasser proved amazingly boggy; not accessible on any point to heavy people,—"owing to bogs on the bank," with perhaps poor prospect on the other side too!

And, in fact, nothing of Lacy, more than of Daun, could manage to get across: nothing except two poor Hussar regiments; who, winding up far to the left, attempted a snatch on the Baggage about Hummeln,—Hummeln, or Kuchel of the Scrubs. And gave a new alarm to Mitchell, the last of several during this horrid night; who has sat painfully blocked in his carriage, with such a Devil's tumult going on to eastward, and no sight, share or knowledge to be had of it. Repeated hussar attacks there were on the Baggage here, Loudon's hussars also trying: but Mitchell's Captain was miraculously equal to the occasion; and had beaten them all off. Mitchell, by magnanimous choice of his own, has been in many Fights by the side of Friedrich; but this is the last he will ever be in or near;—this miraculous one of Liegnitz, 3 to 4½ A.M. Friday August 15th, 1760.

Never did such a luck befall Friedrich before or after. He was clinging on the edge of slippery abysses, his path hardly a foot's-breadth, mere enemies and avalanches hanging round on every side: ruin likelier at no moment of his life;—and here is precisely the quasi-miracle which was needed to save

him. Partly by accident too; the best of management crowned by the luckiest of accidents.[17]

Friedrich rested four hours on the Battle-field,—if that could be called rest, which was a new kind of diligence highly wonderful. Diligence of gathering-up accurately the results of the Battle; packing them into portable shape; and marching off with them in one's pocket, so to speak. Major-General Saldern had charge of this, a man of many talents; and did it consummately. The wounded, Austrian as well as Prussian, are placed in the empty meal-wagons; the more slightly wounded are set on horseback, double in possible cases: only the dead are left lying: 100 or more meal-wagons are left, their teams needed for drawing our 82 new cannon;—the wagons we split-up, no Austrians to have them; useable only as firewood for the poor Country-folk. The 4 or 5,000 good muskets lying on the field, shall not we take them also? Each cavalry soldier slings one of them across his back, each baggage-driver one: and the muskets too are taken care of. About 9 A.M., Friedrich, with his 6,000 prisoners, new cannon-teams, sick-wagon teams, trophies, properties, is afoot again. One of the succinctest of Kings.

I should have mentioned the joy of poor Regiment Bernburg; which rather affected me. Loudon gone, the miracle of Battle done, and this miraculous packing going on,—Friedrich riding about among his people, passed along the front of Bernburg, the eye of him perhaps intimating, "I saw you, *Bursche*;" but no word coming from him. The Bernburg Officers, tragically tressless in their hats, stand also silent, grim as blackened stones (all Bernburg black with gunpowder): "In us also is no word; unless our actions perhaps speak?" But a certain Sergeant, Fugleman, or chief Corporal, stept out, saluting reverentially: "Regiment Bernburg, *Ihro Majestät—?*"—"Hm; well, you did handsomely. Yes, you shall have your side-arms back; all shall be forgotten and washed-out!" "And you are again our Gracious King, then?" says the Sergeant, with tears in his eyes.—"*Gewiss*, Yea, surely!"[18] Upon which, fancy what a peal of sound from the ecstatic throat

[17] Tempelhof, iv. 151-171; Archenholtz, ubi suprà; *Hofbericht von der Schlacht so am 15 August 1760, bey Liegnitz, vorgefallen* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 698-703); &c. &c.

[18] Tempelhof, iv. 162-164.

and heart of this poor Regiment. Which I have often thought of; hearing mutinous blockheads, "glorious Sons of Freedom" to their own thinking, ask their natural commanding Officer, "Are not we as good as thou? Are not all men equal?" Not a whit of it, you mutinous blockheads; very far from it indeed!

This was the breaking of Friedrich's imprisonment in the deadly rock-labyrinths; this success at Liegnitz delivered him into free field once more. For twenty-four hours more, indeed, the chance was still full of anxiety to him; for twenty-four hours Daun, could he have been rapid, still had the possibilities in hand;—but only Daun's Antagonist was usually rapid. About 9 in the morning, all road-ready, this latter Gentleman 'gave three Salvoes, as Joy-fire, on the field of Liegnitz;' and, in the above succinct shape,—leaving Ziethen to come on, 'with the prisoners, the sick-wagons and captured cannon,' in the afternoon,—marched rapidly away. For Parchwitz, with our best speed: Parchwitz is the road to Breslau, also to Glogau,—to Breslau, if it be humanly possible! Friedrich has but two-days bread left: on the Breslau road, at Auras, there is Czernichef with 24,000; there are, or there may be, the Loudon Remnants rallied again, the Lacy Corps untouched, all Daun's Force, had Daun made any dispatch at all. Which Daun seldom did. A man slow to resolve, and seeking his luck in leisure.

All judges say, Daun ought now to have marched, on this enterprise of still intercepting Friedrich, without loss of a moment. But he calculated Friedrich would probably spend the day in *Te-deum*-ing on the Field (as is the manner of some); and that, by tomorrow, things would be clearer to one's own mind. Daun was in no haste; gave no orders,—did not so much as send Czernichef a Letter. Czernichef got one, however. Friedrich sent him one; that is to say, sent him one *to intercept*. Friedrich, namely, writes a Note addressed to his Brother Henri: "Austrians totally beaten this "day; now for the Russians, dear Brother; and swift, do "what we have agreed on!"[19] Friedrich hands this to a Peasant, with instructions to let himself be taken by the Russians, and give it up to save his life. Czernichef, it is thought, got

[19] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 67.

this Letter; and perhaps rumour itself, and the delays of Daun, would, at any rate, have sent him across. Across he at once went, with his 24,000, and burnt his Bridge. A vanished Czernichef;—though Friedrich is not yet sure of it: and as for the wandering Austrian Divisions, the Loudons, Lacys, all is dark to him.

So that, at Parchwitz, next morning (August 16th), the question, "To Glogau? To Breslau?" must have been a kind of sphinx-enigma to Friedrich; dark as that, and, in case of error, fatal. After some brief paroxysm of consideration, Friedrich's reading was, "To Breslau, then!" And, for hours, as the march went on, he was noticed 'riding much about,' his anxieties visibly great. Till at Neumarkt (not far from the Field of *Leuthen*), getting on the Heights there,—towards noon, I will guess,—what a sight! Before this, he had come upon Austrian Out-parties, Beck's or somebody's, who did not wait his attack: he saw, at one point, 'the whole Austrian Army ' on march (the tops of its columns visible among the knolls, ' three miles off, impossible to say whitherward);' and fared on all the faster, I suppose, such a bet depending;—and, in fine, galloped to the Heights of Neumarkt for a view: "Dare we believe it? Not an Austrian there!" And might be, for the moment, the gladdest of Kings. Secure now of Breslau, of junction with Henri: fairly winner of the bet;—and can at last pause, and take breath, very needful to his poor Army, if not to himself, after such a mortal spasm of sixteen days! Daun had taken the Liegnitz accident without remark; usually a stoical man, especially in other people's misfortunes; but could not conceal his painful astonishment on this new occasion,—astonishment at unjust fortune, or at his own sluggardly cunctations, is not said.

Next day (August 17th), Friedrich encamps at Hermannsdorf, headquarter the Schloss of Hermannsdorf, within seven miles of Breslau; continues a fortnight there, resting his wearied people, himself not resting much, watching the dismal miscellany of entanglements that yet remain, how these will settle into groups,—especially what Daun and his Soltikof will decide on. In about a fortnight, Daun's decision did become visible; Soltikof's not in a fortnight, nor ever clearly at all. Unless it were To keep a whole skin, and gradually edge home to his

victuals. As essentially it was, and continued to be; creating endless negotiations, and futile overtures and messagings from Daun to his barbarous Friend, endless suasions and troubles from poor Montalembert,—of which it would weary every reader to hear mention, except of the result only.

Friedrich, for his own part, is little elated with these bits of successes at Liegnitz or since; and does not deceive himself as to the difficulties, almost the impossibilities, that still lie ahead. In answer to D'Argens, who has written ('at midnight,' starting out of bed 'the instant the news came'), in zealous congratulation on Liegnitz, here is a Letter of Friedrich's: well worth reading,—though it has been oftener read than almost any other of his. A Letter which D'Argens never saw in the original form; which was captured by the Austrians or Cossacks;[20] which got copied everywhere, soon stole into print, and is ever since extensively known.

Friedrich to Marquis d'Argens (at Berlin).

"Hermannsdorf, near Breslau, 27th August 1760.

"In other times, my dear Marquis, the Affair of the 15th would "have settled the Campaign; at present it is but a scratch. There "will be needed a great Battle to decide our fate: such, by all appear- "ance, we shall soon have; and then you may rejoice, if the event is "favourable to us. Thank you, meanwhile, for all your sympathy. "It has cost a deal of scheming, striving and much address to bring "matters to this point. Don't speak to me of dangers; the last Action "costs me only a Coat" (torn, useless, only one skirt left, by some rebounding cannon-ball?) "and a Horse" (shot under me): "that is not "paying dear for a victory.

"In my life, I was never in so bad a posture as in this Campaign. "Believe me, miracles are still needed if I am to overcome all the "difficulties which I still see ahead. And one is growing weak withal. "'Herculean' labours to accomplish at an age when my powers are for- "saking me, my weaknesses increasing, and, to speak candidly, even "hope, the one comfort of the unhappy, begins to be wanting. You "are not enough acquainted with the posture of things, to know all the "dangers that threaten the State: I know them, and conceal them; I "keep all the fears to myself, and communicate to the Public only the "hopes, and the trifle of good news I may now and then have. If the "stroke I am meditating succeed" (stroke on Daun's Anti-Schweidnitz strategies, of which anon), "then, my dear Marquis, it will be time "to expand one's joy; but till then let us not flatter ourselves, lest "some unexpected bit of bad news depress us too much.

[20] See *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 198 (D'Argens himself, '19th October' following), and ib. 191 n.; Rödenbeck, ii. 31, 36;—mention of it in Voltaire, Montalembert, &c.

"I live here" (Schloss of Hermannsdorf, a seven miles west of Breslau) "like a Military Monk of La Trappe: endless businesses, and "these done, a little consolation from my Books. I know not, if I "shall outlive this War: but should it so happen, I am firmly resolved "to pass the remainder of my life in solitude, in the bosom of Phi- "losophy and Friendship. When the roads are surer, perhaps you "will write me oftener. I know not where our winter-quarters this "time are to be! My House in Breslau is burnt down in the Bom- "bardment" (Loudon's, three weeks ago). "Our enemies grudge "us everything, even daylight, and air to breathe: some nook, how- "ever, they must leave us; and if it be a safe one, it will be a true "pleasure to have you again with me.

"Well, my dear Marquis, what has become of the Peace with "France" (English Peace)! "Your Nation, you see, is blinder than "you thought: those fools will lose their Canada and Pondichery, to "please the Queen of Hungary and the Czarina. Heaven grant Prince "Ferdinand may pay them for their zeal! And it will be the innocent "that suffer, the poor officers and soldiers, not the Choiseuls and"—
* * "But here is business come on me. Adieu, dear Marquis; I "embrace you.—F."[21]

Two Events, of opposite complexion, a Russian and a Saxon, Friedrich had heard of while at Hermannsdorf, before writing as above. The Saxon Event is the pleasant one, and comes first:

Hülsen on the Dürrenberg, August 20th. 'August 20th, at Strehla, 'in that Schlettau-Meissen Country, the Reichsfolk and Austrians 'made attack on Hülsen's Posts, principal Post of them the Dürren- 'berg (*Dry-Hill*) there,—in a most extensive manner; filling the whole 'region with vague artillery-thunder, and endless charges, here, there, of foot and horse; which all issued in zero and minus quantities; 'Hülsen standing beautifully to his work, and Hussar Kleist especially, 'at one point, cutting-in with masterly execution, which proved general 'overthrow to the Reichs Project; and left Hülsen master of the field 'and of his Dürrenberg, *plus* 1,217 prisoners and one Prince among 'them, and one cannon: a Hülsen who has actually given a kind of 'beating to the Reichsfolk and Austrians, though they were 30,000 to 'his 10,000, and had counted on making a new Maxen of it.'[22] Friedrich writes a glad laudatory Letter to Hülsen: "Right, so; give them "more of that when they apply next!"[23]

This is a bit of sunshine to the Royal mind, dark enough otherwise. Had Friedrich got done here, right fast would he fly to the relief of Hülsen, and recovery of Saxony. Hope, in good moments, says, "Hülsen will be able to hold out till then!" Fear answers, "No,

[21] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 191.

[22] Archenholtz, ii. 114; *Bericht von der am 20 August 1760 bey Strehla vorgefallenen Action* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 703-719).

[23] Letter in *Schöning*, ii. 396, 'Hermsdorf' (Hermannsdorf), '27th August 1760.'

he cannot, unless you get done here extremely soon!"—The Russian Event, full of painful anxiety to Friedrich, was a new Siege of Colberg. That is the sad fact; which, since the middle of August, has been becoming visibly certain.

Second Siege of Colberg, August 26th. 'Under siege again, that poor 'Place; and this time the Russians seem to have made a vow that 'take it they will. Siege by land and by sea; land-troops direct from 'Petersburg, 15,000 in all (8,000 of them came by ship), with end-'less artillery; and near 40 Russian and Swedish ships-of-war, big 'and little, blackening the waters of poor Colberg. August 26th' (the day before Friedrich's writing as above), 'they have got all things ad-'justed,—the land-troops covered by redoubts to rearward, ships 'moored in their battering-places;—and begin such a bombardment 'and firing of redhot balls upon Colberg as was rarely seen. To which, 'one can only hope old Heyde will set a face of gray-steel character, 'as usual; and prove a difficult article to deal with, till one get some 'relief contrived for him.'[24]

CHAPTER IV.

DAUN IN WRESTLE WITH FRIEDRICH IN THE SILESIAN HILLS.

In spite of Friedrich's forebodings, an extraordinary recoil, in all Anti-Friedrich affairs, ensued upon Liegnitz; everything taking the backward course, from which it hardly recovered, or indeed did not recover at all, during the rest of this Campaign. Details on the subsequent Daun-Friedrich movements,—which went all aback for Daun, Daun driven into the Hills again, Friedrich hopeful to cut-off his bread, and drive him quite through the Hills, and home again,—are not permitted us. No human intellect in our day could busy itself with understanding these thousandfold marchings, manœuvrings, assaults, surprisals, sudden facings-about (retreat changed to advance); nor could the powerfulest human memory, not exclusively devoted to study the Art Military under Friedrich, remember them when understood. For soldiers, desirous not to be sham-soldiers, they are a recommendable exercise; for them I do advise Tempelhof and the excellent German Narratives and Records. But in regard to others—A sample has been given: multiply that by the ten, by the three-score and ten; let the ingenuous imagination get from it what will suffice. Our first

[24] Archenholtz, ii. 116: in *Helden-Geschichte* (vi. 73-83), '*Tagebuch* of Siege, 26th August—18th September,' and other details.

duty here to poor readers, is to elicit from that sea of small things the fractions which are cardinal, or which give human physiognomy and memorability to it; and carefully suppress all the rest.

Understand, then, that there is a general going-back on the Austrian and Russian part. Czernichef we already saw at once retire over the Oder. Soltikof bodily, the second day after, deaf to Montalembert, lifts himself to rearward; takes post behind bogs and bushy grounds more and more inaccessible;[1] followed by Prince Henri with his best impressiveness for a week longer, till he seem sufficiently remote and peaceably-minded: "Making home for Poland, he," thinks the sanguine King; "leave Goltz with 12,000 to watch him. The rest of the Army over hither!" Which is done, August 27th; General Forcade taking charge, instead of Henri,—who is gone, that day or next, to Breslau, for his health's sake. "Prince Henri really ill," say some; "Not so ill, but in the sulks," say others:—partly true, both theories, it is now thought; impossible to settle in what degree true. Evident it is, Henri sat quiescent in Breslau, following regimen, in more or less pathetic humour, for two or three months to come; went afterwards to Glogau, and had private theatricals; and was no more heard of in this Campaign. Greatly to his Brother's loss and regret; who is often longing for "your recovery" (and return hither), to no purpose.

Soltikof does, in his heart, intend for Poland; but has to see the Siege of Colberg finish first; and, in decency even to the Austrians, would linger a little: "Willing I always, if only *you* prove feasible!" Which occasions such negotiating, and messaging across the Oder, for the next six weeks, as—as shall be omitted in this place. By intense suasion of Montalembert, Soltikof even consents to undertake some sham movement on Glogau, thereby to alleviate his Austrians across the River; and staggers gradually forward a little in that direction:—sham merely; for he has not a siege-gun, nor the least possibility on Glogau; and Goltz with the 12,000 will sufficiently take care of him in that quarter.

Friedrich, on junction with Forcade, has risen to perhaps 50,000; and is now in some condition against the Daun-Loudon-Lacy Armies, which cannot be double his number. These

[1] 'August 18th, to Trebnitz, on the road to Militsch' (Tempelhof, iv. 167).

still hang about, in the Breslau-Parchwitz region ; gloomy of humour; and seem to be aiming at Schweidnitz,—if that could still prove possible with a Friedrich present. Which it by no means does; though they try it by their best combinations; —by 'a powerful Chain of Army-posts, isolating Schweidnitz, 'and uniting Daun and Loudon;' by 'a Camp on the Zobten-'berg, as crown of the same;'—and put Friedrich on his mettle. Who, after survey of said Chain, executes (night of August 30th) a series of beautiful manœuvres on it, which unexpectedly conclude its existence:—'with unaccountable hardihood' (as Archenholtz has it, physiognomically *true* to Friedrich's general style just now, if a little incorrect as to the case in hand), 'sees good to march direct, once for all, athwart 'said Chain; right across its explosive cannonadings and it, '—counter-cannonading, and marching rapidly on; such a 'march for insolence, say the Austrians!'[2] Till, in this way, the insolent King has Schweidnitz under his protective hand again; and forces the Chain to coil itself wholly together, and roll into the Hills for a safe lodging. Whither he again follows it: with continual changes of position, vying in inaccessibility with your own; threatening your meal-wagons; trampling on your skirts in this or the other dangerous manner; marching insolently up to your very nose, more than once ('Dittmannsdorf, September 18th,' for a chief instance), and confusing your best schemes.[3]

This "insolent" style of management, says Archenholtz, was practised by Julius Cæsar on the Gauls; and since his time by nobody,—till Friedrich, his studious scholar and admirer, revived it 'against another enemy.' 'It is of excellent 'efficacy,' adds Tempelhof; 'it disheartens your adversary, 'and especially his common people, and has the reverse effect 'on your own; confuses him in endless apprehensions, and 'details of self-defence; so that he can form no plan of his 'own, and his overpowering resources become useless to him.' Excellent efficacy,—only you must be equal to doing it; not unequal, which might be very fatal to you!

For about five weeks, Friedrich, eminently practising this

[2] Archenholtz (ii. 115-116); who is in a hurry, dateless, and rather confuses a subsequent *day* (September 18th) with this 'night of August 30th.' See *Retzow*, ii. 26; and still better, *Tempelhof*, iv. 203.

[3] Tempelhof, iv. 193-231; &c. &c.: in *Anonymous of Hamburg*, iv. 222-235, 'Diary of the *Austrian* Army' (3d-8th September).

style, has a most complex multifarious Briarean wrestle with big Daun and his Lacy-Loudon Satellites; who have a troublesome time, running hither, thither, under danger of slaps, and finding nowhere an available mistake made. The scene is that intricate Hill-Country between Schweidnitz and Glatz (kind of *glacis* from Schweidnitz to the Glatz Mountains): Daun, generally speaking, has his back on Glatz, Friedrich on Schweidnitz; and we hear of encampings at Kunzendorf, at *Bunzelwitz*, at *Burkersdorf*,—places which will be more famous in a coming Year. Daun makes no complaint of his Lacy-Loudon or other satellite people; who are diligently circumambient all of them, as bidden; but are unable, like Daun himself, to do the least good; and have perpetually, Daun and they, a bad life of it beside this Neighbour. The outer world, especially the Vienna outer world, is naturally a little surprised: "How is this, Feldmarschall Daun? Can you do absolutely nothing with him, then; but sit pinned in the Hills, eating sour herbs!"

In the Russians appears no help. Soltikof on Glogau, we know what that amounts to! Soltikof is evidently intending home, and nothing else. To all Austrian proposals, —and they have been manifold, as poor Montalembert knows too well,—the answer of Soltikof was and is: "Above 90,000 of you circling about, helping one another to do Nothing. Happy were you, not a doubt of it, could *we* be wiled across to you, to get worried in your stead!" Daun begins to be extremely ill-off; provisions scarce, are far away in Bohemia; and the roads daily more insecure, Friedrich aiming evidently to get command of them altogether. Think of such an issue to our once-flourishing Campaign 1760! Daun is vigilance itself against such fatality; and will do anything, except risk a Fight. Here, however, is the fatal posture: Since September 18th, Daun sees himself considerably cut-off from Glatz, his provision-road more and more insecure;—and for fourteen days onward, the King and he have got into a dead-lock, and sit looking into one another's faces; Daun in a more and more distressed mood, his provender becoming so uncertain, and the Winter season drawing nigh. The sentries are in mutual view: each Camp could cannonade the other; but what good were it? By a tacit understanding they don't. The sentries, outposts and vedettes forbear musketry; on the contrary, exchange

tobaccos sometimes, and have a snatch of conversation. Daun is growing more and more unhappy. To which of the gods, if not to Soltikof again, can he apply?

Friedrich himself, successful so far, is abundantly dissatisfied with such a kind of success;—and indeed seems to be less thankful to his stars than in present circumstances he ought. Profoundly wearied we find him, worn-down into utter disgust in the Small War of Posts: "Here we still are, nose to nose," exclaims he (see Letters *to Henri*), "both of us in unattackable camps. This Campaign appears to me more unsupportable than any of the foregoing. Take what trouble and care I like, I can't advance a step in regard to great interests; I succeed only in trifles." "Oh for good news of your health: I am without all assistance here; the Army must divide again before long, and I have none to intrust it to."[4]

And *to D'Argens*, in the same bad days: "Yes, yes, I escaped a great danger there" (at Liegnitz). "In a common War it would have signified something; but in this it is a mere skirmish; my position little improved by it. I will not sing Jeremiads to you; nor speak of my fears and anxieties, but can assure you they are great. The crisis I am in has taken another shape; but as yet nothing decides it, nor can the development of it be foreseen. I am getting consumed by slow fever; I am like a living body losing limb after limb. Heaven stand by us: we need it much."[5] * * "You talk always of my person, of my dangers. Need I tell you, it is not necessary that I live; but it is that I do my duty, and fight for my Country to save it if possible. In many *little* things I have had luck: I think of taking for my motto, *Maximus in minimis, et minimus in maximis.* A worse Campaign than any of the others: I know not sometimes what will become of it. But why weary you with such details of my labours and my sorrows? My spirits have forsaken me. All gaiety is buried with the Loved Noble Ones whom my heart was bound to. Adieu."

Or, again, *to Henri:* 'Berlin? Yes; I am trying something in bar of that. Have a bad time of it, in the interim. Our means, my dear Brother, are so eaten away; far too short for opposing the prodigious number of our enemies set

[4] Schöning, ii. 416.

[5] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 193 ('Dittmannsdorf, 18th September,' day after, or day of finishing, that cannonade).

"against us:—if we must fall, let us date our destruction from "the infamous Day of Maxen!"

Is in such health, too, all the while: "Am a little better, "thank you; yet have still the"—what shall we say (dreadful biliary affair)?—"*hémorrhoïdes aveugles:* nothing that, were "it not for the disquietudes I feel: but all ends in this world, "and so will these." * * "I flatter myself your health is "recovering. For these three days in continuance I have had "so terrible a cramp, I thought it would choke me;—it is "now a little gone. No wonder the chagrins and continual "disquietudes I live in should undermine and at length over-"turn the robustest constitution."[6]

Friedrich, we observe, has heard of certain Russian-Austrian intentions on Berlin; but, after intense consideration, resolves that it will behove him to continue here, and try to dislodge Daun, or help Hunger to dislodge him; which will be the remedy for Berlin and all things else. There are news from Colberg of welcome tenor: could Daun be sent packing, Soltikof, it is probable, will not be in much alacrity for Berlin! —September 18th, at Dittmannsdorf, was the first day of Daun's dead-lock: ever since, he has had to sit, more and more hampered, pinned to the Hills, eating sour herbs; nothing but Hunger ahead, and a retreat (battle we will not dream of), likely to be very ruinous, with a Friedrich sticking to the wings of it. Here is the Note on Colberg:

September 18th, Colberg Siege raised. 'The same September 18th, 'what a day at Colberg too! It is the twenty-fourth day of the con-'tinual bombardment there. Colberg is black ashes, most of its houses 'ruins, not a house in it uninjured. But Heyde and his poor Garrison, 'busy day and night, walk about in it as if fire-proof; with a great deal 'of battle still left in them. The King, I know not whether Heyde is 'aware, has contrived something of relief; General Werner coming:— 'the fittest of men, if there be possibility. When, see, September 18th, 'uneasy motion in the Russian intrenchments (for the Russians too are 'intrenched against attack): Something that has surprised the Russians 'yonder. Climb, some of you, to the highest surviving steeple, highest 'chimney-top if no steeple survive:—"Yonder *is* Werner come to our 'relief, oh God the Merciful!"

'Werner, with 5,000, was detached from Glogau (September 5th), 'from Goltz's small Corps there; has come as on wings, 200 miles in 'thirteen days. And attacks now, as with wings, the astonished Rus-'sian 15,000, who were looking for nothing like him,—with wings,

[6] Schöning, ii. 419: '2d October.' Ib. ii. 410: '16th September.' Ib. ii. 408.

'with claws, and with beak; and in a highly aquiline manner, fierce, 'swift, skilful, storms these intrenched Russians straightway, scatters 'them to pieces,—and next day is in Colberg, the Siege raising itself 'with great precipitation; leaving all its artilleries and furnitures, 'rushing on shipboard all of it that can get,—the very ships-of-war, 'says Archenholtz, hurrying dangerously out to sea, as if the Prussian 'Hussars might possibly take *them*. A glorious Werner! A beautiful 'defence, and ditto rescue; which has drawn the world's attention."[7]

Heyde's defence of Colberg, Werner's swift rescue of it, are very celebrated this Autumn. Medals were struck in honour of them at Berlin, not at Friedrich's expense, but under Friedrich's patronage; who purchased silver or gold copies, and gave them about. Veteran Heyde had a Letter from his Majesty, and one of these gold Medals; —what an honour! I do not hear that Heyde got any other reward, or that he needed any. A beautiful old Hero, voiceless in History; though very visible in that remote sphere, if you care to look.

That is the news from Colberg; comfortable to Friedrich; not likely to inspire Soltikof with new alacrity in behalf of Daun. It remains to us only to add, that Friedrich, with a view to quicken Daun, shot-out (September 24th, after night-fall, and with due mystery) a Detachment towards Neisse,—4,000 or so, who call themselves 15,000, and affect to be for Mähren ultimately. "For Mähren, and my bit of daily bread!" Daun may well think; and did for some time think, or partly did. Pushed-off one small detachment really thither, to look after Mähren; and (September 29th) pushed-off another bigger; Lacy namely, with 15,000, pretending to be thither,—but who, the instant they were out of Friedrich's sight, have whirled, at a rapid pace, quite into the opposite direction: as will shortly be seen! Daun has now other irons in the fire. Daun, ever since this fatal Dead-lock in the Hills, has been shrieking hoarsely to the Russians, day and night; who at last take pity on him,—or find something feasible in his proposals.

The Russians make a Raid on Berlin, for Relief of Daun and their own Behoof (October 3d-12th, 1760).

Powerful entreaties, influences are exercised at Petersburg, and here in the Russian Camp: "Noble Russian Excellencies, for the love of Heaven, take this man off my windpipe! A sally into Brandenburg: oh, could not you? Lacy shall accompany; seizure of Berlin, were it only for one day!" Soltikof has

[7] Seyfarth, ii. 634; Archenholtz, ii. 116: in *Helden-Geschichte* (vi. 73-83), *Tage-buch* of Siege.

3d Oct. 1760.

fallen sick,—and, indeed, practically vanishes from our affairs at this point;—Fermor, who has command in the interim, finally consents: "Our poor siege of Colberg, what an end is come to it! What an end is the whole Campaign like to have! Let us at least try this of Berlin, since our hands are empty." The joy of Daun, of Montalembert, and of everybody in Austrian Court and Camp may be conceived.

Russians to the amount of 20,000, Czernichef Commander; Tottleben Second in command, a clever soldier, who knows Berlin: these are to start from Sagan Country, on this fine Expedition, and to push on at the very top of their speed. September 20th, Tottleben, with 3,000 of them as Vanguard, does accordingly cross Oder, at Beuthen in Sagan Country; and strides forward direct upon Berlin: Lacy, with 15,000, has started from Silesia, we saw how, above a week later (September 29th), but at a still more furious rate of speed. Soltikof, —theoretically Soltikof, but practically Fermor, should the dim German Books be ambiguous to any studious creature,—with the Main Army (which by itself is still a 20,000 odd), moves to Frankfurt, to support the swift Expedition, and be within two marches of it. Here surely is a feasibility! Berlin, for defence, has nothing but weak palisades; and of effective garrison 1,200 men.

And feasible, in a sort, this thing did prove; indisputably delivering Daun from strangulation in the Silesian Mountains; filling the Gazetteer mind with loud emotion of an empty nature; and very much affecting many poor people in Berlin and neighbourhood. Making a big Chapter in Berlin Local History; though compressible to small bulk for strangers, who have no specific sympathies in that locality.

'*Friday 3d October* 1760, Tottleben, with his hasty Vanguard of '3,000, preceded by hastier rumour, comes circling round Berlin en-'virons; takes post at the Halle Gate' (west side of the City); 'sum-'mons Rochow' (the same old Commandant of Haddick's time);— 'requires instant admittance; ransom of Four million Thalers, and 'other impossible things. Berlin has been putting itself in some pos-'ture; repairing its palisades, throwing-up bits of redoubts in front of 'the gates; and, though sounding with alarms and uncertainties, shows 'a fine spirit of readiness for the emergency. Rochow is still Com-'mandant, the same old Rochow who shrunk so questionably in Had-'dick's time: but Rochow has no Court to tremble for at present; 'Queen and Royal Family, Archives, Principal Ministries, Directorium

'in a body, went all to Magdeburg again, on the Kunersdorf Disaster 'last year, and are safe from such insults. The spirit of the population, 'it appears, even of the rich classes, some of whom are very rich, is 'extraordinary. Besides Rochow, moreover, there are, by accident, 'certain Generals in Berlin: Seidlitz and two others, recovering from 'their Kunersdorf hurts, who step into the breach with heart admirably 'willing, if with limbs still lame. Then there is old Fieldmarshal 'Lehwald' (Anti-Russian at Gross Jägersdorf, but dismissed as too old), 'who is official Governor of Berlin, who succeeded poor Keith in that 'honourable office: all these were strong for defence;—and do not 'now grudge, great men as they are, to take each his Gate of Berlin, 'his small redoubt thrown up there, and pass the night and the day in 'doing his utmost with it.

'Rochow refuses the surrender and the Four-millions pure specie; 'and Tottleben, about 3 P.M. in an intermittent way, and about 5 in a 'constant, begins bombarding,—grenadoes, red-hot balls, what he can; '—and continues the same till 3 next morning. Without result to 'speak of; Seidlitz and Consorts making good counter-play; the poor 'old 1,200 of Garrison growing almost young again with energy, under 'their Seidlitzes; and the population zealously coöperating, especially 'quenching all fires that rose. What greatly contributed withal was 'the arrival of Prince Eugen overnight. Eugen of Würtemberg' (cadet of that bad Duke) 'had been engaged driving home the Swedes, but 'instantly quitted that with a 5,000 he had; and has marched this day, '—his Vanguard has, mostly Horse, whom the Foot will follow to-'morrow,—a distance of forty miles, on this fine errand. Delicate 'manœuvring, by these wearied horsemen, to enter Berlin amid uncer-'tain jostlings, under the shine of Russian bombardment; ecstatic wel-'come to them, when they did get in,—instant subscription for fat oxen 'to them; a just abundance of beef to them, of generous beer I hope 'not more than an abundance: phenomena which, with others of the 'like, could be dwelt on, had we room.[8]

'Tottleben, under these omens, found it would not do; wended off 'towards his Czernichef next morning; eastward again as far as Cö-'penik, Prince Eugen attending him in a minatory manner: and, in 'Berlin for the moment, the bad ten hours were over. For four days 'more, the fate of things hung dubious; hope soon fading again, but 'not quite going out till the fifth day. And this, in fact, was mainly 'all of bombardment that the City had to suffer; though its fate of cap-'ture was not to be averted. Is not Tottleben gone? Yes; but Lacy, 'marching at a rate he never did before (except from Bischofswerda), 'is arrived in the environs this same evening, cautious but furious. 'The King is far away; what are Eugen's 5,000 against these?

'On the other hand, Hülsen, leaving his Saxon affairs to their 'chance,—which, alas, are about extinct, at any rate; except Witten-

[8] Tempelhof, iv. 266-290; Archenholtz, ii. 122-148; *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 103-149, 350-352; &c. &c.

'berg, all Saxony gone from us!—Hülsen is on winged march hither-'ward with about 9,000. "How would the King come on wings, like 'an eagle from the Blue, if he were but aware!" thought everybody, 'and said. Hülsen did arrive on the 8th; so that there are now 14,000 'of us. Hülsen did;—but no King could; the King is just starting '(October 4th, the King, on these bad rumours about Saxony, about 'Berlin, quitted the attempt on Daun; October 7th, got on march 'hitherward; has finished his first march hitherward,—Daun gradually 'preparing to attend him in the distance),—when Hülsen arrives. And 'here are all their Lacys, Czernichefs fairly assembled; five to two of 'us,—35,000 of them against our 14,000.

'Hülsen and Eugen, drawn-out in their skilfulest way, manœuvred 'about, all this Wednesday 8th; attempted, did not attempt; found on 'candid examination, That 14,000 *versus* 35,000 ran a great risk of 'being worsted; that, in such case, the fate of the City might be still 'more frightful; and that, on the whole, their one course was that of 'withdrawing to Spandau, and leaving poor Berlin to capitulate as it 'could. Capitulation starts again with Tottleben that same night; 'Gotzkowsky, a magnanimous Citizen and Merchant-Prince, stepping 'forth with beautiful courageous furtherances of every kind; and it 'ends better than one could have hoped: Ransom—not of Four-mil-'lions pure specie (which would have been 600,000*l.*): "Gracious Sir, 'it is beyond our utmost possibility!"—but of One and a Half million 'in modern Ephraim coin; with a 30,000*l.* of douceur-money to the 'common man, Russian and Austrian, for his forbearance;—"for the 'rest, we are at your Excellency's mercy, in a manner!" And so,

'*Thursday October 9th*, about 7 in the morning, Tottleben marches 'in; exactly six days since he first came circling to the Halle Gate and 'began bombarding. Tottleben, knowing Friedrich, knew the value 'of dispatch; and, they say, was privately no enemy to Berlin, remem-'bering old grateful days here. For Tottleben has himself been in 'difficulties; indeed, was never long out of them, during the long 'stormy life he had. Not a Russian at all; though I suppose Father 'of the now Russian Tottlebens whom one hears of: this one was a 'poor Saxon Gentleman, Page once to poor old drunken Weissenfels, 'whom, for a certain fair soul's sake, we sigh to remember! Weissen-'fels dying, Tottleben became a soldier of Polish Majesty's;—accept-'able soldier, but disagreed with Brühl, for which nobody will like 'him worse. Disagreed with Brühl; went into the Dutch service '(may have been in Fontenoy for what I know); was there till Aix-la-'Chapelle, till after Aix-la-Chapelle; kindly treated, and promoted in 'the Dutch Army; but with outlooks, I can fancy, rather dull. Out-'looks probably dull in such an element,—when, being a handsome 'fellow in epaulettes (Major-General, in fact, though poor), he, dili-'gently endeavouring, caught the eye of a Dutch West-Indian Heiress; 'soft creature with no end of money; whom he privately wedded, and 'ran away with. To the horror of her appointed Dutch Lover and

'Friends; who prosecuted the poor Major-General with the utmost 'rigour, not of Law only. And were like to be the ruin of his fair 'West-Indian and him; when Friedrich, about 1754 as I guess, gave 'him shelter in Berlin; finding no insupportable objection in what the 'man had done. The rather, as his Heiress and he were rich. Tottle- 'ben gained general favour in Berlin society; wished, in 1756, to take 'service with Friedrich on the breaking-out of this War. "A Colonel 'with me, yes," said Friedrich. But Tottleben had been Major- 'General among the Dutch, and could not consent to sink; had to go 'among the Russians for a Major-Generalcy; and there and elsewhere, 'for many years coming, had many adventures, mostly troublesome, 'which shall not be memorable to us here.[9]

'Lacy, who, after hovering about in these vicinities for four days, 'had now actually come up, so soon as Eugen and Hülsen withdrew, '—was deeply disgusted at the Terms of Capitulation; angry to find 'that Tottleben had concluded without him; and, in fact, flew into 'open rage at the arrangements Tottleben had made for himself and for 'others. "No admittance, except on order from his Excellency!" 'said the Russian Sentry to Lacy's Austrians: upon which, Lacy forced 'the Gate, and violently marched in. Took lodging, to his own mind, 'in the Friedrichstadt quarter; and was fearfully truculent upon person 'and property, during his short stay. A scandal to be seen, how his 'Croats and loose hordes went openly ravening about, bent on mere 'housebreaking, street-robbery and insolent violence. So that Tottle- 'ben had fairly to fire upon the vagabonds once or twice; and force on 'the unwilling Lacy some coercion of them within limits. For the three 'days of his continuance,—it was but three days in all,—Lacy was as 'the evil genius of Berlin; Tottleben and his Russians the good. Their 'discipline was so excellent; all Cossacks and loose rabble strictly kept 'out beyond the Walls. To Bachmann, Russian Commandant, the 'Berliners, on his departure, had gratefully got ready a money-gift of 'handsome amount: "By no means," answered Bachmann: "your 'treatment was according to the mildness of our Sovereign Czarina. 'For myself, if I have served you in anything, the fact that for three 'days I have been Commandant of the Great Friedrich's Capital is 'more than a reward to me."

'Tottleben and Lacy, during those three days of Russian and Aus- 'trian joint dominion, had a stormy time of it together. "Destroy 'the *Lager-Haus*," said Lacy: Lager-Haus, where they manufacture 'their soldiers' uniforms; it is the parent of all cloth-manufacturing in 'Prussia; set up by Friedrich-Wilhelm,—not on free-trade principles. '"The Lager-Haus, say you? I doubt, it is now private property; 'screened by our Capitulation;"—which it proves to be. "You shall 'blow-up the Arsenal!" said Lacy, with vehemence and truculence. 'A noble edifice, as travellers yet know: fancy its fragments flying 'about among the populous streets, plunging through the roofs of

[9] Sketch of Tottleben's Life, in *Rödenbeck*, ii. 69-72.

'Palaces, and great houses all round. Lacy was inexorable; Tottleben 'had to send a Russian Party (one wishes they had been Croats) on 'this sad errand. They proceeded to the Powder-Magazine for ex- 'plosive material, as preliminary; they were rash in handling the gun- 'powder there, which blew-up in their hands; sent itself and all of 'them into the air; and saved the poor Arsenal: "Not powder enough 'now left for our own artillery uses," urged Tottleben.

'Saxon and Austrian Parties were in the Palaces about,—at Pots- 'dam, at Charlottenburg, Schönhausen (the Queen's), at Friedrichs- 'feld (the Margraf Karl's), some of whom behaved well, some horribly 'ill. In Charlottenburg, certain Saxon Brühl-Dragoons, who by their 'conduct might have been Dragoons of Attila, smashed the furnitures, 'the doors, cutting the Pictures, much maltreating the poor people; 'and, what was reckoned still more tragical, overset the poor Polignac 'Collection of Antiques and Classicalities; not only knocking-off noses 'and arms, but beating them small, lest reparation by cement should 'be possible. Their Officers, Pirna people, looking quietly on. A 'scandalous proceeding, thought everybody, friend or foe,—especially 'thought Friedrich; whose indignation at this ruin of Charlottenburg 'came out in way of reprisal by and by. At Potsdam, on the other 'hand, Prince Esterhazy, with perhaps Hungarians among his people, 'behaved like a very Prince; received from the Castellan an Attesta- 'tion that he had scrupulously respected everything; and took, as 'souvenir, only one Picture of little value; Prince de Ligne, who was 'under him, carrying off, still more daintily, one goose-quill, immortal 'by having been a pen of the Great Friedrich's.

'Tottleben, with no feeling other than Official tempered by Human, 'was in great contrast with Lacy, and very beneficent to Berlin during 'the three days it lay under the *tribula*, or harrow of War. But the 'Tutelary Angel of Berlin, then and afterwards for weeks and months, 'till all scores got settled, was the Gotzkowsky mentioned above.' Whom we shall see again helpful at Leipzig; a man worth marking in these tumults. 'If Tottleben was the temporal Armed King, this 'Gotzkowsky was the Spiritual King, *Papa* or Universal Father, armed 'only with charities, pieties, prayers, ever shiningly attended by self- 'sacrifices on Gotzkowsky's part; which averted woes innumerable '(Lager-Haus only one of a long list); and which "surpassed all 'belief," write the Berlin Magistracy, as if in tears over such heroism. 'Truly a Prince of Merchants, this Gotzkowsky, not for his vast enter- 'prises, and the mere 1,500 workmen he employs, but for the still 'greater heart that dwells in him. Had begun as a travelling Pedlar; 'used to call at Reinsberg, with female haberdasheries exquisitely 'chosen ("*gallanterie* wares" the Germans call them), for the then 'Princess Royal; not unnoticed by Friedrich, who recognised the 'broad sense, solidity and great thoughts of the man. Of all which 'Friedrich has known far more since then, in various branches of 'Prussian commerce improved by Gotzkowsky's managements. A

'truly notable Gotzkowsky; became bankrupt at last, one is sorry to 'hear; and died in affliction and neglect,—short of the humblest wages 'for so much good work done in the world!'[10]

'Gotzkowsky's House was like a general store-room for every-'body's preciosities; his time, means, self were the refuge of all the 'needy. In Zorndorf time, when this Czernichef' (if readers can re-member), 'who is now so supreme,—Czernichef, Soltikof and others, '—had nothing for it but to lodge in the cellars of burnt Cüstrin, 'Gotzkowsky, with ready-money, with advice, with assaugement, had 'been their *Deus ex machinâ:* and now Czernichef remembers it; and 'Gotzkowsky, as Papa, has to go with continual prayers, negotiations, 'counsellings, expedients, and be the refuge of all unjustly suffering 'men. Berlin has immensities of trade in war-furnitures: the capitals 'circulating are astonishing to Archenholtz; million on the back of 'million; no such city in Germany for trade. The desire of the Three-'days Lacy Government is towards any Lager-Haus; any mass of 'wealth, which can be construed as Royal or connected with Royalty. 'Ephraim and Itzig, mint-masters of that copper-coinage; rolling in 'foul wealth by the ruin of their neighbours; ought not these to bleed? 'Well, yes,—if anybody; and copiously if you like! I should have 'said so: but the generous Gotzkowsky said in his heart, "No;" and 'again pleaded and prevailed. Ephraim and Itzig, foul swollen crea-'tures, were not broached at all; and their gratitude was, That, at a 'future day, Gotzkowsky's day of bankruptcy, they were hardest of 'any on Gotzkowsky.

'Archenholtz and the Books are enthusiastically copious upon 'Gotzkowsky and his procedures; but we must be silent. This Anec-'dote only, in regard to Freedom of the Press,—to the so-called "air 'we breathe, not having which we die!" Would modern Friends of 'Progress believe it? Because, in former stages of this War, the 'Berlin Newspapers have had offensive expressions (scarcely noticeable 'to the microscope in our day, and below calculation for smallness) 'upon the Russian and Austrian Sovereigns or Peoples,—the Able 'Editors (there are only Two) shall now in person, here in the Market-'place of Berlin, actually run the gantlet for it,—"run the rods '(*Gassen-laufen*"), as the fashion now is;—which is worse than *gantlet*, 'not to speak of the ignominy. That is the barbaric Russian notion: '"Who are you, ill-informed insolent persons, that give a loose to 'your tongue in that manner? Strip to the waistband, swift! Here 'is the true career opened for you: on each hand, one hundred sharp 'rods ranked waiting you; run your courses there,—no hurry more 'than you like!" The alternative of death, I suppose, was open to 'these Editors; Roman death at least, and martyrdom for a new Faith '(Faith in the Loose Tongue), very sacred to the Democratic Ages 'now at hand. But nobody seems to have thought of it; Editors and

[10] Preuss, ii. 257, &c. &c.; *Geschichte eines Patriotischen Kaufmanns* (Berlin, 1769, by Gotzkowsky himself).

9th-12th Oct. 1760.

'Public took the thing as a sorrow incident to this dangerous Profes-
'sion of the Tongue Loose (or looser than usual); which nobody yet
'knew to be divine. The Editors made passionate enough lamentation,
'in the stript state; one of them, with loud weeping, pulled off his
'wig, showed ice-gray hair; "I am in my 68th year!" But it seems
'nothing would have steaded them, had not Gotzkowsky been busy
'interceding. By virtue of whom there was pardon privately in readi-
'ness: to the ice-gray Editor complete pardon; to the junior quasi-
'complete; only a few switches to assert the principle, and dismissal
'with admonition.'[11]

The pleasant part of the fact is, that Gotzkowsky's powerful intercessions were thenceforth no farther needed. The same day, Saturday October 11th, a few hours after this of the *Gassen-laufen*, news arrived full gallop: "The King is coming!" After which it was beautiful to see how all things got to the gallop; and in a no-time Berlin was itself again. That same evening, Saturday, Lacy took the road, with extraordinary velocity, towards Torgau Country, where the Reichsfolk, in Hülsen's absence, are supreme; and, the second evening after, was got 60 miles thitherward. His joint dominion had been of Two days. On the morning of Sunday 12th, went Tottleben, who had businesses, settlements of ransom and the like, before marching. Tottleben, too, made uncommon dispatch; marched, as did all these invasive Russians, at the rate of thirty miles a day; their Main Army likewise moving-off from Frankfurt to a safer distance. Friedrich was still five marches off; but there seemed not a moment to lose.

The Russian spoilings during the retreat were more horrible than ever: "The gallows gaping for us; and only this one opportunity, if even this!" thought the agitated Cossack to himself. Our poor friend Nüssler had a sad tale to tell of them;[12] as who had not? Terror and murder, incendiary fire and other worse unnamable abominations of the Pit. One old Half-pay gentleman, whom I somewhat respect, desperately barricaded himself, amid his domestics and tenantries, Wife and Daughters assisting: "Human Russian Officers can enter here; Cossacks no, but shall kill us first. Not a Cossack till all of us are lying dead!"[13] And kept his word; the human Russians owning it to be proper.

[11] *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 103-148; Rödenbeck, ii. 41-54; Archenholtz, ii. 130-147; Preuss, *ubi suprà*; &c. &c.

[12] In Büsching, *Beytrage*, i. 400, 401, account of their sacking of Nüssler's pleasant home and estate, 'Weissensee, near Berlin.'

[13] Archenholtz, ii. 150.

In Guben Country, 'at Gross-Muckro, October 15th,' the day after passing Guben, Friedrich first heard for certain, That the Russians had been in Berlin, and also that they were gone, and that all was over. He made two marches farther,—not now direct for Berlin, but direct for Saxony *and* it;—to Lübben, 50 or 60 miles straight south of Berlin; and halted there some days, to adjust himself for a new sequel. "These are "the things," exclaims he, sorrowfully, to D'Argens, "which I "have been in dread of since Winter last; this is what gave "the dismal tone to my Letters to you. It has required not "less than all my philosophy to endure the reverses, the pro- "vocations, the outrages, and the whole scene of atrocious "things that have come to pass."[14] Friedrich's grief about Berlin we need not paint; though there were murmurs afterwards, "Why did not he start sooner?" which he could not, in strict reason, though aware that these savageries were on march. He had hoped the Eugen-Hülsen appliances, even should all else fail, might keep them at bay. And indeed, in regard to these latter, it turned only on a hair. Montalembert calculating, vows, on his oath, "Can assure you, M. l'Ambas- "sadeur, *puis bien vous assurer comme si j'étais devant Dieu*, as "if I stood before God,"[15] that, from first to last, it was my doing; that but for me, at the very last, the Russians, on sight of Hülsen and Eugen, and no Lacy come, would have marched away!

Friedrich's orderings and adjustings, dated Lübben, where his Army rested after this news from Berlin, were manifold; and a good deal still of wrecks from the Berlin Business fell to his share. For instance, one thing he had at once ordered: "Your Bill of a Million-and-half to the Russians, don't pay it, or any part of it! When Bamberg was ransomed, Spring gone a year,—Reich and Kaiser, did they respect our Bill we had on Bamberg? Did not they cancel it, and flatly refuse?" Friedrich is positive on the point, "Reprisal our clear remedy!" But Berlin itself was in alarm, for perhaps another Russian visit; Berlin and Gotzkowsky were humbly positive the other way. Upon which a visit of Gotzkowsky to the Royal Camp: "Merchants' Bills are a sacred thing, your Majesty!" urged Gotzkowsky. Who, in his zeal for the matter, undertook dangerous visits to the Russian Quarters, and a great deal of trouble, peril and expense, during the weeks following.

[14] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 199: '22d Oct.' [15] Montalembert, ii. 108.

17th Oct. 1760.

Magnanimous Gotzkowsky, in 'mere bribes to the Russian Officials, spent about 6,000*l.* of his own,' for one item. But he had at length convinced his Majesty that Merchants' Bills were a sacred thing, in spite of Bamberg and desecrative individualities; and that this Million-and-half must be paid. Friedrich was struck with Gotzkowsky and his view of the facts. Friedrich, from his own distressed funds, handed to Gotzkowsky the necessary Million-and-half, commanding only profound silence about it; and to Gotzkowsky himself a present of 150,000 thalers (20,000*l.* odd);[16] and so the matter did at last end.

It had been a costly business to Berlin, and to the King, and to the poor harried Country. To Berlin, bombardment of ten hours; alarm of discursive siege-work in the environs for five days; foreign yoke for three days; lost money to the amounts above stated; what loss in wounds to body or to peace of mind, or whether any loss that way, nobody has counted. The Berlin people rose to a more than Roman height of temper, testifies D'Argens;[17] so that perhaps it was a gain. The King's Magazines and War-furnitures about Berlin are wasted utterly,—Arsenal itself not blown up, we well know why;—and much Hunnish ruin in Charlottenburg, with damage to Antiques,—for which latter clause there shall, in a few months, be reprisal, if it please the Powers!

Of all this Montalembert declares, "Before God, that he, Montalembert, is and was the mainspring." And indeed, Tempelhof, without censure of Montalembert and his vocation, but accurately computing time and circumstance, comes to the same conclusion;—as thus: '*October* 8*th*, seeing no 'Lacy come, Czernichef, had it not been for Montalembert's 'eloquence, had fixed for returning to Cöpenik: whom cau-'tious Lacy would have been obliged to imitate. Suppose 'Czernichef had, *October* 9*th*, got to Cöpenik,—Eugen and 'Hülsen remain at Berlin; Czernichef could not have got 'back thither before the 11th; on the 11th was news of Fried-'rich's coming; which set all on gallop to the right about.'[18] So that really, before God, it seems Montalembert must have the merit of this fine achievement:—the one fruit, so far as I can discover, of his really excellent reasonings, eloquences, patiences, sown broadcast, four or five long years, on such a

[16] Archenholtz, ii. 146.

[17] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 195-199: 'D'Argens to the King: Berlin, 19th October 1760,'—an interesting Letter of details.

[18] Tempelhof, iv. 277.

field as fine human talent never had before. I declare to you, M. l'Ambassadeur, this excellent vulture-swoop on Berlin, and burning or reburning of the Peasantry of the Mark, is due solely to one poor zealous gentleman!—

What was next to follow out of *this*,—in Torgau neighbourhood, where Daun now stands expectant,—poor M. de Montalembert was far from anticipating; and will be in no haste to claim the merit of before God or man.

CHAPTER V.

BATTLE OF TORGAU.

AFTER Hülsen's fine explosion on the Dürrenberg, August 20th, on the incompetent Reichs Generals, there had followed nothing eminent; new futilities, attemptings and desistings, advancings and recoilings, on the part of the Reich; Hülsen solidly maintaining himself, in defence of his Torgau Magazine and Saxon interests in those regions, against such overwhelming odds, till relief and reinforcement for them and him should arrive; and gaining time, which was all he could aim at in such circumstances. Had the Torgau Magazine been bigger, perhaps Hülsen might have sat there to the end. But having solidly eaten-out said Magazine, what could Hülsen do but again move rearward?[1] Above all, on the alarm from Berlin, which called him off double-quick, things had to go their old road in that quarter. Weak Torgau was taken, weak Wittenberg besieged. Leipzig, Torgau, Wittenberg, all that Country, by the time the Russians left Berlin, was again the Reich's. Eugen and Hülsen, hastening for relief of Wittenberg, the instant Berlin was free, found Wittenberg a heap of ruins, out of which the Prussian garrison, very hunger urging, had issued the day before, as prisoners of war. Nothing more to be done by Eugen, but take post, within reach of Magdeburg and victual, and wait new Order from the King.

The King is very unquestionably coming on; leaves Lübben thitherward October 20th.[2] With full fixity of purpose as usual; but with as gloomy an outlook as ever before.

[1] *Hofbericht von dem Rückzug des General-Lieutenants von Hülsen aus dem Lager bey Torgau* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 755-784).

[2] Rödenbeck, ii. 35: in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iv. 241-245) Friedrich's Two Marches, towards and from Berlin (7th-17th October, to Lübben; thence, 20th October—3d November, to Torgau).

Daun, we said, is now arrived in those parts: Daun and the Reich together are near 100,000; Daun some 60,000,—Loudon having stayed behind, and gone southward, for a stroke on Kosel (if Goltz will permit, which he won't at all!),—and the Reich 35,000. Saxony is all theirs; cannot they maintain Saxony? Not a Town or a Magazine now belongs to Friedrich there, and he is in number as 1 to 2. "Maintain Saxony; indisputably you can!" that is the express Vienna Order, as Friedrich happens to know. The Russians themselves have taken Camp again, and wait visibly, about Landsberg and the Warta Country, till they see Daun certain of executing said Order; upon which they intend, they also, to winter in those Elbe-Prussian parts, and conjointly to crush Friedrich into great confinement indeed. Friedrich is aware of this Vienna Order; which is a kind of comfort in the circumstances. The intentions of the hungry Russians, too, are legible to Friedrich; and he is much resolved that said Order shall be impossible to Daun. "Were it to be possible, we are landless. Where are our recruits, our magazines, our resources for a new Campaign? We may as well die, as suffer that to be possible!" Such is Friedrich's fixed view. He says to D'Argens:

"You, as a follower of Epicurus, put a value on life; as "for me, I regard death from the Stoic point of view. Never "shall I see the moment that forces me to make a disad- "vantageous Peace; no persuasion, no eloquence, shall ever "induce me to sign my dishonour. Either I will bury my- "self under the ruins of my Country, or if that consolation "appears too sweet to the Destiny that persecutes me, I shall "know how to put an end to my misfortunes when it is im- "possible to bear them any longer. I have acted, and con- "tinue to act, according to that interior voice of conscience "and of honour which directs all my steps: my conduct shall "be, in every time, conformable to those principles. After "having sacrificed my youth to my Father, my ripe years to "my Country, I think I have acquired the right to dispose "of my old age. I have told you, and I repeat it, Never "shall my hand sign a humiliating Peace. Finish this Cam- "paign I certainly will, resolved to dare all, and to try the "most desperate things either to succeed or to find a glorious "end (*fin glorieuse*)."[3]

[3] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 202 ('Kemberg, 28th October 1760,' a week and a day before Torgau).

Friedrich had marched from Lübben, after three-days settling of affairs, *October 20th;* arrived at Jessen, on the Elbe, within wind of Wittenberg, in two days more. 'He 'formed a small magazine at Düben,' says Archenholtz; 'and 'was of a velocity, a sharpness,'—like lightning, in a manner! Friedrich is uncommonly dangerous when crushed into a corner, in this way; and Daun knows that he is. Friedrich's manœuvrings upon Daun—all readers can anticipate the general type of them. The studious military reader, if England boasts any such, will find punctual detail of them in *Tempelhof* and the German Books. For our poor objects, here is a Summary which may suffice:

From Lübben, having winded-up these bad businesses,—and reinforced Goltz, at Glogau, to a 20,000 for Silesia's sake, to look towards Kosel and Loudon's attempts there,—Friedrich gathered himself into proper concentration; and with all the strength now left to him pushed forward (20th October) towards Wittenberg, and recovery of those lost Saxon Countries. To Wittenberg from Lübben is some 60 miles;—can be done, nearly, in a couple of days. With the King, after Goltz is furnished, there are about 30,000; Eugen and Hülsen, not idle for their own part, wait in those far Western or Ultra-Wittenberg regions (in and beyond Dessau Country), to join him with their 14,000, when they get signal. Joined with these, he will be 44,000; he will then cross Elbe somewhere, probably not where Daun and the Reich imagine, and be in contact with his Problem; with what a pitch of willingness nobody need be told! Daun, in Torgau Country, has one of the best positions; nor is Daun a man for getting flurried.

The poor Reichs Army, though it once flattered itself with intending to dispute Friedrich's passage of the Elbe, and did make some detachings and manœuvrings that way, on his approach to Wittenberg (October 22d-23d),—took a safer view, on his actual arrival there, on his re-seizure of that ruined place, and dangerous attitude on the right bank below and above. Safer view, on salutary second thoughts;—and fell back Leipzig-way, southward to Düben, 30 or 40 miles. Whence rapidly to Leipzig itself, 30 or 40 more, on his actually putting down his bridges over Elbe. Friedrich's crossing-place was Schanzhaus, in Dessau Country, between Roslau and Klikau, 12 or 15 miles below Wittenberg; about midway between Wittenberg and the inflow of the Mulda into Elbe.* He crossed *October 26th*, no enemy within wind at all; Daun at Torgau in his inexpugnable Camp, Reichsfolk at Düben, making towards Leipzig at their best pace. And is now wholly between Elbe and Mulda; nothing but Mulda and the Anhalt Countries and the Halle Country now to rear of him.

At Jonitz, next march southward, he finds the Eugen-Hülsen people

* Map, p. 94*a*.

ready. We said they had not been idle while waiting signal: of which here is one pretty instance. Eugen's Brother, supreme Reigning Duke of Würtemberg,—whom we parted with at Fulda, last Winter, on sore terms; but who again, zealous creature, heads his own little Army in French-Austrian service, in still more eclipsed circumstances ("No subsidy at all, this Year, say your august Majesties? Well, I must do without: a volunteer; and shall need only what I can make by forced contributions!" which of course he is diligent to levy wherever possible),—has latterly taken Halle Country in hand, very busy raising contributions there: and Eugen hears, not without interest, that certain regiments or detachments of his, pushed out, are lying here, there, superintending that salutary work,—within ciutch, perhaps, of Kleist the Hussar! Eugen dispatches Kleist upon him; who pounces with his usual fierce felicity upon these people. To such alarm of his poor Serenity and poor Army, that Serenity flies off homeward at once, and out of these Wars altogether; where he never had other than the reverse of business to be, and where he has played such a farce-tragedy for four years back. Eugen has been heard to speak,—theoretically, and in excited moments,—of "running such a fellow through the body, were one near him:" but it is actually Eugen in person that sends him home from these Wars: which may be counted a not unfraternal or unpatriotic procedure; being of indisputable benefit to the poor Sovereign man himself, and to everybody concerned with him.

Hearing that Friedrich was across, Daun came westward that same day (October 26th), and planted himself at Eilenburg; concluding that the Reichsfolk would now be in jeopardy first of all. Which was partly the fact; and indeed this Daun movement rather accelerated the completion of it. Without this the Reichs Army might have lived another day. It had quitted Düben, and gone in all haste for Leipzig, at 1 in the morning (not by Eilenburg, of which or of Daun's arrival there it knows nothing),—'at 1 in the morning of the 27th,' or in fact, so soon as news could reach it at the gallop, That Friedrich was across. And now Friedrich, seeing Daun out in this manner, judged that a junction was contemplated; and that one could not be too swift in preventing it. October 29th, with one diligent march, Friedrich posted himself at Düben; there, in a sort now between Daun and the Reichsfolk, detached Hülsen with a considerable force to visit these latter in Leipzig itself; and began with all diligence forming 'a small Magazine in Düben,' Magdeburg and the current of the Elbe being hitherto his only resource in that kind. By the time of Hülsen's return, this little operation will be well forward, and Daun will have declared himself a little.

Hülsen, evening of October 30th, found Leipzig in considerable emotion, the Reichsfolk taking refuge in it: not the least inclined to stand a push, when Hülsen presented himself. Night of 30th-31st, there was summoning and menacing; Reich endeavouring to answer in firm style; but all the while industriously packing-up to go. By 5 in

the morning, things had come to extremity;—morning, happily for some of us, was dark mist. But about 5 o'clock, Hülsen (or Hülsen's Second) coming on with menace of fire and sword upon these poor Reichspeople, found the Reichspeople wholly vanished in the mist. Gone bodily; in full march for the spurs of the Metal-Mountain Range again;—concluding, for the fourth time, an extremely contemptible Campaign. Daun, with the King ahead of him, made not the least attempt to help them in their Leipzig difficulty; but retired to his strong Camp at Torgau; feels his work to lie *there*,—as Friedrich perceives of him, with some interest.

Hülsen left a little garrison in Leipzig (friend Quintus a part of it);[4] and returned to the King; whose small Magazine at Düben, and other small affairs there,—Magdeburg with boats, and the King with wagons, having been so diligent in carrying grain thither,—are now about completed. From Daun's returning to Torgau, Friedrich infers that the cautious man has got Order from Court to maintain Torgau at all costs,—to risk a battle rather than go. "Good: he shall have one!" thinks Friedrich. And, *November 2d*, in four columns, marches towards Torgau; to Schilda, that night, which is some seven miles on the southward side of Torgau. The King, himself in the vanguard as usual, has watched with eager questioning eye the courses of Daun's advanced parties, and by what routes they retreat; discerns for certain that Daun has no views upon Düben or our little Magazine; and that the tug of wrestle for Torgau, which is to crown this Campaign into conquest of Saxony, or shatter it into zero like its foregoers on the Austrian part, and will be of death-or-life nature on the Prussian part, ought to ensue tomorrow. Forward, then!

This Camp of Torgau is not a new place to Daun. It was Prince Henri's Camp last Autumn; where Daun tried all his efforts to no purpose; and though hugely outnumbering the Prince, could make absolutely nothing of it. Nothing, or less; and was flowing back to Dresden and the Bohemian Frontier, uncheered by anything, till that comfortable Maxen Incident turned up. Daun well knows the strength of this position. Torgau and the Block of Hill to West, called Hill of Siptitz:—Hülsen, too, stood here this Summer; not to mention Finck and Wunsch, and their beating the Reichs-

[4] Tempelhof, iv. 290.

people here. A Hill and Post of great strength; not unfamiliar to many Prussians, nor to Friedrich's studious considerations, though his knowledge of it was not personal on all points;—as Tomorrow taught him, somewhat to his cost.

'Tourists, from Weimar and the Thüringian Countries,' says a Notebook, sometimes useful to us, 'have most likely omitted Rossbach 'in their screaming railway flight eastward; and done little in Leipzig 'but endeavour to eat dinner, and, still more vainly, to snatch a little 'sleep in the inhuman dormitories of the Country. Next morning, 'screaming Dresden-ward, they might, especially if military, pause at 'Oschatz, a stage or two before Meissen, where again are objects 'of interest. You can look at Hubertsburg, if given that way,—a 'Royal Schloss, memorable on several grounds;—at Hubertsburg, and 'at other features, in the neighbourhood of Oschatz. This done, or 'this left not done, you strike-off leftward, that is northward, in some 'open vehicle, for survey of Torgau and its vicinities and environs. 'Not above fifteen miles for you; a drive singular and pleasant; time 'enough to return and be in Dresden for dinner.

'Torgau is a fine solid old Town; Prussian military now abundant 'in it. In ancient Heathen times, I suppose, it meant the *Gau*, or 'District, of *Thor;* Capital of that Gau,—part of which, now under 'Christian or quasi Christian circumstances, you have just been tra-'versing, with Elbe on your right hand. Innocent rural aspects of 'Humanity, Boor's life, Gentry's life, all the way, not in any holiday 'equipment; on the contrary, somewhat unkempt and scraggy, but all 'the more honest and inoffensive. There is sky, earth, air, and free-'dom for your own reflections: a really agreeable kind of Gau; plea-'sant, though in part ugly. Large tracts of it are pine-wood, with 'pleasant Villages and fine arable expanses interspersed. Schilda 'and many Villages you leave to right and left. Old-fashioned Vil-'lages, with their Village industries visible around; labouring each in 'its kind,—not too fast; probably with extinct tobacco-pipe hanging 'over its chin (*kalt-rauchend*, "smoking *cold*," as they phrase it).

'Schilda has an absurd celebrity among the Germans: it is the 'Gotham of Teutschland; a fountain of old broad-grins and homely 'and hearty rustic banter; welling-up from the serious extinct Ages to 'our own day; "*Schilt*bürger" (Inhabitant of *Schilda*) meaning still, 'among all the Teutsch populations, a man of calmly obstinate whims 'and delusions, of notions altogether contrary to fact, and agreeable to 'himself only; resolutely pushing his way through life on those terms: 'amid horse-laughter, naturally, and general wagging of beards from 'surrounding mankind. Extinct mirth, not to be growled at or de-'spised, in Ages running to the shallow, which have lost their mirth, 'and become all one snigger of mock-mirth. For it is observable, the 'more solemn is your background of *dark*, the brighter is the play of 'all human genialities and coruscations on it,—of genial mirth espe-

'cially, in the hour for mirth. Who the *Doctor Bordel* of Schilda was, 'I do not know: but they have had their Bordel, as Gotham had;— 'probably various Bordels; industrious to pick-up those Spiritual fruits 'of the earth. For the records are still abundant and current; fully 'more alive than those of Gotham here are.—And yonder, then, is 'actually Schilda of the absurd fame. A small, cheerful-looking 'human Village, in its Island among the Woods; you see it lying to 'the right:—a clean brick-slate congeries, with faint smoke-canopy 'hanging over it, indicating frugal dinner-kettles on the simmer;— 'and you remember kindly those good old grinnings, over good *Schilt-* 'bürger, good *Wise Men of Gotham*, and their learned Chroniclers, and 'unlearned Peasant Producers, who have contributed a wrinkle of 'human Fun to the earnest face of Life.

'After Schilda, and before, you traverse long tracts of Pine Forest, 'all under forest management; with long straight stretches of sandy 'road (one of which is your own), straight like red tape-strings, inter- 'secting the wide solitudes: dangerous to your topographies,—for the 'finger-posts are not always there, and human advice you can get none. 'Nothing but the stripe of blue sky overhead, and the brown one of 'tape (or sand) under your feet: the trees poor and mean for most 'part, but so innumerable, and all so silent, watching you all like mute 'witnesses, mutely whispering together; no voice but their combined 'whisper or big forest *sough* audible to you in the world:—on the 'whole, your solitary ride there proves, unexpectedly, a singular de- 'liverance from the mad railway, and its iron bedlamisms and shriek- 'ing discords and precipitances; and is soothing, and pensively wel- 'come, though sad enough, and in outward features ugly enough. No 'wild boars are now in these woods, no chance of a wolf:'—what con- cerns us more is, that Friedrich's columns, on the 3d of November, had to march-up through these long lanes, or tape-stripes of the Torgau Forest; and that one important column, one or more, took the wrong turn at some point, and was dangerously wanting at the expected moment!—

'Torgau itself stands near Elbe; on the shoulder, eastern or Elbe- 'ward shoulder, of a big mass of Knoll, or broad Height, called of 'Siptitz, the main Eminence of the Gau. Shoulder, I called it, of 'this Height of Siptitz; but more properly it is on a continuation, or 'lower ulterior height dipping into Elbe itself, that Torgau stands. 'Siptitz Height, nearly a mile from Elbe, drops down into a straggle 'of ponds; after which, on a second or final rise, comes Torgau dip- 'ping into Elbe. Not a shoulder strictly, but rather a *cheek*, with *neck* 'intervening;—neck *goitry* for that matter, or quaggy with ponds! 'The old Town stands high enough, but is enlaced on the western 'and southern side by a set of lakes and quagmires, some of which are 'still extensive and undrained. The course of the waters hereabouts, 'and of Elbe itself, has had its intricacies: close to north-west, Torgau 'is bordered, in a straggling way, by what they call *Old Elbe;* which

'is not now a fluent entity, but a stagnant congeries of dirty waters 'and morasses. The Hill of Siptitz abuts in that aqueous or quaggy 'manner; its fore-feet being, as it were, at or in Elbe River, and its 'sides, to the South and to the North for some distance each way, 'considerably enveloped in ponds and boggy difficulties.

'Plenty of water all about, but I suppose mostly of bad quality; 'at least Torgau has declined drinking it, and been at the trouble to 'lay a pipe, or *Röhrgraben*, several miles long, to bring its culinary 'water from the western neighbourhoods of Siptitz Height. Along the 'southern side of Siptitz Height goes leisurely an uncomfortable kind 'of Brook, called the "*Röhrgraben* (Pipe-Ditch);" the meaning of 'which unexpected name you find to be, That there is a *Service-Pipe* 'laid cunningly at the bottom of this Brook; lifting the Brook at its 'pure upper springs, and sending it along, in secret tubular quasi-bottled 'condition; leaving the fouler drippings from the neighbourhood to 'make what "brook" they still can, over its head, and keep it out of 'harm's way till Torgau get it. This is called the *Röhrgraben*, this 'which comes running through Siptitz Village, all along by the southern 'base of Siptitz Hill; to the idle eye, a dirtyish Brook, ending in 'certain notable Ponds eastward: but to the eye of the inquiring mind, 'which has pierced deeper, a Tube of rational Water, running into the 'throats of Torgau, while the so-called Brook disembogues at discre- 'tion into the *Entefang* (Duck-trap), and what Ponds or reedy Puddles 'there are,'—of which, in poor Wunsch's fine bit of fighting, last Year, we heard mention. Let readers keep mind of them.

The Hill Siptitz, with this *Röhrgraben* at the southern basis of it, makes a very main figure in the Battle now imminent. Siptitz Height is, in fact, Daun's Camp; where he stands intrenched to the utmost, repeatedly changing his position, the better to sustain Friedrich's expected attacks. It is a blunt broad-backed Elevation, mostly in vineyard, perhaps on the average 200 feet above the general level, and of five or six square miles in area: length, east to west, from Grosswig neighbourhood to the environs of Torgau, may be about three miles; breadth, south to north, from the Siptitz to the Zinna neighbourhoods, above half that distance. The Height is steepish on the southern side, all along to the south-west angle (which was Daun's left flank in the great Action coming), but swells-up with easier ascent on the west, north and other sides. Let the reader try for some conception of its environment and it, as the floor or arena of a great transaction this day.

Daun stands fronting southward along these Siptitz Heights, looking towards Schilda and his dangerous neighbour; heights,

woods, ponds and inaccessibilities environing his Position and him. One of the strongest positions imaginable; which, under Prince Henri, proved inexpugnable enough to some of us. A position not to be attacked on that southern front, nor on either of its flanks:—where can it be attacked? Impregnable, under Prince Henri in far inferior force: how will you take it from Daun in decidedly superior? A position not to be attacked at all, most military men would say;—though One military man, in his extreme necessity, must and will find a way into it.

One fault, the unique military man, intensely pondering, discovers that it has: it is too small for Daun; not area enough for manœuvring 65,000 men in it; who will get into confusion if properly dealt with. A most comfortable light-flash, the *eureka* of this terrible problem. "We will attack it on rear and on front simultaneously; that is the way to handle it!" Yes; simultaneously, though that is difficult, say military judges; perhaps to Prussians it may be possible. It is the opinion of military judges who have studied the matter, that Friedrich's plan, could it have been perfectly executed, might have got not only victory from Daun, but was capable to fling his big Army and him pell-mell upon the Elbe Bridge, that is to say, in such circumstances, into Elbe River, and swallow him bodily at a frightful rate! That fate was spared poor Daun.

Monday 3d November 1760, at half-past 6 in the morning Friedrich is on march for this great enterprise. The march goes northward, in Three Columns, with a Fourth of Baggage; through the woods, on four different roads; roads, or combinations of those intricate sandy avenues already noticed. Northward all of it at first; but at a certain point ahead (at crossing of the Eilenburg-Torgau Road, namely), the March is to divide itself in two. Half of the force is to strike-off rightward there with Ziethen, and to issue on the south side of Siptitz Hill; other half, under Friedrich himself, to continue northward, long miles farther, and then at last bending round, issue,—simultaneously with Ziethen, if possible,—upon Siptitz Hill from the north side.* We are about 44,000 strong against Daun, who is 65,000.

* See Map and Plan, p. 94 *a*.

Simultaneously with Ziethen, so far as humanly possible: that is the essential point! Friedrich has taken every pains that it shall be correct, in this and all points; and to take double assurance of hiding it from Daun, he yesternight, in dictating his Orders on the other heads of method, kept entirely to himself this most important Ziethen portion of the Business. And now, at starting, he has taken Ziethen in his carriage with him a few miles, to explain the thing by word of mouth. At the Eilenburg road, or before it, Ziethen thinks he is clear as to everything; dismounts; takes in hand the mass intrusted to him; and strikes-off by that rightward course: "Rightward, Herr Ziethen; rightward till you get to Klitschen, your first considerable island in this sea of wood; at Klitschen strike to the left into the woods again,—your road is called the Butter-Strasse (*Butter-Street*); goes by the north-west side of Siptitz Height; reach Siptitz by the Butter-Street, and then do your endeavour!"

With the other Half of his Army, specially with the First Column of it, Friedrich proceeds northward on his own part of the adventure. Three Columns he has, besides the Baggage one: in number about equal to Ziethen's; if perhaps otherwise, rather the chosen Half; about 8,000 grenadier and foot-guard people, with Kleist's Hussars, are Friedrich's own Column. Friedrich's Column marches nearest the Daun positions; the Baggage-column farthest; and that latter is to halt, under escort, quite away to left or westward of the disturbance coming; the other Two Columns, Hülsen's of foot, Holstein's mostly of horse, go through intermediate tracks of wood, by roads more or less parallel; and are all, Friedrich's own Column, still more the others, to leave Siptitz several miles to right, and to end, not *at* Siptitz Height, but several miles past it, and then wheeling round, begin business from the northward or rearward side of Daun, while Ziethen attacks or menaces his front,—simultaneously, if possible. Friedrich's march, hidden all by woods, is more than twice as far as Ziethen's,—some 14 or 15 miles in all; going straight northward 10 miles; thence bending eastward, then southward through woods; to emerge about Neiden, there to cross a Brook (Striebach), and strike home on the north side of Daun. The track of march is in the shape somewhat of a shepherd's crook; the long *handle* of it, well away from Sip-

titz, reaches up to Neiden, this is the straight or wooden part of said crook; after which comes the bent, catching, or iron part,—intended for Daun and his fierce flock. Ziethen has hardly above six miles; and ought to be deliberate in his woodlands, till the King's party have time to get round.

The morning, I find, is wet; fourteen miles of march: fancy such a Promenade through the dripping Woods; heavy, toilsome, and with such errand ahead! The delays were considerable; some of them accidental. Vigilant Daun has Detachments watching in these Woods:—a General Ried, who fires cannon and gets off: then a General St. Ignon and the St. Ignon Regiment of Dragoons; who, being *between* Column First and Column Second, cannot get away; but, after some industry by Kleist and those of Column Two, are caught and pocketed, St. Ignon himself prisoner among the rest. This delay may perhaps be considered profitable: but there were other delays absolutely without profit. For example, that of having difficulties with your artillery-wagons in the wet miry lanes; that of missing your road, at some turn in the solitary woods; which latter was the sad chance of Column Third, fatally delaying it for many hours.

Daun, learning by those returned parties from the Woods what the Royal intentions on him are, hastily whirls himself round, so as to front north, and there receive Friedrich: best line northward for Friedrich's behoof; rear line or second-best will now receive Ziethen or what may come. Daun's arrangements are admitted to be prompt and excellent. Lacy, with his 20,000,—who lay, while Friedrich's attack was expected from south, at Loswig, as advanced guard, east side of the *Grosse Teich* (supreme pond of all, which is a continuation of the Duck-trap, *Entefang*, and hangs like a chief goitre on the goitry neck of Torgau),—Lacy is now to draw himself north and westward, and looking into the Entefang over his left shoulder (so to speak), be rearguard against any Ziethen or Prussian party that may come. Daun's baggage is all across the Elbe, all in wagons since yesterday; three Bridges hanging for Daun and it, in case of adverse accident. Daun likewise brings all or nearly all his cannon to the new front, for Friedrich's behoof: 200 new pieces hither; Archenholtz says 400 in whole; certainly such a weight of artillery as never appeared in Battle before. Unless Friedrich's arrangements

prove punctual, and his stroke be emphatic, Friedrich may happen to fare badly. On the latter point, of emphasis, there is no dubiety for Friedrich: but on the former,—things are already past doubt, the wrong way! For the last hour or so of Friedrich's march there has been continual storm of cannonade and musketry audible from Ziethen's side:—"Ziethen engaged!" thinks everybody; and quickens step here, under this marching music from the distance. Which is but a wrong reading or mistake, nothing more; the real phenomenon being as follows: Ziethen punctually got to Klitschen at the due hour; struck into the *Butter-Strasse*, calculating his paces; but, on the edge of the Wood found a small Austrian party, like those in Friedrich's route; and, pushing into it, the Austrian party replied with cannon before running. Whereupon Ziethen, not knowing how inconsiderable it was, drew-out in battle-order; gave it a salvo or two; drove it back on Lacy, in the Duck-trap direction,—a long way east of Butter-Street, and Ziethen's real place;—unlucky that he followed it so far! Ziethen followed it; and got into some languid dispute with Lacy: dispute quite distant, languid, on both sides, and consisting mainly of cannon; but lasting in this way many precious hours. This is the phenomenon which friends in the distance read to be, "Ziethen engaged!" Engaged, yes, and alas with what? What Ziethen's degree of blame was, I do not know. Friedrich thought it considerable:—"Stupid, stupid, *mein lieber!*" which Ziethen never would admit;—and, beyond question, it was of high detriment to Friedrich this day. Such accidents, say military men, are inherent, not to be avoided, in that double form of attack: which may be true, only that Friedrich had no choice left of forms just now.

About noon Friedrich's Vanguard (Kleist and Hussars), about 1 o'clock Friedrich himself, 7 or 8,000 Grenadiers, emerged from the Woods about Neiden. This Column, which consists of choice troops, is to be Front-line of the Attack. But there is yet no Second Column under Hülsen, still less any Third under Holstein, come in sight: and Ziethen's cannonade is but too audible. Friedrich halts; sends Adjutants to hurry-on these Columns;—and rides out reconnoitering, questioning peasants; earnestly surveying Daun's ground and his own. Daun's now right wing well eastward about Zinna had

been Friedrich's intended point of attack; but the ground, out there, proves broken by boggy brooks and remnant stagnancies of the Old Elbe: Friedrich finds he must return into the Wood again; and attack Daun's left. Daun's left is carefully drawn down *en potence*, or gallows-shape there; and has, within the Wood, carefully built by Prince Henri last year, an extensive Abatis, or complete western wall,—only the north part of which is perhaps now passable, the Austrians having in the cold time used a good deal of it as firewood lately. There, on the north-west corner of Daun, across that weak part of the Abatis, must Friedrich's attack lie. But Friedrich's Columns are still fatally behind,—Holstein, with all the Cavalry we have, so precious at present, is wandering by wrong paths; took the wrong turn at some point, and the Adjutant can hardly find him at all, with his precept of "Haste, Haste!"

We may figure Friedrich's humour under these ill omens. Ziethen's cannonade becomes louder and louder; which Friedrich naturally fancies to be death or life to him,—not to mean almost nothing, as it did. "*Mein Gott*, Ziethen is in action, and I have not my Infantry up!"[5] cried he. And at length decided to attack as he was: Grenadiers in front, the chosen of his Infantry; Ramin's Brigade for second line; and, except about 800 of Kleist, no Cavalry at all. His battalions march out from Neiden hand, through difficult brooks, Striebach and the like, by bridges of Austrian build, which the Austrians are obliged to quit in hurry. The Prussians are as yet perpendicular to Daun, but will wheel rightward, into the Domitsch Wood again; and then form,—parallel to Daun's north-west shoulder; and to Prince Henri's Abatis, which will be their first obstacle in charging. Their obstacles in forming were many and intricate; ground so difficult, for artillery especially: seldom was seen such expertness, such willingness of mind. And seldom lay ahead of men such obstacles *after* forming! Think only of one fact: Daun, on sight of their intention, has opened 400 pieces of artillery on them, and these go raging and thundering into the hem of the Wood, and to whatever issues from it, now and for hours to come, at a rate of deafening uproar and of sheer deadliness, which no observer can find words for.

Archenholtz, a very young officer of fifteen, who came into

[5] Tempelhof, iv. 303.

it perhaps an hour hence, describes it as a thing surpassable only by Doomsday: clangorous rage of noise risen to the infinite; the boughs of the trees raining down on you, with horrid crash; the Forest, with its echoes, bellowing far and near, and reverberating in universal deathpeal; comparable to the Trump of Doom. Friedrich himself, who is an old hand, said to those about him: "What an infernal fire (*höllisches Feuer*)! Did you ever hear such a cannonade before? I never."[6] Friedrich is between the Two Lines of his Grenadiers, which is his place during the attack: the first Line of Grenadiers, behind Prince Henri's Abatis, is within 800 yards of Daun; Ramin's Brigade is to rear of the Second Line, as a Reserve. Horse they have none, except the 800 Kleist Hussars; who stand to the left, outside the Wood, fronted by Austrian Horse in hopeless multitude. Artillery they have, in effect, none: their Batteries, hardly to be got across these last woody difficulties of trees growing and trees felled, did rank outside the Wood, on their left; but could do absolutely nothing (gun-carriages and gunners, officers and men, being alike blown away); and when Tempelhof saw them afterwards, they never had been fired at all. The Grenadiers have their muskets, and their hearts and their right-hands.

With amazing intrepidity, they, being at length all ready in rank within 800 yards, rush into the throat of this Fire-volcano; in the way commanded,—which is the alone way: such a problem as human bravery seldom had. The Grenadiers plunge forward upon the throat of Daun; but it is into the throat of his iron engines and his tearing billows of cannon-shot that most of them go. Shorn down by the company, by the regiment, in those terrible 800 yards,—then and afterwards. Regiment *Stutterheim* was nearly all killed and wounded, say the Books. You would fancy it was the fewest of them that ever got to the length of selling their lives to Daun, instead of giving them away to his 400 cannon. But it is not so. The Grenadiers, both Lines of them, still in quantity, did get into contact with Daun. And sold him their lives, hand to hand, at a rate beyond example in such circumstances;—Daun having to hurry-up new force in streams upon them; resolute to purchase, though the price, for a long while, rose higher and higher.

[6] Tempelhof, iv. 304; Archenholtz, ii. 164.

At last the 6,000 Grenadiers, being now reduced to the tenth man, had to fall back. Upon which certain Austrian Battalions rushed down in chase, counting it Victory come: but were severely admonished of that mistake; and driven back by Ramin's people, who accompanied them into their ranks, and again gave Daun a great deal of trouble before he could overpower them. This is Attack First, issuing in failure first: one of the stiffest bits of fighting ever known. Began about 2 in the afternoon; ended, I should guess, rather after 3.

Daun, by this time, is in considerable disorder of line; though his 400 fire-throats continue belching ruin, and deafening the world, without abatement. Daun himself had got wounded in the foot or leg during this Attack, but had no time to mind it: a most busy, strong and resolute Daun; doing his very best. Friedrich, too, was wounded,—nobody will tell me in which of these attacks;—but I think not now, at least will not speak of it now. What his feelings were, as this Grenadier Attack went on,—a struggle so unequal, but not to be helped, from the delays that had risen,—nobody, himself least of all, records for us: only by this little symptom: Two Grandsons of the Old Dessauer's are Adjutants of his Majesty, and well loved by him; one of them now at his hand, the other heading his regiment in this charge of Grenadiers. Word comes to Friedrich that this latter one is shot dead. On which Friedrich, turning to the Brother, and not hiding his emotion, as was usual in such moments, said: "All goes ill today; my "friends are quitting me. I have just heard that your Brother "is killed (*Tout va mal aujourd'hui; mes amis me quittent. "On vient de m'annoncer la mort de votre frère*)!"[7] Words which the Anhalt kindred, and the Prussian military public, treasured up with a reverence strange to us. Of Anhalt perhaps some word by and by, at a fitter season.

Shortly after 3, as I reckon the time, Hülsen's Column did arrive: choice troops these too, the Pomeranian *Manteuffel*, one regiment of them;—young Archenholtz of *Forcade* (first Battalion here, second and third are with Ziethen, making vain noise) was in this Column; came, with the others, winding to the Wood's edge, in such circuits, poor young soul; rain pouring, if that had been worth notice; cannon-balls plunging, boughs crashing, such a *Todes-Posaune*, or Doomsday-Thun-

[7] Preuss, ii. 226.

der, broken loose :—they did emerge steadily, nevertheless, he says, 'like sea-billows or flow of tide, under the smoky hurricane.' Pretty men are here too, Manteuffel Pommerners; no hearts stouter. With these, and the indignant Remnants which waited for them, a new assault upon Daun is set about. And bursts out, on that same north-west corner of him; say about half-past 3. The rain is now done, 'blown away by the tremendous artillery,' thinks Archenholtz, if that were any matter.

The Attack, supported by a few more Horse (though Column Three still fatally lingers), and, I should hope, by some practicable weight of Field-batteries, is spurred by a grimmer kind of indignation, and is of fiercer spirit than ever. Think how Manteuffel of Foot will blaze out; and what is the humour of those once-overwhelmed Remnants, now getting air again! Daun's line is actually broken in this point, his artillery surmounted and become useless; Daun's potence and north front are reeling backwards, Prussians in possession of their ground. "The field to be ours!" thinks Friedrich, for some time. If indeed Ziethen had been seriously busy on the southern side of things, instead of vaguely cannonading in that manner! But resolute Daun, with promptitude, calls-in his Reserve from Grosswig, calls-in whatsoever of disposable force he can gather; Daun rallies, rushes again on the Prussians in overpowering number; and, in spite of their most desperate resistance, drives them back, ever back; and recovers his ground.

A very desperate bout, this Second one; probably the toughest of the Battle: but the result again is Daun's; the Prussians palpably obliged to draw back. Friedrich himself got wounded here;—poor young Archenholtz too, *only* wounded, not killed, as so many were:—Friedrich's wound was a contusion on the breast; came of some spent bit of case-shot, deadened farther by a famed pelisse he wore,—"which saved my life," he said afterwards to Henri. The King himself little regarded it (mentioning it only to Brother Henri, on inquiry and solicitation), during the few weeks it still hung about him. The Books intimate that it struck him to the earth, void of consciousness for some time, to the terror of those about him; and that he started up, disregarding it altogether in this press of business, and almost as if ashamed of himself, which imposed silence on people's tongues. In military circles there is still, on this latter point, an Anecdote; which I cannot confirm or

deny, but will give for the sake of Berenhorst and his famed Book on the *Art of War*. Berenhorst,—a natural son of the Old Dessauer's, and evidently enough a chip of the old block, only gone into the articulate-speaking or intellectual form,—was, for the present, an Adjutant or Aide-de-camp of Friedrich's; and at this juncture was seen bending over the swooned Friedrich, perhaps with an over-pathos or elaborate something in his expression of countenance; when Friedrich reopened his indignant eyes: "*Was macht Er hier?*" cried Friedrich: "*Er "sammle Fuyards!*" What have you to do here? Go and gather "runaways" (be of some real use, can't you)!—which unkind cut struck deep into Berenhorst, they say; and could never after be eradicated from his gloomy heart. It is certain he became Prince Henri's Adjutant soon after, and that in his *Kriegskunst*, amidst the clearest orthodox admiration, he manifests, by little touches up and down, a feeling of very fell and pallid quality against the King; and belongs, in a peculiarly virulent though taciturn way, to the Opposition Party. His Book, next to English Lloyd's (or perhaps superior, for Berenhorst is of much the more cultivated intellect, highly condensed too, though so discursive and far-read, were it not for the vice of perverse diabolic temper), seemed, to a humble outsider like myself, greatly the strongest-headed, most penetrating and humanly illuminative I had had to study on that subject. Who the weakest-headed was (perhaps *Jomini*, among the widely-circulating kind?), I will not attempt to decide, so great is the crush in that bad direction. To return.

This Second Attack is again a repulse to the indignant Friedrich; though he still persists in fierce effort to recover himself: and indeed Daun's interior, too, it appears, is all in a whirl of confusion; his losses too having been enormous:—when, see, here at length, about half-past 4, Sun now down, is the tardy Holstein, with his Cavalry, emerging from the Woods. Comes wending on yonder, half a mile to north of us; straight eastward or Elbe-ward (according to the order of last night), leaving us and our death-struggles unregarded, as a thing that is not on his tablets, and is no concern of Holstein's. Friedrich halts him, not quite too late; organises a new and third Attack. Simultaneous universal effort of foot and horse upon Daun's Front; Holstein himself, who is almost at Zinna by this time, to go upon Daun's right wing. This is

Attack Third; and is of sporadic intermittent nature, in the thickening dust and darkness: part of it successful, none of it beaten, but nowhere the success complete. Thus, in the extreme west or leftmost of Friedrich's attack, *Spaen* Dragoons, —one of the last Horse Regiments of Holstein's Column,— *Spaen* Dragoons, under their Lieutenant-Colonel Dalwig (a beautiful manœuvrer, who has stormed through many fields, from Mollwitz onwards), cut in, with an admired impetuosity, with an audacious skill, upon the Austrian Infantry Regiments there; broke them to pieces, took two of them in the lump prisoners; bearded whole torrents of Austrian Cavalry rushing-up to the rescue,—and brought off their mass of prisoner regiments and six cannon;—the Austrian rescuers being charged by some new Prussian party, and hunted home again.[8] 'Had 'these Prussian Horse been on their ground at 2 o'clock, and 'done as now, it is very evident,' says Tempelhof, 'what the 'Battle of Torgau had by this time been!'

Near by, too, farther rightwards, if in the bewildering indistinctness I might guess where (but the where is not so important to us), Baireuth Dragoons, they of the 67 standards at Striegau long since, plunged into the Austrian Battalions at an unsurpassable rate; tumbled four regiments of them (Regiment *Kaiser*, Regiment *Neipperg*,—nobody now cares which four) heels-over-head, and in few minutes took the most of them prisoners; bringing them home too, like Dalwig, through crowds of rescuers. Eastward, again, or Elbe-ward, Holstein has found such intricacies of ground, such boggy depths and rough steeps, his Cavalry could come to no decisive sabering with the Austrian; but stood exchanging shot;—nothing to be done on that right wing of Daun.

Daun's left flank, however, does appear, after Three such Attacks, to be at last pretty well ruined: Tempelhof says, 'Daun's whole Front Line was tumbled to pieces; disorder had, 'sympathetically, gone rearward, even in those eastern parts; 'and on the western and north-western the Prussian Horse 'Regiments were now standing in its place.' But, indeed, such charging and recharging, pulsing and repulsing, has there been hereabouts for hours past, the rival Hosts have got completely interpenetrated; Austrian parties, or whole regiments, are to rear of those Prussians who stand ranked here, and in victori-

[8] Tempelhof, iv. 305.

ous posture, as the Night sinks. Night is now sinking on this murderous day: "Nothing more to be made of it; try it again tomorrow!" thinks the King; gives Hülsen charge of bivouacking and re-arranging these scattered people; and rides with escort north-westward to Elsnig, north of Neiden, well to rear of this bloody arena,—in a mood of mind which may be figured as gloomy enough.

Daun, too, is home to Torgau,—I think, a little earlier—to have his wound dressed, now that the day seems to him secure. Buccow, Daun's second, is killed; Daun's third is an Irish Graf O'Donnell, memorable only on this one occasion; to this O'Donnell, and to Lacy, who is firm on his ground yonder, untouched all day, the charge of matters is left. Which cannot be a difficult one, hopes Daun. Daun, while his wound is dressing, speeds off a courier to Vienna. Courier did enter duly there, with glorious trumpeting postillions, and universal Hep-hep-hurrah; kindling that ardently loyal City into infinite triumph and illumination,—for the space of certain hours following.

Hülsen meanwhile has been doing his best to get into proper bivouac for the morrow; has drawn back those eastward horse regiments, drawn forward the infantry battalions; forward, I think, and well rightward, where, in the daytime, Daun's left flank was. On the whole, it is north-westward that the general Prussian Bivouac for this night is; the extremest *south*-westernmost portion of it is Infantry, under General Lestwitz; a gallant useful man, who little dreams of becoming famous this dreary uncertain night.

It is 6 o'clock. Damp dusk has thickened down into utter darkness, on these terms:—when, lo, cannonade and musketade from the south, audible in the Lestwitz-Hülsen quarters: seriously loud; red glow of conflagration visible withal,—some unfortunate Village going up ("Village of Siptitz, think you?"); and need of Hülsen at his fastest! Hülsen, with some readiest Foot Regiments, circling round, makes thitherward; Lestwitz in the van. Let us precede him thither, and explain a little what it was.

Ziethen, who had stood all day making idle noises,—of what a fatal quality we know, if Ziethen did not,—waiting for the King's appearance, must have been considerably displeased with himself at nightfall, when the King's fire gradually died

out farther and farther north, giving rise to the saddest surmises. Ziethen's Generals, Saldern and the Leuthen Möllendorf, are full of gloomy impatience, urgent on him to try something. "Push westward, nearer the King? Some stroke at the enemy on their south or south-western side, where we have not molested them all day? No getting across the Röhrgraben on them, says your Excellenz? Siptitz Village, and their Battery there, is on *our* side of the Röhrgraben:—*um Gottes Willen*, something, Herr General!" Ziethen does finally assent: draws leftward, westward; unbuckles Saldern's people upon Siptitz; who go like sharp hounds from the slip; fasten on Siptitz and the Austrians there, with a will; wrench these out, force them to abandon their Battery, and to set Siptitz on fire, while they run out of it. Comfortable bit of success, so far,—were not Siptitz burning, so that we cannot get through. "Through, no: and were we through, is not there the Röhrgraben?" thinks Ziethen, not seeing his way.

How lucky that, at this moment, Möllendorf comes in, with a discovery to westward; discovery of our old friend "the Butter-Street,"—it is nothing more,—where Ziethen should have marched this morning: there would he have found a solid road across the Röhrgraben, free passage by a bridge between two bits of ponds, at the *Schäferei* (Sheep-Farm) of Siptitz yonder. "There still," reports Möllendorf, "the solid road is; unbeset hitherto, except by me Möllendorf!" Thitherward all do now hasten, Austrians, Prussians: but the Prussians are beforehand; Möllendorf is master of the Pass, deploying himself on the other side of it, and Ziethen and everybody hastening through to support him there, and the Austrians making fierce fight in vain. The sound of which has reached Hülsen, and set Lestwitz and him in motion thither.

For the thing is vital, if we knew it. Close ahead of Möllendorf, when he is through this Pass, close on Möllendorf's left, as he wheels round on the attacking Austrians, is the south-west corner of Siptitz Height. South-west corner, highest point of it; summit and key of all that Battle area; rules it all, if you get cannon thither. It hangs steepish on the southern side, over the Röhrgraben, where this Möllendorf-Austrian fight begins; but it is beautifully accessible, if you bear round to the west side,—a fine saddle-shaped bit of clear ground there, in shape like the outside or seat of a saddle; Domitsch

Wood the crupper part; summit of this Height the pommel, only nothing like so steep:—it is here (on the southern saddle-flap, so to speak), gradually mounting westward to the crupper-and-pommel part, that the agony now is.

And here, in utter darkness, illuminated only by the musketry and cannon blazes, there ensued two hours of stiff wrestling in its kind: not the fiercest spasm of all, but the final which decided all. Lestwitz, Hülsen, come sweeping on, led by the sound and the fire; 'beating the Prussian march, they,' sharply on all their drums,—Prussian march, rat-tat-tan, sharply through the gloom of Chaos in that manner; and join themselves, with no mistake made, to Möllendorf's, to Ziethen's left and the saddle-flap there, and fall on. The night is pitch-dark, says Archenholtz; you cannot see your hand before you. Old Hülsen's bridle-horses were all shot away, when he heard this alarm, far off: no horse left; and he is old, and has his own bruises. He seated himself on a cannon; and so rides, and arrives; right welcome the sight of him, doubt not! And the Fight rages still for an hour or more.

To an observant Möllendorf, watching about all day, the importance and all-importance of Siptitz Summit, if it can be got, is probably known; to Daun it is alarmingly well known, when he hears of it. Daun is zealously urgent on Lacy, on O'Donnell; who do try what they can; send reinforcements, and the like; but nothing that proves useful. O'Donnell is not the man for such a crisis: Lacy, too, it is remarked, has always been more expert in ducking out of Friedrich's way than in fighting anybody.[9] In fine, such is the total darkness, the difficulty, the uncertainty, most or all of the reinforcements sent halted short, in the belly of the Night, uncertain where; and their poor friends got altogether beaten and driven away.

About 9 at night, all the Austrians are rolling off, eastward, eastward. Prussians goading them forward what they could (firing not quite done till 10); and that all-important pommel of the saddle is indisputably won. The Austrians settled themselves, in a kind of half-moon shape, close on the suburbs of Torgau; the Prussians in a parallel half-moon posture, some furlongs behind them. The Austrians sat but a short time; not a moment longer than was indispensable. Daun perceives that the key of his ground is gone from him; that he will have

[9] Archenholtz's sour remark.

to send a second Courier to Vienna. And, above all things, that he must forthwith get across the Elbe and away. Lucky for him that he has Three Bridges (or Four, including the Town Bridge), and that his Baggage is already all across and standing on wheels. With excellent dispatch and order Daun winds himself across,—all of him that is still coherent; and indeed, in the distant parts of the Battle-field, wandering Austrian parties were admonished hitherward by the River's voice in the great darkness,—and Daun's loss in prisoners, though great, was less than could have been expected: 8,000 in all.

Till towards one in the morning, the Prussians, in their half-moon, had not learned what he was doing. About one they pushed into Torgau, and across the Town Bridge; found 26 pontoons,—all the rest packed-off except these 26;—and did not follow farther. Lacy retreated by the other or left bank of the River, to guard against attempts from that side. Next day there was pursuit of Lacy; some prisoners and furnitures got from him, but nothing of moment: Daun and Lacy joined at Dresden; took post, as usual, behind their inaccessible Plauen Chasms. Sat there, in view of the chasing Prussians, without farther loss than this of Torgau, and of a Campaign gone to water again. What an issue, for the third time![10]—

On Torgau-field, behind that final Prussian half-moon, there reigned, all night, a confusion which no tongue can express. Poor wounded men by the hundred and the thousand, weltering in their blood, on the cold wet ground; not surgeons or nurses, but merciless predatory sutlers, equal to murder if necessary, waiting on them and on the happier that were dead. "Unutterable!" says Archenholtz; who, though wounded, had crawled or got carried to some village near. The living wandered about in gloom and uncertainty; lucky he whose haversack was still his, and a crust of bread in it: water was a priceless luxury, almost nowhere discoverable. Prussian Generals roved about with their Staff-Officers, seeking to re-form their Battalions; to little purpose. They had grown indignant, in some instances, and were vociferously imperative and minatory; 'but

[10] Tempelhof, iv. 291-318; Archenholtz, ii. 159-174; Retzow, ii. 299 et seq.; *Umständliche Beschreibung des &c.* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 823-848): in *Helden-Geschichte*, or in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (iv. 245-300), the Daun *Despatches*, the Lists, &c.

'in the dark who needed mind them?—they went raving else-'where, and, for the first time, Prussian word-of-command saw 'itself futile.' Pitch-darkness, bitter cold, ground trampled into mire. On Siptitz Hill there is nothing that will burn: farther back, in the Domitsch Woods, are numerous fine fires, to which Austrians and Prussians alike gather: "Peace and truce between us; tomorrow morning we will see which are prisoners, which are captors." So pass the wild hours, all hearts longing for the dawn, and what decision it will bring.

Friedrich, at Elsnig, found every hut full of wounded, and their surgeries, and miseries silent or loud. He himself took shelter in the little Church; passed the night there. Busy about many things;—'using the altar,' it seems, 'by way of writing-table' (self or secretaries kneeling, shall we fancy, on those new terms?), 'and the stairs of it as seat.' Of the final Ziethen-Lestwitz effort he would scarcely hear the musketry or cannonade, being so far away from it. At what hour, or from whom first, he learned that the Battle of Torgau had become Victory in the night-time, I know not: the Anecdote-Books send him out in his cloak, wandering up and down before day-break; standing by the soldiers' fires; and at length, among the Woods, in the faint incipiency of dawn, meeting a Shadow which proves to be Ziethen himself in the body, with embraces and congratulations:—evidently mythical, though dramatic. Reach him the news soon did; and surely none could be welcomer. Headquarters change from the altar-steps in Elsnig Church to secular rooms in Torgau. Ziethen has already sped forth on the skirts of Lacy; whole Army follows next day; and, on the War-theatre it is, on the sudden, a total change of scene. Conceivable to readers without the details.

Hopes there were of getting back Dresden itself; but that, on closer view, proved unattemptable. Daun kept his Plauen Chasm, his few square miles of ground beyond; the rest of Saxony was Friedrich's, as heretofore. Loudon had tried hard on Kosel for a week; storming once, and a second time, very fiercely, Goltz being now near; but could make nothing of it; and, on wind of Goltz, went his way.[11] The Russians, on sound of Torgau, shouldered arms, and made for Poland. Daun, for his own share, went to Vienna this Winter; in need

[11] *Hofbericht von der Belagerung von Kosel, im October* 1760 (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 798-804): began 'October 21st;' ended 'at daybreak, October 27th.'

BATTLE OF TORGAU.

3rd NOVEMBER, 1760.

a.a. Prussian Camp at Schilda.
b.b.b. Austrian Army. *c.c.c. Rearguard under Lacy.*
d. Prussian Detachment under Ziethen.
e. Friedrich's Division beginning the attack.
f. Hulsen's Infantry. *g. Holstein's Cavalry.*

BATTLE OF LIEGNITZ.

15TH AUGUST, 1760.

a.a.a. Prussian Camp, left with fires burning.
b.b.b. Prussian Main Army. *c.c. Ziethen's Division.*
d.d. Loudon's Camp, also left with fires burning.
e.e.e. Loudon's Army attacked by the Prussians.
f.f.f. Approach of Daun. *g.g. Lacy's Cavalry.*

Vincent Brooks, Day & Son, Lith. London, W.C.

of surgery, and other things. The population there is rather disposed to be grumbly on its once heroic Fabius; wishes the Fabius were a little less cunctatory. But Imperial Majesty herself, one is proud to relate, drove out, in Old Roman spirit, some miles, to meet him, her defeated ever-honoured Daun, and to inquire graciously about his health, which is so important to the State.[12]

Torgau was Daun's last Battle: Daun's last Battle; and, what is more to the joy of readers and their Editor here, was Friedrich's last,—so that the remaining Two Campaigns may fairly be condensed to an extreme degree; and a few Chapters more will deliver us altogether from this painful element!—

Daun lost at Torgau, by his own account, "about 11,000 men,"—should have said, according to Tempelhof, and even to neutral persons, 'above 12,000 killed and wounded, *plus* 8,000 'prisoners, 45 cannon, 29 flags, 1 standard (or horse-flag),'[13] which brings him to at least 20,000 minus;—the Prussian loss, heavy enough too, being, by Tempelhof's admission, 'between '13 and 14,000, of whom 4,000 prisoners.' The sore loss, not so computable in arithmetic,—but less sore to Daun, perhaps, than to most people,—is that of being beaten, and having one's Campaign reduced to water again. No Conquest of Saxony, any more than of Silesia, possible to Daun, this Year. In Silesia, thanks to Loudon, small thanks to Loudon's Chief, they have got Glatz: Kosel they could not get; fiery Loudon himself stormed and blazed to no purpose there, and had to hurry home on sight of Goltz and relief. Glatz is the net sum-total. Daun knows all this; but in a stoical arithmetical manner, and refuses to be flurried by it.

Friedrich, as we said, had hoped something might be done in Saxony on the defeated Daun;—perhaps Dresden itself be got back from him, and his Army altogether sent to winter in Bohemia again? But it proved otherwise. Daun showed not the least disposition to quit his Plauen Chasm, or fall into discouragement: and after some weeks of diligent trial, on Friedrich's part, and much running about in those central and Hill-ward parts, Friedrich found he would have to be content with his former allotment of Saxon territory, and to leave the Austrians quiet in theirs. Took winter-quarters accordingly,

[12] Archenholtz, ii. 179. [13] Tempelhof, iv. 213; Kausler, p. 726.

and let the Enemy take. Cantoned himself, in that Meissen-Freyberg Country, in front of the Austrians and their impassable Plauens and Chasms :—pretty much as in the past Year, only that the Two Armies lay at a greater distance, and were more peaceable, as if by mutual consent.

Headquarter of the King is Leipzig; where the King did not arrive till December 8th,—such adjusting and arranging has he had, and incessant running to and fro. He lived in the 'Apel House, *New* Neumarkt, No. 16;'[14] the same he had occupied in 1757, in the Rossbach time. "*Ach!* how lean your Majesty has grown!" said the Mistress of it, at sight of him again (mythically, I should fancy, though it is in the Anecdote-Books). "Lean, *ja wohl*," answered he: "and what wonder, with Three Women" (Theresa, Czarina, Pompadour) "hanging on the throat of me all this while!" But we propose to look-in upon him ourselves, in this Apel House, on more authentic terms, by and by. Read, meanwhile, these Two bits of Autograph, thrown-off incidentally, at different places, in the previous busy journeyings over Meissen-Freyberg Country:

1. *Friedrich to Marquis d'Argens* (at Berlin).

"Meissen, 10th November 1760.

* * "I drove the enemy to the Gates of Dresden; they occupy "their Camp of last Year; all my skill is not enough to dislodge "them,"—(Chasm of Plauen, 'a place impregnable, were it garrisoned 'by chimney-sweeps,' says the King once). "We have saved our re-"putation by the Day of Torgau: but don't imagine our enemies are "so disheartened as to desire Peace. Duke Ferdinand's affairs are not "in a good way" (missed Wesel, of which presently;—and, alas also, George II. died, this day gone a fortnight, which is far worse for us, if we knew it!)—"I fear the French will preserve through Winter the "advantages they gained during the Campaign.

"In a word, I see all black, as if I were at the bottom of a tomb. "Have some compassion on the situation I am in; conceive that I "disguise nothing from you, and yet that I do not detail to you all "my embarrassments, my apprehensions and troubles. Adieu, dear "Marquis; write to me sometimes,—don't forget a poor devil, who "curses ten times a day his fatal existence, and could wish he already "were in those Silent Countries from which nobody returns with "news."[15]

2. The Second, of different complexion, is a still more interesting little Autograph, date elsewhere, farther on, in those wanderings. Madam Camas, Widow of the Colonel Camas

[14] Rödenbeck, ii. 65. [15] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 204-5.

whom we knew twenty years ago, is "Queen's *Ober-Hofmeisterinn* (Lady in Chief),"—to whom the King's Letters are always pretty:

Friedrich to Madam Camas (at Magdeburg, with the Queen's Majesty).

"Neustadt, 18th November 1760.

"I am exact in answering, and eager to satisfy you" (in that matter of the porcelain): "you shall have a breakfast-set, my good Mamma; "six coffee-cups, very pretty, well diapered, and tricked-out with all "the little embellishments which increase their value. On account of "some pieces which they are adding to the set, you will have to wait "a few days; but I flatter myself this delay will contribute to your "satisfaction, and produce for you a toy that will give you pleasure, "and make you remember your old Adorer. It is curious how old "people's habits agree. For four years past I have given-up suppers, "as incompatible with the Trade I am obliged to follow; and in "marching days, my dinner consists of a cup of chocolate.

"We hurried off, like fools, quite inflated with our Victory, to try "if we could not chase the Austrians out of Dresden: they made a "mockery of us from the tops of their mountains. So I have with-"drawn, like a bad little boy, to conceal myself, out of spite, in one "of the wretchedest villages in Saxony. And here the first thing will "be to drive the Circle gentlemen" (Reichs Army) "out of Freyberg "into Chemnitz, and get ourselves room to quarter and something to "live upon. It is, I swear to you, a dog of a life" (or even a she-dog, *chienne de vie*), "the like of which nobody but Don Quixote ever led "before me. All this tumbling and toiling, and bother and confusion "that never ceases, has made me so old, that you would scarcely know "me again. On the right side of my head the hair is all gray; my "teeth break and fall out; I have got my face wrinkled like the falbalas "of a petticoat; my back bent like a fiddle-bow; and spirit sad and "downcast like a monk of La Trappe. I forewarn you of all this, "lest, in case we should meet again in flesh and bone, you might feel "yourself too violently shocked by my appearance. There remains to "me nothing but the heart,—which has undergone no change, and "which will preserve, so long as I breathe, its feelings of esteem and "of tender friendship for my good Mamma. Adieu."[16]——To which add only this on Duke Ferdinand, 'whose affairs,' we just heard, 'are 'not in a good way:'

Fight of Kloster Kampen (Night of October 15th-16th); *Wesel not to be had by Duke Ferdinand.*

After *Warburg* (July 31st, while Friedrich was on the eve of crossing Elbe on new adventures, Dresden Siege having failed him), Duke

[16] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 144.

Ferdinand made no figure to the Gazetteers; fought no Battle farther; and has had a Campaign, which is honourable only to judges of a higher than the Gazetteer sort.

By Warburg Ferdinand had got the Diemel; on the north bank of which he spread himself out, impassable to Broglio, who lay trying on the opposite bank:—"No Hanover by this road." Broglio thereupon drew back a little; pushed-out circuitously from his right wing, which reaches far eastward of Ferdinand, a considerable Brigade,—circuitously, round by the Weser-Fulda Country, and beyond the embouchure of Diemel,—to try it by that method. Got actually a few miles into Hanoverian territory, by that method; laid hold of Göttingen, also of Münden, which secures a road thither: and at Göttingen there, 'ever since August 4th,' Broglio has been throwing-up works, and shooting-out hussar-parties to a good distance;—intending, it would seem, to maintain himself, and to be mischievous, in that post. Would, in fact, fain entice Ferdinand across the Weser, to help Göttingen. "Across Weser, yes;—and so leave Broglio free to take Lippstadt from me, as he might after a short siege," thinks Ferdinand always; "which would beautifully shorten Broglio's communication" (quite direct then, and without interruption, all the way to Wesel), "and make Hanover itself, Hanover and Brunswick, the central Seat of War!" Which Ferdinand, grieved as he is for Göttingen, will by no means consent to.

Ferdinand, strong only as one to two, cannot hinder Broglio, though he tries variously; and is much at a loss, seeing Broglio irrepressibly busy this way, all through August and on into September;—has heard, however, from Wesel, through secret partisans there, that Wesel, considered altogether out of risk, is left in a very weak condition; weak in garrison, weak even in gunners. Reflecting upon which, in his difficulties, Ferdinand asks himself, "A sudden stroke at Wesel, 200 miles away, might it not astonish Broglio, who is so busy on us just here?"—and, September 22d, dispatches the Hereditary Prince on that errand. A man likely for it, if there be one in the world:—unable to do it, however, as the issue told. Here is what I find noted.

'*September 22d*, the Erbprinz, with a chosen Corps of 15,000, 'mostly English, left these Diemel regions towards Wesel, at his 'speediest. September 29th, Erbprinz and vanguard, Corps rapidly 'following, are got to Dorsten, within 20 miles of Wesel. A most 'swift Erbprinz; likely for such work. And it is thought by judges, 'Had he had either siege-artillery or scaling apparatus, he might really 'have attacked Wesel with good chance upon it. But he has not even 'a ladder ready, much less a siege-gun. Siege-guns are at Bielefeld' (come from Bremen, I suppose, by English boating, up the Weser so far); 'but that is six-score miles of wheel-carriage; roads bad, and 'threatening to be worse, as it is equinoctial weather. There is nothing 'for it but to wait for those guns.

'The Erbprinz, hopefully waiting, does his endeavour in the in-'terim; throws a bridge over the Rhine, pounces upon Cleve garrison

'(prisoners with their furnitures), pounces upon this and that; "spreads 'terror" on the French thereabouts "up to Düsseldorf and Köln,"—'and on Broglio himself, so far off, the due astonishment. "Wesel to 'be snatched,—ye Heavens! Our Netherlands road cut-off: Düssel-'dorf, Köln, our Rhine Magazines, all and sundry, fallen to the hawks, '—who, the lighter-winged of them, might pay visits in France itself!" 'Broglio has to suspend his Göttingen operations, and detach Marquis 'de Castries with (say ultimately, for Castries is to grow and gather by 'the road) 35,000, to relieve Wesel. Castries marches double-quick; 'weather very rainy;—arrives in those parts *October 13th;*—hardly a 'gun from Bielefeld come to hand yet, Erbprinz merely filling men 'with terror. And so,

'*October 14th*, after two weeks and a day, the Hereditary Prince 'sees, not guns from Bielefeld, but Castries pushing into Wesel a 7,000 'of additional garrison,—and the Enterprise on Wesel grown impos-'sible. Impossible, and probably far more; Castries in a condition to 'devour us, if he prove sharp. It behoves the Hereditary Prince to 'be himself sharp;—which he undoubtedly was, in this sharp crisis. 'Next day, our Erbprinz, taking survey of Castries in his strong ground 'of Kloster Kampen, decides, like a gallant fellow, to attack *him;*— 'and straightway does it. Breaks, that same night (October 15th-'16th, 1760), stealthily, through woods and with precautions, into 'Castries' Post;—intending surprisal, and mere ruin to Castries. And 'there ensued, not the *Surprisal* as it turned out, but the *Battle* of 'Kloster Kampen;* which again proved unsuccessful, or only half-suc-'cessful, to the Hereditary Prince. A many-winged, intricate Night-'Battle; to be read of in Books. This is where the Chevalier d'Assas, 'he or Somebody, gave the alarm to the Castries people at the expense 'of his life. "*A moi, Auvergne*, Ho, Auvergne!" shouted D'Assas '(if it was D'Assas at all), when the stealthy English came upon him; 'who was at once cut down.[17] It is certain Auvergne gave fire; awoke 'Castries bodily; and saved him from what was otherwise inevitable. 'Surprise now there was none farther; but a complex Fight, managed 'in the darkness with uncommon obstinacy; ending in withdrawal of 'the Erbprinz, as from a thing that could not be done. His loss in 'killed, wounded and prisoners, was 1,638; that of Castries, by his

[17] Preuss (ii. 270 n.) asserts it to be proved, in '*Miscellen aus den neuesten ausländischen Litteratur* (1824, No. 3, p. 409),' a Book which none of us ever saw, 'That the real hero' (equal to a Roman Decius or more) 'was not Captain d'Assas, 'of the Regiment Auvergne, but a poor Private Soldier of it, called Dubois'!—Is not this a strange turn, after such be-*pensioning*, be-painting, singing and celebrating, as rose upon poor D'Assas, or the Family of D'Assas, twenty years afterwards (1777-1790)!—Both Dubois and D'Assas, I conclude, lay among the slain at Kloster Kampen, silent they forever:—and a painful doubt does rise, As to the miraculous operation of Posthumous Rumour and Wonder; and Whether there was any 'miracle of heroism,' or other miracle at all, and not rather a poor nocturnal accident,—poor sentry in the edge of the wood, shrieking out, on apparition of the stealthy English, "Ho, Auvergne, help!" probably firing withal; and getting killed in consequence? *Non nostrum est.*

'own counting, 2,036: but Kloster Kampen, in the wide-awake state, 'could not be won.

'During the Fight, the Erbprinz's Rhine-Bridge had burst in two: 'his ammunition was running short;—and, it would seem, there is no 'retreat, either! The Erbprinz put a bold face on the matter, stood 'to Castries in a threatening attitude; manœuvred skilfully for two 'days longer, face still to Castries, till the Bridge was got mended; 'then, night of October 18th-19th, crossed to his own side; gathered-'up his goods; and at a deliberate pace marched home, on those 'terms;—doing some useful fighting by the road."[18]

Had lost nothing, say his admirers, 'but one cannon, which burst.' One burst cannon left on the field of Kloster Kampen;—but also, as we see, his errand along with it; and 1,600 good fighters lost and burst: which was more important! Criticisms there were on it in England, perhaps of the *un*wise sort generally; sorrow in the highest quarter. "An unaccountable expedition," Walpole calls it, "on which "Prince Ferdinand suddenly dispatched his Nephew, at the head of a "considerable force, towards the frontiers of Holland,"—merely to see the country there?—"which occasioned much solicitude in England, "as the Main Army, already unequal to that of France, was thus ren-"dered much weaker. King George felt it with much anxiety."[19] An unaccountable Enterprise, my poor Gazetteer friends,—very evidently an unsuccessful one, so far as Wesel went. Many English fallen in it, too: "the English showed here again a *ganz ausnehmende Tapferkeit*," says Mauvillon; and probably their share of the loss was proportionate.

Clearly enough there is no Wesel to be had. Neither could Broglio, though disturbed in his Göttingen fortifyings and operations, be ejected out of Göttingen. Ferdinand, on failure of Wesel, himself marched to Göttingen, and tried for some days; but found he could not, in such weather, tear-out that firmly-rooted French Post, but must be content to "mask it," for the present; and, this done, withdrew (December 13th) to his winter-quarters near by, as did Broglio to his,—about the time Friedrich and Daun had finally settled in theirs.

Ferdinand's Campaigns henceforth, which turn all on the defence of Hanover, are highly recommended to professional readers; but to the laic sort do not prove interesting in proportion to the trouble. In fact, the huge War henceforth begins everywhere, or everywhere except in Pitt's department of it, to burn lower, like a lamp with the oil getting done; and has less of brilliancy than formerly. "Let us try for Hanover," the Belleisles, Choiseuls and wise French heads had said to themselves: "Canada, India, everything is lost; but were dear Hanover well in our clutch, Hanover would

[18] Mauvillon, ii. 120-129; Tempelhof, ii. 325-332.
[19] Walpole's *George Second*, iii. 299.

be a remedy for many things!" Through the remaining Campaigns, as in this now done, that is their fixed plan. Ferdinand, by unwearied effort, succeeded in defending Hanover, —nothing of it but that inconsiderable slice or skirt round Göttingen, which they kept long, could ever be got by the French. Ferdinand defended Hanover; and wore-out annually the big French Armies which were missioned thither, as in the spasm of an expiring last effort by this poor hag-ridden France,—at an expense to her, say, of 50,000 men per year. Which was good service on Ferdinand's part; but done less and less in the shining or universally notable way.

So that with him too we are henceforth, thank Heaven, permitted and even bound to be brief. Hardly above two Battles more from him, if even two:—and mostly the wearied Reader's imagination left to conceive for itself those intricate strategies, and endless manœuvrings on the Diemel and the Dill, on the Ohm River and the Schwalm and the Lippe, or wherever they may be, with small help from a wearied Editor!—

CHAPTER VI.

WINTER-QUARTERS 1760-61.

A MELANCHOLY little event, which afterwards proved unexpectedly unfortunate for Friedrich, had happened in England ten days before the Battle of Torgau. Saturday 25th October 1760, George II., poor old gentleman, suddenly died. He was in his 77th year; feeble, but not feebler than usual, —unless, perhaps, the unaccountable news from Kloster Kampen may have been too agitating to the dim old mind? On the Monday of this week he had, 'from a tent in Hyde Park,' presided at a Review of Dragoons; and on Thursday, as his Coldstream Guards were on march for Portsmouth and foreign service, 'was in his Portico at Kensington to see them pass;'—full of zeal always in regard to military matters, and to this War in particular. Saturday, by sunrise he was on foot; took his cup of chocolate; inquired about the wind, and the chances of mails arriving; opened his window, said he would have a turn in the Gardens, the morning being so fine. It was now between 7 and 8. The Valet then withdrew with the chocolate apparatus; but had hardly shut the door, when

he heard a deep sigh, and fall of something,—"billet of wood from the fire?" thought he;—upon which, hurrying back, he found it was the King, who had dropt from his seat, 'as if in attempting to ring the bell.' King said faintly, "Call Amelia," and instantly died. Poor deaf Amelia (Friedrich's old love, now grown old and deaf) listened wildly for some faint sound from those lips now mute forever. George Second was no more; his grandson George Third was now King.[1]

Intrinsically taken, this seemed no very great event for Friedrich, for Pitt, for England or mankind: but it proved otherwise. The merit of this poor King deceased, who had led his Nation stumbling among the chimney-pots at such a rate in these mad German Wars for Twenty Years past, was, That he did now stand loyal to the Enterprise, now when it had become sane indeed; now when the Nation was broad awake, and a Captain had risen to guide it out of that perilous posture, into never-expected victory and triumph! Poor old George had stood by his Pitt, by his Ferdinand, with a perfect loyalty at all turns; and been devoted, heart and soul and breeches-pocket, to completely beating Bourbon's oppressive ideas out of Bourbon's head. A little fact, but how important, then and there! Under the Successor, all this may be different:—ghastly beings, Old Tutors, Favourites, Mother's-Favourites, flit, as yet invisible, on the new backstairs:—should Bute and Company get into the foreground, people will then know how important it was. Walpole says:

'The Yorkes' (Ex-Chancellor Hardwicke people) 'had long dis-'tasted this War:' yes, and been painfully obliged to hold their tongues: 'but now,' within a month or so of the old King's death, 'there was published, under Lord Hardwicke's countenance, a Tract 'setting forth the burden and ill-policy of our German measures. It 'was called *Considerations on the German War;* was ably written, and 'changed many men's minds.' This is the famous "Mauduit Pamphlet:" first of those small stones, from the sling of Opposition *not* obliged to be dormant, which are now beginning to rattle on Pitt's Olympian Dwelling-place,—high really as Olympus, in comparison with others of the kind, but which unluckily is made of *glass* like the rest of them! The slinger of this first resounding little missile, Walpole informs us, was 'one Mauduit, formerly a Dissenting Teacher,'—son of a Dissenting Minister in Bermondsey, I hear, and perhaps himself once a Preacher, but at present concerned with Factorage of Wool on the great scale; got soon afterwards promoted to be Head of the

[1] Old Newspapers (in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxx. 486-88).

Customhouse in Southampton, so lovely did he seem to Bute and Company. 'How agreeable his politics were to the interior of the 'Court, soon appeared by a place' (Southampton Customhouse) 'being 'bestowed on him by Lord Bute.' A fortunate Mauduit, yet a stupidly tragical; had such a destiny in English History! Hear Walpole a little farther, on Mauduit, and on other things then resonant to Arlington Street in a way of their own. '*To Sir Horace Mann*' (at Florence):

'*November 14th*, 1760' (tenth night after Torgau). * * 'We 'are all in guns and bonfires for an unexpected victory of the King of 'Prussia over Daun; but as no particulars are yet arrived, there are 'doubters.'

'*December 5th*, 1760. I have received the samples of brocadella.' * * 'I shall send you a curious Pamphlet, the only work I almost 'ever knew that changed the opinions of many. It is called *Con-'siderations on the Present German War*,[2] and is written by a wholesale 'Wollen-Draper' (connected with Wool, in some way; "Factor at Blackwell Hall," if that mean Draper:—and a growing man ever after; came to be "Agent for Massachusetts," on the Boston-*Tea* occasion, and again did Tracts; was "President of the"—in short, was a conspicuous *Vice*-president, so let us define him, of The general Anti-Penalty or Life-made-Soft Association, with Cause of civil and religious Liberty all over the World, and suchlike; and a Mauduit comfortably resonant in that way till he died[3]); 'but the materials are supposed to 'be furnished by the faction of the Yorkes. The confirmation of the 'King of Prussia's victory near Torgau does not prevent the disciples 'of the Pamphlet from thinking that the best thing which could happen 'for us would be to have that Monarch's head shot off.' (Hear, hear!)—

'There are Letters from the Hague' (what foolish Letters do fly about, my friend!), 'that say Daun is dead of his wounds. If he is, I 'shall begin to believe that the King of Prussia will end successfully 'at last.' (Oh!) 'It has been the fashion to cry-down Daun; but, 'as much as the King of Prussia may admire himself' (does immensely, according to our Selwyn informations), 'I dare say he would have been 'glad to be matched with one much more like himself than one so 'opposite as the Marshal.'

'*January 2d*, 1761. The German War is not so popular as you 'imagine, either in the Closet or in the Nation.'[4] (Enough, enough.)

The Mauduit Pamphlet, which then produced such an effect, is still to be met in old Collections and on Bookstalls; but produces little save weariness to a modern reader. 'Han-'over not in real danger,' argues he; 'if the French had it,

[2] "London: Printed for John Wilkie, at the Bible, in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1761," adds my poor Copy (a frugal 12mo, of pp. 144), not adding of what edition.
[3] Chalmers, *Biog. Dictionary;* Nichols, *Literary Anecdotes;* &c. &c.
[4] Walpole, *Letters to Sir Horace Mann* (Lond. 1843), i. 6, 7.

'would not they, all Europe ordering them, have to give it 'up again?' Give it up,—*gratis*, or in return for Canada and Pondichery, Mauduit does not say. Which is an important omission! But Mauduit's grand argument is that of expense; frightful outlay of money, aggravated by ditto mismanagement of same.

A War highly expensive, he says—(and the truth is, Pitt was never stingy of money: "Nearly the one thing we have in any plenty; be frank in use of that, in an Enterprise so ill-provided otherwise, and involving life and death!" thinks Pitt);—'dreadfully expensive,' urges Mauduit, and gives some instances of Commissariat moneys signally wasted,—not by Pitt, but by the stupidity of Pitt's War Offices, Commissariat Offices, Offices of all kinds; not to be cured at once by any Pitt:—How magazines of hay were shipped and re-shipped, carried hither, thither, up this river, down that (nobody knowing where the war-horses would be that were to eat it); till at length, when it had reached almost the value of bohea tea, the right place of it was found to be Emden (nearest to Britain from the first, had one but known), and not a horse would now taste it, so spoiled was the article; all horses snorted at it, as they would have done at bohea, never so expensive.[5] These things are incident to British warfare; also to Swedish, and to all warfares that have their War Offices in an imaginary state,—state much to be abhorred by every sane creature; but not to be mended all at once by the noblest of men, into whose hands they are suddenly thrust for saving his Nation. Conflagration to be quenched; and your buckets all in hideous leakage, like buckets of the Danaïdes:—your one course is, ply them, pour with them, such as they are.

Mauduit points out farther the enormous fortunes realised by a swindling set of Army-Furnishers, Hebrews mainly, and unbeautiful to look on. Alas, yes; this too is a thing incident to the case; and in a degree to all such cases, and situations of sudden crisis;—have not we seen Jew Ephraim growing rich by the copper money even of a Friedrich? Christian Protestants there are, withal, playing the same game on a larger scale. Herr Schimmelmann ("*Mouldy-*

[5] Mauduit (towards the end) has a story of that tenor,—particulars not worth verifying.

man") the Dane, for instance,—Dane or Holsteiner,—is coining false money for a Duke of Holstein-Plön, who has not a Seven-Years War on his hands. Diligently coining, this Mouldy Individual; still more successfully, is trading in Friedrich's Meissen China (bought in the cheapest market, sold in the dearest); has at Hamburg his "Auction of Meissen Porcelain," steadily going on, as a new commercial institution of that City;—and, in short, by assiduously labouring in such harvest-fields, gathers a colossal fortune, 100,000*l.*, 300,000*l.*, or I will not remember what. Gets "ennobled," furthermore, by a Danish Government prompt to recognise human merit: Elephant Order, Dannebrog Order; no Order good enough for this Mouldyman of merit;[6]—and is, so far as I know, begetting "Nobles," that is to say, Vice-Kings and monitory Exemplars, for the Danish People, to this day. Let us shut-down the iron lid on all that.

Mauduit's Pamphlet, if it raised in the abhorrent unthinking English mind some vague notion, as probably it did, that Pitt was responsible for these things, or was in a sort the cause or author of them, might produce some effect against him. "What a splash is this you are making, you Great Commoner; wetting everybody's feet,—as our Mauduit proves; —while the Conflagration seems to be going out, if you let it alone!" For the heads of men resemble—My friend, I will not tell you what they, in multitudinous instances, resemble.

But thus has woollen Mauduit, from his private camp ('Clement's Lane, Lombard Street,' say the Dictionaries), shot, at a very high object, what pigeon's-egg or small pebble he had; the first of many such that took that aim; with weak though loud-sounding impact, but with results—results on King Friedrich in particular, which were stronger than the Cannonade of Torgau! As will be seen. For within year and day,—Mauduit and Company making their noises from without, and the Butes and Hardwickes working incessantly with such rare power of leverage and screwage in the interior parts,—a certain Quasi-Olympian House, made of glass, will lie in sherds, and the ablest and noblest man in England see himself forbidden to do England any service farther: "Not needed more, Sir! Go you,—and look at *us* for the remainder of your life!"

[6] Preuss, ii. 391, 282, &c.

King Friedrich in the Apel House at Leipzig (8th December 1760—17th March 1761).

Friedrich's Winter in the Apel House at Leipzig is of cheerfuler character than we might imagine. Endless sore business he doubtless has, of recruiting, financiering, watching and providing, which grows more difficult year by year; but he has subordinates that work to his signal, and an organised machinery for business such as no other man. And solacements there are withal: his Books he has about him; welcomer than ever in such seasons: Friends too,—he is not solitary; nor neglectful of resources. Faithful D'Argens came at once (stayed till the middle of March):[7] D'Argens, Quintus Icilius, English Mitchell; these three almost daily bore him company. Till the middle of January, also, he had his two Nephews with him (Sons of his poor deceased Brother, the late tragic Prince of Prussia),—the elder of whom, Friedrich Wilhelm, became King afterwards; the second, Henri by name, died suddenly of small-pox within about seven years hence, to the King's deep and sore grief, who liked him the better of the two. Their ages respectively are now about 16 and 14.[8] Their appetite for dancing, and their gay young ways, are pleasant now and afterwards to the old Uncle in his grim element.[9]

Music, too, he had; daily evening Concert, though from himself there is no fluting now. One of his Berlin Concert people who had been sent for was Fasch, a virtuoso on I know not what instrument,—but a man given to take note of things about him. Fasch was painfully surprised to see his King so altered in the interim past: 'bent now, sunk into himself, 'grown old; to whom these five years of war-tumult and 'anxiety, of sorrow and hard toil, had given a dash of gloomy 'seriousness and melancholy, which was in strong contrast with 'his former vividly bright expression, and was not natural to 'his years.'[10]

From D'Argens there is one authentic Anecdote, worth giving. One evening D'Argens came to him; entering his

[7] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 212, 213. Sends a Courier to conduct D'Argens '*for* December 8th;' '21st March,' D'Argens is back at Berlin.

[8] Henri, born 30th December 1747, died 26th May 1767;—Friedrich Wilhelm, afterwards Friedrich Wilhelm II. (sometimes called *Der Dicke*, The Big), born 25th December 1744; King, 17th August 1786; died 16th November 1797.

[9] Letters, &c. in *Schöning*.

[10] Zelter's *Life of Fasch* (cited in *Preuss*, ii. 278).

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Apartment, found him in a situation very unexpected; which has been memorable ever since. 'One evening' (there is no date to it, except vaguely, as above, December 1760—March 1761), 'D'Argens, entering the King's Apartment, found him 'sitting on the ground with a big platter of fried meat, from 'which he was feeding his dogs. He had a little rod, with 'which he kept order among them, and shoved the best bits to 'his favourites. The Marquis, in astonishment, recoiled a 'step, struck his hands together, and exclaimed: "The Five 'Great Powers of Europe, who have sworn alliance, and con-'spired to undo the Marquis de Brandebourg, how might they 'puzzle their heads to guess what he is now doing! Scheming 'some dangerous plan for the next Campaign, think they; 'collecting funds to have money for it; studying about maga-'zines for man and horse; or he is deep in negotiations to 'divide his enemies, and get new allies for himself? Not a bit 'of all that. He is sitting peaceably in his room, and feeding 'his dogs!"'[11]

Interview with Herr Professor Gellert (Thursday 18th December 1760).

Still more celebrated is the Interview with Gellert; though I cannot say it is now more entertaining to the ingenuous mind. One of Friedrich's many Interviews, this Winter, with the Learned of Leipzig University; for he is a born friend of the Muses so-called, and never neglects an opportunity. Wonderful to see how, in such an environment, in the depths of mere toil and tribulation, with a whole breaking world lying on his shoulders, as it were,—he always shows such appetite for a snatch of talk with anybody presumably of sense, and knowledge on something!

This Winter, say the Books, 'he had, in vacant intervals, 'a great deal of communing with the famed of Leipzig Univer-'sity;' this or the other famed Professor,—Winkler, Ernesti, Gottsched again, and others, coming to give account, each for himself, of what he professed to be teaching in the world: 'on 'the Natural Sciences, more especially the Moral; on Libraries, 'on Rare Books. Gottsched was able to satisfy the King on 'one point; namely, That the celebrated passage of St. John's 'Gospel—"*There are Three that bear record*"—was *not* in the

[11] Preuss, ii. 282.

'famous Manuscript of the Vienna Library; Gottsched having 'himself examined that important *Codex*, and found in the 'text nothing of said Passage, but merely, written on the mar-'gin, a legible intercalation of it, in Melanchthon's hand. 'Luther, in his Version, never had it at all.'[12] A Gottsched inclined to the Socinian view? Not the least consequence to Friedrich or us! Our business is exclusively with Gellert here.

'Readers have heard of Gellert; there are, or there were, English 'Writings about him, *Lives*, or I forget what: and in his native Pro-'testant Saxony, among all classes, especially the higher, he had, in 'those years and onwards to his death, such a popularity and real 'splendour of authority as no man before or since. Had risen, against 'his will in some sort, to be a real Pope, a practical Oracle in those 'parts. In his modest bachelor lodging' (age of him five-and-forty gone) 'he has sheaves of Letters daily,—about affairs of the conscience, 'of the household, of the heart: from some evangelical young lady, 'for example, "Shall I marry *him*, think you, O my Father?" and 'perhaps from her Papa, "Shall *she*, think you, O my ditto?"—Sheaves 'of Letters: and of oral consulters such crowds, that the poor Oracle 'was obliged to appoint special hours for that branch of his business. 'His class-room (he lectures on *Morals*, some *Theory of Moral Senti-'ment*, or suchlike) is crowded with "blue uniforms" (ingenuous Prus-'sian Officers eager to hear a Gellert), in these Winters. Rugged 'Hülsen, this very season, who commands in Freyberg Country, 'alleviates the poor Village of Hainichen from certain official inflictions, 'and bids the poor people say, "It is because Gellert was born among 'you!" Plainly the Trismegistus of mankind at that date:—who is now, 'as usual, become a surprising Trismegistus to the new generations!

'He had written certain thin Books, all of a thin languid nature; 'but rational, clear; especially a Book of *Fables in Verse*, which are 'watery, but not wholly water, and have still a languid flavour in them 'for readers. His Book on *Letter-writing* was of use to the rising 'generation, in its time. Clearly an amiable, ingenious, correct, alto-'gether good man; of pious mind,—and, what was more, of strictly 'orthodox, according to the then Saxon standard in the best circles. 'This was the figure of his Life for the last fifteen years of it; and he 'was now about the middle of that culminating period. A modest, 'despondent kind of man, given to indigestions, dietetics, hypochondria: '"of neat figure and dress; nose hooked, but not too much; eyes 'mournfully blue and beautiful, fine open brow;"—a fine countenance, 'and fine soul of its sort, poor Gellert: "punctual like the church-'clock at divine service, in all weathers."[13]

[12] *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 596.

[13] Jördens, *Lexikon Deutscher Dichter und Prosaisten* (Leipzig, 1807), ii. 54-68 (§ Gellert).

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'A man of some real intellect and melody; some, by no means 'much; who was of amiable meek demeanour; studious to offend 'nobody, and to do whatever good he could by the established me- 'thods;—and who, what was the great secret of his success, was of 'orthodoxy perfect and eminent. Whom, accordingly, the whole world, 'polite Saxon orthodox world, hailed as its Evangelist and Trismegistus. 'Essentially a commonplace man; but who employed himself in beau- 'tifying and illuminating the commonplace of his day and generation: '—infinitely to the satisfaction of said generation. "How charming 'that you should make thinkable to us, make vocal, musical and com- 'fortably certain, what we were all inclined to think; you creature 'plainly divine!" And the homages to Gellert were unlimited and 'continual, not pleasant all of them to an idlish man in weak health.

'Mitchell and Quintus Icilius, who are often urging on the King 'that a new German Literature is springing up, of far more importance 'than the King thinks, have spoken much to him of Gellert the Tris- 'megistus;—and at length, in the course of a ten days from Friedrich's 'arrival here, actual Interview ensues. The *Dialogue*, though it is 'but dull and watery to a modern palate, shall be given entire, for the 'sake of one of the Interlocutors. The Report of it, gleaned gradually 'from Gellert himself, and printed, not long afterwards, from his manu- 'scripts or those of others, is to be taken as perfectly faithful. Gellert, 'writing to his inquiring Friend Rabener (a then celebrated Berlin 'Wit), describes, from Leipzig, "29th January 1760," or about six 'weeks after the event: "How, one day about the middle of December, 'Quintus Icilius suddenly came to my poor Lodging here, to carry me 'to the King." Am too ill to go. Quintus will excuse me today; 'but will return tomorrow, when no excuse shall avail. Did go accord- 'ingly next day, Thursday 18th December, 4 o'clock of the afternoon; 'and continued till a quarter to 6. "Had nothing of fear in speaking "to the King. Recited my *Maler zu Athen.*" King said, at parting, 'he would send for me again. "The English Ambassador" (Mitchell), "an excellent man, was probably the cause of the King's wish to see "me." . . . . "The King spoke sometimes German, sometimes "French; I mostly German."[14] As follows:

King. "Are you (*Er*) the Professor Gellert?" *Gellert.* "Yea, "*Ihro Majestät.*"

King. "The English Ambassador has spoken highly of you to me. "Where do you come from?" *Gellert.* "From Hainichen, near "Freyberg."

King. "Have not you a brother at Freyberg?"

Gellert. "Yea, *Ihro Majestät.*"

King. "Tell me why we have no good German Authors."

Major Quintus Icilius (puts in a word). "Your Majesty, you see

[14] *Gellert's Briefwechsel mit Demoiselle Lucius, herausgegeben von F. A. Ebert* (Leipzig, 1823), pp 629, 631.

"here one before you;—one whom the French themselves have trans-
"lated, calling him the German La Fontaine!"

King. "That is much. Have you read La Fontaine?"

Gellert. "Yes, your Majesty; but have not imitated: I am original
"(*ich bin ein Original*)."

King. "Well, this is one good Author among the Germans; but
"why have not we more?" *Gellert.* "Your Majesty has a pre-
"judice against the Germans."

King. "No; I can't say that (*Nein; das kann ich nicht sagen*)."

Gellert. "At least, against German writers."

King. "Well, perhaps. Why have we no good Historians? Why
"does no one undertake a Translation of Tacitus?"

Gellert. "Tacitus is difficult to translate; and the French them-
"selves have but bad translations of him."

King. "That is true (*Da hat Er Recht*)."

Gellert. "And, on the whole, various reasons may be given why
"the Germans have not yet distinguished themselves in every kind of
"writing. While Arts and Sciences were in their flower among the
"Greeks, the Romans were still busy in War. Perhaps this is the
"Warlike Era of the Germans:—perhaps also they have yet wanted
"Augustuses and Louis-Fourteenths!"

King. "How, would you wish one Augustus, then, for all Ger-
"many?"

Gellert. "Not altogether that; I could wish only that every So-
"vereign encouraged men of genius in his own country."

King (starting a new subject). "Have you never been out of
"Saxony?" *Gellert.* "I have been in Berlin."

King. "You should travel." *Gellert.* "*Ihro Majestät*, for
"that I need two things,—health and means."

King. "What is your complaint? Is it *die gelehrte Krankheit*
"(Disease of the Learned," Dyspepsia so-called)? "I have myself
"suffered from that. I will prescribe for you. You must ride daily,
"and take a dose of rhubarb every week."

Gellert. "*Ach, Ihro Majestät:* if the horse were as weak as I am,
"he would be of no use to me; if he were stronger, I should be too
"weak to manage him." (Mark this of the Horse, however; a tale
hangs by it.)

King. "Then you must drive out." *Gellert.* "For that I
"am deficient in the means."

King. "Yes, that is true; that is what Authors (*Gelehrte*) in
"Deutschland are always deficient in. I suppose these are bad times,
"are not they?" *Gellert.* "*Ja wohl;* and if your Majesty
"would grant us Peace (*den Frieden geben wollten*)—"

King. "How can I? Have not you heard, then? There are three
"of them against me (*Es sind ja drei wider mich*)!"

Gellert. "I have more to do with the Ancients and their History
"than with the Moderns."

King (changing the topic). "What do you think, is Homer or "Virgil the finer as an Epic Poet?" *Gellert.* "Homer, as the "more original."

King. "But Virgil is much more polished (*viel polirter*)."

Gellert "We are too far removed from Homer's times to judge "of his language. I trust to Quinctilian in that respect, who prefers "Homer."

King. "But one should not be a slave to the opinion of the "Ancients."

Gellert. "Nor am I that. I follow them only in cases where, "owing to the distance, I cannot judge for myself."

Major Icilius (again giving a slight fillip or suggestion). "He," the Herr Professor here, "has also treated of *German Letter-writing*, "and has published specimens."

King. "So? But have you written against the *Chancery Style*, "then" (the painfully solemn style, of ceremonial and circumlocution; Letters written so as to be mainly wig and buckram)?

Gellert. "*Ach ja*, that have I, *Ihro Majestät!*"

King. "But why doesn't it change? The Devil must be in it "(*Es ist etwas Verteufeltes*). They bring me whole sheets of that stuff, "and I can make nothing of it!" *Gellert.* "If your Majesty "cannot alter it, still less can I. I can only recommend, where you "command."

King. "Can you repeat any of your Fables?" *Gellert.* "I "doubt it; my memory is very treacherous."

King. "Bethink you a little; I will walk about" (Gellert bethinks him, brow puckered. King, seeing the brow unpucker itself). "Well, "have you one?"

Gellert. "Yes, your Majesty: *The Painter.*" Gellert recites ('voice plaintive and hollow;' somewhat *preachy*, I should doubt, but not cracked or shrieky);—we condense him into prose abridgment for English readers; German can look at the bottom of the page:[15]

[15] "*Ein kluger Maler in Athen,*
Der minder, weil man ihn bezhalte,
Als weil er Ehre suchte, malte,
Liess einen Kenner einst den Mars im Bilde sehn,
Und bat sich seine Meinung aus.
Der Kenner sagt ihm frei heraus,
Dass ihm das Bild nicht ganz gefallen wollte,
Und dass es, um recht schön zu sein,
Weit minder Kunst verrathen sollte.
Der Maler wandte vieles ein;
Der Kenner stritt mit ihm aus Gründen, [den.
Und konnt ihn doch nicht überwin-
Gleich trat ein junger Geck herein,
Und nahm das Bild in Augenschein.
'O,' rief er, 'bei dem ersten Blicke,
Ihr Götter, welch ein Meisterstücke!
Ach, welcher Fuss! O, wie geschickt
Sind nicht die Nägel ausgedrückt!
Mars lebt durchaus in diesem Bilde.
Wie viele Kunst, wie viele Pracht
Ist in dem Helm und in dem Schilde,
Und in der Rüstung angebracht!'
Der Maler ward beschämt gerühret,
Und sah den Kenner kläglich an.
'Nun,' sprach er, 'bin ich überführet!
Ihr habt mir nicht zu viel gethan.'
Der junge Geck war kaum hinaus,
So strich er seinen Kriegsgott aus."

MORAL.

"*Wenn deine Schrift dem Kenner nicht gefällt,*
So ist es schon ein böses Zeichen;
Doch, wenn sie gar des Narren Lob erhält,
So ist es Zeit, sie auszustreichen."

(Gellert's *Werke*: Leipzig, 1840: i. 135.)

"'A prudent Painter in Athens, more intent on excellence than on money, had 'done a God of War; and sent for a real Critic to give him his opinion of it. On 'survey, the Critic shook his head: "Too much Art visible; won't do, my friend!" 'The Painter strove to think otherwise; and was still arguing, when a young Cox-'comb' (*Geck*, Gawk) 'stept in: "Gods, what a masterpiece!" cried he at the first 'glance: "Ah, that foot, those exquisitely-wrought toe-nails; helm, shield, mail, 'what opulence of Art!" The sorrowful Painter looked penitentially at the real 'Critic, looked at his brush; and the instant this *Geck* was gone, struck-out his God 'of War.'"

King. "And the Moral?"

Gellert (still reciting):

"'When the Critic does not like thy Bit of Writing, it is a bad sign for thee; but 'when the Fool admires, it is time thou at once strike it out.'"

King. "That is excellent; very fine indeed. You have a some-"thing of soft and flowing in your verses; them I understand alto-"gether. But there was Gottsched, one day, reading me his Trans-"lation of *Iphigénie;* I had the French Copy in my hand, and could "not understand a word of him" (a Swan of Saxony, labouring in vain that day)! "They recommended me another Poet, one Peitsch" (Herr Peitsch of Königsberg, Hofrath, Doctor and Professor there, Gottsched's Master in Art; edited by Gottsched thirty years ago; now become a dumb idol, though at one time a god confessed); "him I "flung away."

Gellert. "*Ihro Majestät*, him I also fling away."

King. "Well, if I continue here, you must come again often; bring "your *Fables* with you, and read me something."

Gellert. "I know not if I can read well; I have the singing kind "of tone, native to the Hill Country."

King. "*Ja*, like the Silesians. No, you must read me the *Fables* "yourself; they lose a great deal otherwise. Come back soon."[16] (*Exit Gellert.*)

King (to Icilius, as we learn from a different Record). "That is "quite another man than Gottsched!" (*Exeunt omnes.*)

The modest Gellert says he "remembered Jesus Sirach's advice, *Press not thyself on Kings*,—and never came back;" nor was specially sent for, in the hurries succeeding; though the King never quite forgot him. Next day, at dinner, the King said, "He is the reasonablest man of all the German "Literary People, *C'est le plus raisonnable de tous les Savans "Allemands.*" And to Garve, at Breslau, years afterwards: "Gellert is the only German that will reach posterity; his de-"partment is small, but he has worked in it with real felicity." And indeed the King had, before that, as practical result of the Gellert Dialogue, managed to set some Berlin Bookseller upon printing of these eligible *Fables*, "for the use of our Prussian

[16] *Gellert's Briefwechsel mit Demoiselle Lucius* (already cited), pp. 632 et seq.

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Schools;" in which and other capacities the *Fables* still serve with acceptance there and elsewhere.[17]

In regard to Gellert's Horse-exercise, I had still to remember that Gellert, not long after, did get a Horse; two successive Horses; both highly remarkable. The first especially; which was Prince Henri's gift: 'The Horse Prince Henri had ridden at the Battle of Freyberg' (Battle to be mentioned hereafter);—quadruped that must have been astonished at itself! But a pretty enough gift from the warlike admiring Prince to his dyspeptic Great Man. This Horse having yielded to Time, the very Kurfürst (grandson of Polish Majesty that now is) sent Gellert another, housing and furniture complete; mounted on which, Gellert and it were among the sights of Leipzig;—well enough known here to young Goethe, in his College days, who used to meet the great man and princely horse, and do salutation, with perhaps some twinkle of scepticism in the corner of his eye.[18] Poor Gellert fell seriously ill in December 1769; to the fear and grief of all the world: 'estafettes from the Kurfürst himself galloped daily, or oftener, 'from Dresden for the sick bulletin;' but poor Gellert died, all the same (13th of that month); and we have (really with pathetic thoughts, even we) to bid his amiable existence in this world, his bits of glories and him, adieu forever.

Dialogue with General Saldern (in the Apel House, Leipzig, 21st January 1761).

Four or five weeks after this of Gellert, Friedrich had another Dialogue, which also is partly on record, and is of more importance to us here: Dialogue with Major-General Saldern; on a certain business, delicate, yet profitable to the doer,—nobody so fit for it as Saldern, thinks the King. Saldern is he who did that extraordinary feat of packing the wrecks of battle on the Field of Liegnitz; a fine, clear-flowing, silent kind of man, rapid and steady, with a great deal of methodic and other good faculty in him,—more, perhaps, than he himself yet knows of. Him the King has sent for, this morning; and it is on the business of Polish Majesty's Royal Hunting-Schloss at Hubertsburg,—which is a thing otherwise worth some notice from us.

[17] Preuss, ii. 274.
[18] *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, Theil ii. Buch 6 (in Goethe's *Werke*, xxv. 51 et seq.).

For three months long the King had been representing, in the proper quarters, what plunderings, and riotous and even disgusting savageries, the Saxons had perpetrated at Charlottenburg, Schönhausen, Friedrichsfeld, in October last, while masters there for a few days: but neither in Reichs Diet, where Plotho was eloquent, nor elsewhere by the Diplomatic method, could he get the least redress, or one civil word of regret. From Polish Majesty himself, to whom Friedrich remonstrated the matter, through the English Resident at Warsaw, Friedrich had expected regret; but he got none. Some think he had hoped that Polish Majesty, touched by these horrors of war, and by the reciprocities evidently liable to follow, might be induced to try something towards mediating a General Peace: but Polish Majesty did not; Polish Majesty answered simply nothing at all, nor would get into any correspondence: upon which Friedrich, possibly a little piqued withal, had at length determined on retaliation.

Within our cantonments, reflects Friedrich, here is Hubertsburg Schloss, with such a hunting apparatus in and around it; Polish Majesty's *Hertzblatt* ("lid of the *heart*," as they call it; breastbone, at least, and pit of his *stomach*, which inclines to nothing but hunting): let his Hubertsburg become as our Charlottenburg is; perhaps that will touch his feelings! Friedrich had formed this resolution; and, Wednesday January 21st, sends for Saldern, one of the most exact, deft-going and punctiliously honourable of all his Generals, to execute it. Enter Saldern accordingly,—royal Audience-room 'in the *Apel'sche Haus*, New Neumarkt, No. 16,' as above;—to whom (one Küster, a reliable creature, reporting for us on Saldern's behalf) the King says, in the distinct slowish tone of a King giving orders:

King. "Saldern, tomorrow morning you go" (*Er*, He goes) "with "a detachment of Infantry and Cavalry, in all silence, to Hubertsburg; beset the Schloss, get all the furnitures carefully packed-up "and invoiced. I want nothing with them; the money they bring I "mean to bestow on our Field Hospitals, and will not forget *you* in "disposing of it."

'Saldern, usually so prompt with his "*Ja*" on any Order from the 'King, looks embarrassed, stands silent,—to the King's great surprise; '—and after a moment or two says:

Saldern. "Forgive me, your Majesty: but this is contrary to my "honour and my oath."

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King (still in a calm tone). "You would be right to think so, if I "did not intend this desperate method for a good object. Listen to "me: great lords don't feel it in their scalp when their subjects are "torn by the hair; one has to grip their own locks, as the only way "to give them pain." ('These last words the King said in a sharper 'tone; he again made his apology for the resolution he had formed; 'and renewed his Order. With the modesty usual to him, but also 'with manliness, Saldern replied:)

Saldern. "Order me, your Majesty, to attack the enemy and his "batteries, I will on the instant cheerfully obey: but against honour, "oath and duty, I cannot, I dare not!"

'The King,' with voice gradually rising, I suppose, 'repeated his 'demonstration that the thing was proper, necessary in the circum-'stances; but Saldern, true to the inward voice, answered steadily:

Saldern. "For this commission your Majesty will easily find an-"other person in my stead."

King ('whirling hastily round, with an angry countenance,' but, I should say, an admirable preservation of his dignity in such extreme case). "*Saldern, Er will nicht reich werden,*—Saldern, you refuse to "become rich." And *exit*, leaving Saldern to his own stiff courses.[19]

Nothing remained for Saldern but to fall ill, and retire from the Service; which he did: a man honourably ruined, thought everybody; —which did not prove to be the case, by and by.

This surely is a remarkable Dialogue; far beyond any of the Gellert kind. An absolute King and Commander-in-Chief, and of such a type in both characters, getting flat refusal once in his life (this once only, so far as I know), and how he takes it:—one wishes Küster, or somebody, had been able to go into more details!—Details on the Quintus-Icilius procedure, which followed next day, would also have been rather welcome, had Küster seen good. It is well known, Quintus Icilius and his Battalion, on order now given, went cheerfully, next day, in Saldern's stead. And sacked Hubertsburg Castle, to the due extent or farther: 100,000 thalers (15,000*l.*) were to be raised from it for the Field-Hospital behoof; the rest was to be Quintus's own; who, it was thought, made an excellent thing of it for himself. And in hauling out the furnitures, especially in selling them, Quintus having an enterprising sharp head in trade affairs, 'it is certain,' says Küster, as says everybody, 'various *Schändlichkeiten* (scandals) occurred, which were con-'trary to the King's intention, and would not have happened 'under Saldern.' What the scandals particularly were, is not

[19] Küster, *Charakterzüge des General-Lieutenant v. Saldern* (Berlin, 1793), pp. 39-44.

specified to me anywhere, though I have searched up and down; much less the net amount of money realised by Quintus. I know only, poor Quintus was bantered about it, all his life after, by this merciless King; and at Potsdam, in years coming, had ample time and admonition for what penitence was needful.

'The case was much canvassed in the Army,' says poor Küster; 'it was the topic in every tent among Officers and 'common Men. And among us Army-Chaplains too,' poor honest souls, 'the question of conflicting duties arose: Your 'King ordering one thing, and your own Conscience another, 'what ought a man to do? What ought an Army-Chaplain 'to preach or advise? And considerable mutual light in re-'gard to it we struck out from one another, and saw how a 'prudent Army-Chaplain might steer his way. Our general 'conclusion was, That neither the King nor Saldern could 'well be called wrong. Saldern listening to the inner voice; 'right he, for certain. But withal the King, in his place, 'might judge such a thing expedient and fit; perhaps Saldern 'himself would, had Saldern been King of Prussia there in 'January 1761.'

Saldern's behaviour in his retirement was beautiful; and after the Peace, he was recalled, and made more use of than ever; being indeed a model for Army arrangements and procedures, and reckoned the completest General of Infantry now left, far and near. The outcries made about Hubertsburg, which still linger in Books, are so considerable, one fancies the poor Schloss must have been quite ruined, and left standing as naked walls. Such, however, we by no means find to be the case; but, on the contrary, shall ourselves see that everything was got refitted there, and put into perfect order again, before long.

There are some War-movements during Winter; general Financiering Difficulties. Choiseul proposes Peace.

February 15th, there fell out, at Langensalza, on the Unstrut, in Gotha Country, a bit of sharp fighting; done by Friedrich's people and Duke Ferdinand's in concert; which, and still more what followed on it, made some noise in the quiet months. Not a great thing, this of Langensalza, but a sudden, and successfully done; costing Broglio some 2,000 prisoners;

and the ruin of a considerable Post of his, which he had lately pushed out thither, "to seize the Unstrut," as he hoped. A Broglio grasping at more than he could hold, in those Thüringen parts, as elsewhere! And, indeed, the Fight of Langensalza was only the beginning of a series of such; Duke Ferdinand being now upon one of his grand Winter-Adventures: that of suddenly surprising and exploding Broglio's Winter-quarters altogether, and rolling him back to Frankfurt for a lodging. So that, since the first days of February, especially since Langensalza day, there rose suddenly a great deal of rushing about, in those regions, with hard bits of fighting, at least of severe campaigning;—which lasted two whole months;—filling the whole world with noise that Winter; and requiring extreme brevity from us here. It was specially Duke Ferdinand's Adventure; Friedrich going on it, as per bargain, to the Langensalza enterprise, but no farther; after which it did not much concern Friedrich, nor indeed come to much result for anybody.

'Strenuous Ferdinand, very impatient of the Göttingen business, 'and provoked to see Broglio's quarters extend into Hessen, so near 'hand, for the first time, silently determines to dislodge him. Bro-'glio's chain of quarters, which goes from Frankfurt north as far as 'Marburg, then turns east to Ziegenhayn; thence north again to Cassel, 'to Münden with its Defiles; and again east, or south-east, to Langen-'salza even: this chain has above 150 miles of weak length; and various 'other grave faults to the eye of Ferdinand,—especially this, that it is 'in the form, not of an elbow only, or joiner's-square, which is entirely 'to be disapproved, but even of two elbows; in fact, of the *profile of a* '*chair*' (if readers had a Map at hand). '*Foot* of the chair is Frank-'furt; *seat* part is from Marburg to Ziegenhayn; *back* part, near where 'Ferdinand lies in chief force, is the Cassel region, on to Münden, 'which is *top* of the back,—still backwards from which, there is a 'kind of proud *curl* or overlapping, down to Langensalza in Gotha 'Country, which greedy Broglio has likewise grasped at! Broglio's 'friends say he himself knew the faultiness of this zigzag form, but 'had been overruled. Ferdinand certainly knows it, and proceeds to 'act upon it.

'In profound silence, namely, ranks himself (*February 1st-12th*) in 'three Divisions, wide enough asunder; bursts-up sudden as lightning, 'at Langensalza and elsewhere; kicks to pieces Broglio's Chair-Profile, 'kicks-out especially the bottom part, which ruins both foot and back, 'these being disjointed thereby, and each exposed to be taken in rear; '—and of course astonishes Broglio not a little; but does not steal his 'presence of mind.

'So that, in effect, Broglio had instantly to quit Cassel and warm 'lodging, and take the field in person; to burn his Magazines; and, 'at the swiftest rate permissible, condense himself, at first partially 'about Fulda (well down the leg of his chair), and then gradually all 'into one mass near Frankfurt itself;—with considerable losses, loss 'especially of all his Magazines, full or half-full. And has now, except 'Marburg, Ziegenhayn and Cassel, no post between Göttingen and 'him. Ferdinand, with his Three Divisions, went storming along in 'the wild weather, Granby as vanguard; pricking into the skirts of 'Broglio. Captured this and that of Corps, of Magazines that had not 'been got burnt; laid siege to Cassel, siege to Ziegenhayn; blocked 'Marburg, not having guns ready: and, for some three or four weeks, 'was by the Gazetteer world and general public thought to have done 'a very considerable feat;—though to himself, such were the distances, 'difficulties of the season, of the long roads, it probably seemed very 'questionable whether, in the end, any feat at all.

'Cassel he could not take, after a month's siege under the best of 'Siege-Captains; Ziegenhayn still less under one of the worst. Pro-'visions, ammunitions, were not to be had by force of wagonry: scant 'food for soldiers, doubly scant the food of Sieges;'—"the road from Beverungen" (where the Weser-boats have to stop, which is 30 miles from Cassel, perhaps 60 from Ziegenhayn, and perhaps 100 from the outmost or southernmost of Ferdinand's parties) "is paved with dead horses," 'nor has even Cassel nearly enough of ammunition:—in a 'word, Broglio, finding the time come, bursts-up from his Frankfurt 'Position (March 14th-21st) in a sharp and determined manner; drives 'Ferdinand's people back, beats the Erbprinz himself one day (by sur-'prisal, "My compliment for Langensalza"), and sets his people run-'ning. Ferdinand sees the affair to be over; and deliberately retires; 'lucky, perhaps, that he still can deliberately: and matters return to 'their old posture. Broglio resumes his quarters, somewhat altered 'in shape, and not quite so grasping as formerly; and beyond his half-'filled Magazines, has lost nothing considerable, or more considerable 'than has Ferdinand himself.'[20]

The vital element in Ferdinand's Adventure was the Siege of Cassel; all had to fail, when this, by defect of means, under the best of management, declared itself a failure. Siege-Captain was a Graf von Lippe-Bückeburg, Ferdinand's Ordnance-Master, who is supposed to be "the best Artillery Officer in the world,"—and is a man of great mark in military and other circles. He is Son and Successor of that fantastic Lippe-Bückeburg, by whom Friedrich was introduced to Free-Masonry long since. He has himself a good deal of the fantast again, but with a better basis of solidity beneath it. A man of excel-

[20] Tempelhof, v. 15-45; Mauvillon, ii. 135-148.

lent knowledge and faculty in various departments; strict as steel, in regard to discipline, to practice and conduct of all kinds; a most punctilious, silently supercilious gentleman, of polite but privately irrefragable turn of mind. A tall, lean, dusky figure; much seen to by neighbours, as he stalks loftily through this puddle of a world, on terms of his own. Concerning whom there circulates in military circles this Anecdote, among many others;—which is set down as a fact; and may be, whether quite believable or not, a symbol of all the rest, and of a man not unimportant in these Wars. 'Two years ago, 'on King Friedrich's birthday, 24th January 1759, the Count 'had a select dinner-party in his tent in Ferdinand's Camp, in 'honour of the occasion. Dinner was well over, and wine 'handsomely flowing, when somebody at last thought of ask-'ing, "What is it, then, Herr Graf, that whistling kind of 'noise we hear every now and then overhead?" "That is 'nothing," said the Graf, in his calm, dusky way: "that is 'only my Artillery-people practising; I have bidden them hit 'the pole of our tent if they can: unhappily there is not the 'slightest danger. Push the bottles on." '[21] Lippe-Bückeburg was Siege-Captain at Cassel; Commandant besieged was Comte de Broglio, the Marshal's younger Brother, formerly in the Diplomatic line;—whom we saw once, five years ago, at the Pirna Barrier, fly into fine frenzy, and kick vainly against the pricks. Friedrich says once, to D'Argens or somebody: "I hope we shall soon have Cassel, and M. le Comte de Broglio prisoner" (deserves it for his fine frenzies, at Pirna and since);—but that comfort was denied us.

Some careless Books say, Friedrich had at first good hopes of this Enterprise; and 'had himself lent 7,000 men to it:' which is the fact, but not the whole fact. Friedrich had approved, and even advised this plan of Ferdinand's, and had agreed to send 7,000 men to coöperate at Langensalza,—which, so far out in Thüringen, and pointing as if to the Reichsfolk, is itself an eye-sorrow to Friedrich. The issue we have seen. His 7,000 went accordingly, under a General Syburg; met the Ferdinand people (General Spörken head of these, and Walpole's 'Conway' one of them); found the Unstrut in flood, but crossed nevertheless; dashed-in upon the French and Saxons there, and made a brilliant thing of it at Langen-

[21] Archenholtz, ii. 356; Zimmermann, *Einsamkeit*, iii. 461; &c.

salza.[22] Which done, Syburg instantly withdrew, leaving Spörken and his Conways to complete the Adventure; and, for his part, set himself with his whole might 'to raising contributions, 'recruits, horses, proviants, over Thüringen;' 'which,' says Tempelhof, 'had been his grand errand there, and in which 'he succeeded wonderfully.'

Towards the end of Ferdinand's Affair, Cassel Siege now evidently like to fail, Friedrich organised a small Expedition for his own behoof: expedition into Voigtland, or Frankenland, against the intrusive Reichs-people,—who have not now a Broglio or Langensalza to look across to, but are mischievous upon our outposts on the edge of the Voigtland yonder. The expedition lasted only ten days (*April 1st* it left quarters; *April 11th* was home again); a sharp, swift and very pretty expedition;[23] of which we can here say only that it was beautifully impressive on the Reichs gentlemen, and sent their Croateries and them home again, to Bamberg, to Eger, quite over the horizon, in a considerably flurried state. After which there was no Small-War farther, and everybody rested in cantonment, making ready till the Great should come.

The Prussian wounded are all in Leipzig this Winter; a crowded stirring Town; young Archenholtz, among many others, going about in convalescent state,—not attending Gellert's course, that I hear of,—but noticing vividly to right and left. Much difficulty about the contributions, Archenholtz observes;—of course an ever-increasing difficulty, here as everywhere, in regard to finance! From Archenholtz chiefly, I present the following particulars; which, though in loose form, and without date, except the general one of Winter 1760-61, to any of them, are to be held substantially correct.

* * '"It is impossible to pay that Contribution," exclaim the 'Leipzigers: "you said, long since, it was to be 75,000*l.* on us by the 'year; and this year you rise to 160,000*l.*; more than double!"— '"Perhaps that is because you favoured the Reichsfolk while here?" 'answer the Prussians, if they answer anything: "It is the King's 'order. Pay it you must."—"Cannot; simply impossible." "Pos-'sible, we tell you, and also certain; we will burn your Leipzig if 'you don't!" And they actually, these Collector fellows, a stony-'hearted set, who had a percentage of their own on the sums levied,

[22] *Bericht von der bey Langensalza am 15 Februar 1761 vorgefallenen Action* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 75); Tempelhof, v. 22-27.
[23] Tempelhof, v. 48-57.

'got soldiers drawn out more than once pitch-link in hand, as if for 'immediate burning: but the Leipzigers thought to themselves, "King 'Friedrich is not a Soltikof!" and openly laughed at those pitch-links. 'Whereupon about a hundred of their Chief Merchants were thrown 'into prison,—one hundred or so, riddled down in a day or two to 'Seventeen; which latter Seventeen, as they stood out, were detained 'a good many days, how many is not said, but only that they were 'amazingly firm. Black-hole for lodging, bread-and-water for diet, 'straw for bed: nothing would avail on the Seventeen: "Impossible," 'they answered always; each unit of them, in sight of the other six-'teen, was upon his honour, and could not think of flinching. "You 'shall go for soldiers, then;—possibly you will prefer that, you fine 'powdered velvet gentlemen? Up, then, and march; here are your 'firelocks, your seventeen knapsacks: to the road with us; to Magde-'burg, there to get on drill!" Upon which the Seventeen, horror-'struck at such quasi-*actual* possibility, gave in.

'Magnanimous Gotzkowsky, who had come to Leipzig on business 'at the time' (which will give us a date for this by and by), 'and been 'solemnly applied to by Deputation of the Rath, pleaded with his 'usual zealous fidelity on their behalf; got various alleviations, abate-'ments; gave bills:—"Never was seen such magnanimity!" said the 'Leipzig Town-Council solemnly, as that of Berlin, in October last, 'had done.'[24]

Of course the difficulties, financial and other, are increasing every Winter;—not on Friedrich's side only. Here, for instance, from the Duchy of Göttingen, are some items in the French Account current, this Winter, which are also furnished by Archenholtz:

'For bed-ticking, 13,000 webs; of shirts ready-made, 18,000; 'shoes,' I forget in what quantity; but 'from the poor little Town of 'Duderstadt 600 pairs,—liability to instant flogging if they are not 'honest shoes; flogging, and the whole shoemaker guild summoned 'out to see it.' Hardy women the same Duderstadt has had to pro-duce: 300 of them, 'each with basket on back, who are carrying 'cannon-balls from the foundry at Lauterberg to Göttingen, the road 'being bad.'[25] 'These French are in such necessity,' continues Archen-holtz, 'they spare neither friend nor foe. The Frankish Circle, for 'example, pleads piteously in Reichs Diet that it has already smarted 'by this War to the length of 2,230,000*l.*, and entreats the Kaiser to 'bid Most Christian Majesty cease *his* exactions,—but without the 'least result.' Result! If Most Christian Majesty and his Pompadour will continue this War, is it he, or is it you, that can furnish the Magazines? 'Magazine-furnishings, over all Hessen and this part of 'Hanover, are enormous. Recruits too, native Hessian, native Han-

[24] Archenholtz, ii. 187-192. [25] Ib. ii. 237.

'overian, you shall furnish,—and "We will hang them, and do, if 'caught deserting" (to their own side)!'

I add only one other item from Archenholtz: 'Mice being busy in 'these Hanover Magazines, it is decided to have cats, and a requisition 'goes out accordingly' (cipher not given): 'cats do execution for a 'time, but cannot stand the confinement,' are averse to the solitary system, and object (think with what vocality!): 'upon which Hanover 'has to send foxes and weasels.'[26] These guardian animals, and the 300 women laden with cannon-balls from the forge, are the most peculiar items in the French Account current, and the last I will mention.

Difficulty, quasi-impossibility, on the French side, there evidently is, perhaps more than on any other. But Choiseul has many arts;—and his Official existence, were there nothing more, demands that he do the impossible now if ever. This Spring (26th March 1761), to the surprise and joy of mankind, there came formal Proposal, issuing from Choiseul, to which Maria Theresa and the Czarina had to put their signatures; regretting that the British-Prussian Proposal of last Year had, by ill accident, fallen to the ground, and now repeating it themselves (real "Congress at Augsburg," and all things fair and handsome) to Britannic and Prussian Majesties. Who answer (April 3d) as before, "Nothing with more willingness, we!"[27]

And there actually did ensue, at Paris, a vivid Negotiating all Summer; which ended, not quite in nothing, but in less, if we might say so. Considerably less, for some of us. We shall have to look what end *it* had, and Mauduit will look!—Most people, Pitt probably among the others, came to think that Choiseul, though his France is in beggary, had no real view from the first, except to throw powder in the eyes of France and mankind, to ascertain for himself on what terms those English would make Peace, and to get Spain drawn into his quarrel. A Choiseul with many arts. But we will leave him and his Peace-Proposals, and the other rumours and futilities of this Year. They are part of the sound and smoke which fill all Years; and which vanish into next to nothing, oftenest into pure nothing, when the Years have waited a little. Friedrich's finances, copper and other, were got completed; his Armies too were once more put on a passable footing;—and this Year will have its realities withal.

[26] Archenholtz, ii. 240.
[27] The "Declaration" (of France &c.), with the Answer or "Counter-Declaration," in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 12-16.

Gotzkowsky, in regard to those Leipzig Finance difficulties, yields me a date, which is supplementary to some of the Archenholtz details. I find it was 'January 20th, 1761,'—precisely while the Saldern Interview, and subsequent wreck of Hubertsburg, went on,—that 'Gotzkowsky arrived in Leipzig,'[28] and got those unfortunate Seventeen out of ward, and the contributions settled.

And withal, at Paris, in the same hours, there went on a thing worth noting. That January day, while Icilius was busy on the Schloss of Hubertsburg, poor old Maréchal de Belleisle, —mark him, reader!—'in the Rue de Lille at Paris,' lay sunk in putrid fever; and on the fourth day after, 'January 26th, 1761,' the last of the grand old Frenchmen died. 'He had 'been reported dead three days before,' says Barbier: 'the 'public wished it so; they laid the blame on him of this ap-'parent' (let a cautious man write it, 'apparent) derangement 'in our affairs,'—instead of thanking him for all he had done and suffered (loss of so much, including reputation and an only Son) to repair and stay the same. 'He was in his 77th 'year. Many people say, "We must wait three months, to see 'if we shall not regret him," '—even him![29] So generous are Nations.

Maréchal Duc de Belleisle was very wealthy: in Vernon Country, Normandy, he had estates and châteaux to the value of about 24,000*l.* annually. All these, having first accurately settled for his own debts, he, in his grand old way, childless, forlorn, but loftily polite to the last, bequeathed to the King. His splendid Paris Mansion he expressly left 'to serve in per-'petuity as a residence for the Secretary of State in the De-'partment of War:' a magnificent Town-House it is, '*hôtel* '*magnifique*, at the end of the Pont-Royal,'—which, I notice farther, is in our time called 'Hôtel de *Choiseul-Praslin*,'—a house latterly become horrible in men's memory, if my guess is right.

And thus vanishes, in sour dark clouds, the once great Belleisle. Grandiose, something almost of great in him, of sublime,—alas, yes, of too sublime; and of unfortunate beyond proportion, paying the debt of many foregoers! He too is a notability gone out, the last of his kind. Twenty years ago, he crossed the Œil-de-Bœuf with Papers, just setting out

[28] Rödenbeck, ii. 77. [29] Barbier, iv. 373; i. 154.

to cut Teutschland in Four; and in the Rue de Lille, No. 54, with that grandiose Enterprise drawing to its issue in universal defeat, disgrace, discontent and preparation for the General Overturn (*Culbute Générale* of 1789), he closes his weary old eyes. Choiseul succeeds him as War-Minister; War-Minister and Prime-Minister both in one;—and by many arts of leger-demain, and another real spasm of effort upon Hanover to do the impossible there, is leading France with winged steps the same road.

Since March 17th, Friedrich was no longer in Leipzig. He left at that time, for Meissen Country, and the Hill Cantonments,—organised there his little Expedition into Voigtland, for behoof of the Reichsfolk;—and did not return. Continued, mostly in Meissen Country, as the fittest for his many businesses, Army-regulatings and other. Till the Campaign come, we will remember of him nothing, but this little Note, and pleasant little Gift, to his *Chère Maman*, the day after his arrival in those parts:

To Madam Camas (at Magdeburg, with the Queen).

"Meissen, 20th March 1761.

"I send you, my dear Mamma, a little Trifle, by way of keepsake "and memento" (Snuftbox of Meissen Porcelain, with the figure of a Dog on the lid). "You may use the Box for your rouge, for your "patches, or you may put snuff in it, or *bonbons* or pills: but whatever "use you turn it to, think always, when you see this Dog, the Symbol "of Fidelity, that he who sends it outstrips, in respect of fidelity and "attachment to *Maman*, all the dogs in the world; and that his de-"votion to you has nothing whatever in common with the fragility of "the material which is manufactured hereabouts.

"I have ordered Porcelain here for all the world, for Schönhausen" (for your Mistress, my poor uncomplaining Wife), "for my Sisters-in-"law; in fact, I am rich in this brittle material only. And I hope the "receivers will accept it as current money: for, the truth is, we are "poor as can be, good Mamma; I have nothing left but honour, my "coat, my sword, and porcelain.

"Farewell, my beloved Mamma. If Heaven will, I shall one day "see you again face to face; and repeat to you, by word of mouth, "what I have already said and written; but, turn it and re-turn it as "I may, I shall never, except very incompletely, express what the "feelings of my heart to you are.—F."[30]

[30] Given in *Rödenbeck*, ii. 79; omitted, for I know not what reason, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 145: cited partly in *Preuss*, ii. 282.

Dec. 1760-April 1761.

*** It was during this Winter, if ever it was, that Friedrich received the following Letter from an aspiring Young Lady, just coming out, age seventeen,—in a remote sphere of things. In "Sleepy Hollow" namely, or the Court of Mirow in Mecklenburg-Strelitz, where we once visited with Friedrich almost thirty years ago. The poor collapsed Duke has ceased making dressing-gowns there; and this is his Niece, Princess Charlotte, Sister to the now reigning Duke.

This Letter, in the translated form, and the glorious results it had for some of us, are familiar to all English readers for the last hundred years. Of Friedrich's Answer to it, if he sent one, we have no trace whatever. Which is a pity, more or less;—though, in truth, the Answer could only have been some polite formality; the Letter itself being a mere breath of sentimental wind, absolutely without significance to Friedrich or anybody else,—except always to the Young Lady herself, to whom it brought a Royal Husband and Queenship of England, within a year. Signature, presumably, this Letter once had; date of place, of day, year, or even century (except by implication), there never was any: but judicious persons, scanning on the spot, have found that the "Victory" spoken of can only have meant Torgau; and that the aspiring Young Lady, hitherto a School Girl, not so much as "confirmed" till a month or two ago, age seventeen in May last, can only have written it, at Mirow, in the Winter subsequent.[31] Certain it is, in September *next*, September 1761, directly after George III.'s Wedding, there appeared in the English Newspapers, what doubtless had been much handed about in society before, the following '*Translation of a Letter, said to have been written by Princess Charlotte of Mecklenberg to the King of Prussia, on one of his Victories*,'—without farther commentary or remark of any kind; everybody then understanding, as everybody still. So notable a Document ought to be given in the Original as well (or in what passes for such), and with some approach to the necessary preliminaries of time and place:[32]

[*To his Majesty the King of Prussia* (in Leipzig, or Somewhere).

Mirow in Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Winter of 1760-61.]

"*Sire!—Ich weiss nicht, ob ich über Ewr. Majestät letzteren Sieg fröhlich oder traurig sein soll, weil eben der glückliche Sieg, der neue Lorbeern um Dero Scheitel geflochten hat, über mein Vaterland Jam-*

"*May it please your Majesty*,

"I am at a loss whether I shall congratulate or condole with you on your late victory; since the same success that has covered you with laurels has overspread the

[31] Ludwig Giesebrecht,—*Der Fürstenhof in Mirow während der Jahre* 1708-1761, in *Programm des vereinigten Königlichen und Stadt-Gymnasiums* for 1863 (Stettin, 1863), pp. 26-29,—enters into a minute criticism.

[32] From *Gentleman's Magazine* (for October 1761, xxxi. 447) we take, verbatim, the *Translation;* from *Preuss* (ii. 186) the '*Original*,' who does not say where he got it,—whether from an old German Newspaper or not.

mer und Elend verbreitet. Ich weiss, Sire, in diesem unserm lasterhaft verfeinerten Zeitalter werde ich verlacht werden, dass mein Herz über das Unglück des Landes trauert, dass ich die Drangsale des Krieges beweine, und von ganzer Seele die Rückkehr des Friedens wünsche. Selbst Sie, Sire, werden vielleicht denken, es schicke sich besser für mich, mich in der Kunst zu gefallen zu üben, oder mich nur um häusliche Angelegenheiten zu bekümmern. Allein dem seye wie ihm wolle, so fühlt mein Herz zu sehr für diese Unglücklichen, um eine dringende Fürbitte für dieselben zurück zu halten.

"Seit wenigen Jahren hatte dieses Land die angenehmste Gestalt gewonnen. Man traf keine verödete Stellen an. Alles war angebaut. Das Landvolk sah vergnügt aus, und in den Städten herrschte Wohlstand und Freude. Aber welch' eine Veränderung gegen eine so angenehme Scene! Ich bin in partheischen Beschreibungen nicht erfahren, noch weniger kann ich die Gräuel der Verwüstung mit erdichteten Schilderungen schrecklicher darstellen. Allein gewiss selbst Krieger, welche ein edles Herz und Gefühl besitzen, würden durch den Anblick dieser Scenen zu Thränen bewegt werden. Das ganze Land, mein werthes Vaterland, liegt da gleich einer Wüste. Der Ackerbau und die Viehzucht haben aufgehört. Der Bauer und der Hirt sind Soldaten worden, und in den Städten sieht man nur Greise, Weiber und Kinder, vielleicht noch hie und da einen jungen Mann, der aber durch empfangene Wunden ein Krüppel ist und den ihn umgebenden kleinen Knaben die Geschichte einer jeden

Country of Meckenburgh with desolation. I know, Sire, that it seems unbecoming my sex, in this age of vicious refinement, to feel for one's Country, to lament the horrors of war, or wish for the return of peace. I know you may think it more properly my province to study the art of pleasing, or to turn my thoughts to subjects of a more domestic nature: but, however unbecoming it may be in me, I can't resist the desire of interceding for this unhappy people.

"It was but a very few years ago that this territory wore the most pleasing appearance. The Country was cultivated, the peasant looked cheerful, and the towns abounded with riches and festivity. What an alteration at present from such a charming scene! I am not expert at description, nor can my fancy add any horrors to the picture; but sure even conquerors themselves would weep at the hideous prospect now before me. The whole Country, my dear Country, lies one frightful waste, presenting only objects to excite terror, pity and despair. The business of the husbandman and the shepherd are quite discontinued; the husbandman and the shepherd are become soldiers themselves, and help to ravage the soil they formerly occupied. The towns are inhabited only by old men, women and children; perhaps here and there a warrior, by wounds and loss of limbs rendered unfit for service, left at his door; his little children hang round him, ask a history of every wound,

Wunde mit einem so pathetischen Heldenton erzählt, dass ihr Herz schon der Trommel folgt, ehe sie recht gehen können. Was aber das Elend auf den höchsten Gipfel bringt, sind die immer abwechselnden Vorrückungen und Zurückziehungen beider Armeen, da selbst die, so sich unsre Freunde nennen, beim Abzuge alles mitnehmen und verheeren, und wenn sie wieder kommen, gleich viel wieder herbei geschafft haben wollen. Von Dero Gerechtigkeit, Sire, hoffen wir Hülfe in dieser äussersten Noth. An Sie, Sire, mogen auch Frauen, ja selbst Kinder ihre Klagen bringen. Sie, die sich auch zur niedrigsten Klasse gütigst herablassen, und dadurch, wenn es möglich ist, noch grösser werden, als selbst durch ihre Siege, werden die meinigen nicht unerhört lassen und, zur Ehre Dero eigenen Ruhmes, Bedrückungen und Drangsalen abhelfen, welche wider alle Menschenliebe und wider alle gute Kriegszucht streiten. Ich bin &c."

and grow themselves soldiers before they find strength for the field. But this were nothing, did we not feel the alternate insolence of either army, as it happens to advance or retreat. It is impossible to express the confusion, even those who call themselves our friends create. Even those from whom we might expect redress, oppress us with new calamities. From your justice, therefore, it is that we hope relief; to you even children and women may complain, whose humanity stoops to the meanest petition, and whose power is capable of repressing the greatest injustice.

"I am, Sire, &c."

It is remarked that this Young Lady, so amiably melodious in tone, though she might address to King Friedrich, seems to be writing to the wind; and that she gives nothing of fact or picture in regard to Mecklenburg, especially to Mecklenburg-*Strelitz*, but what is taken from her own beautiful young brain. All operatic, vague, imaginary, —some of it expressly untrue.[33] So that latterly there have been doubts as to its authenticity altogether![34] And in fact the Piece has a good deal the air of some School-Exercise, Model of Letter-writing, Patriotic Aspiration or the like;—thrown off, shall we say, by the young Parson of Mirow (Charlotte's late Tutor), with Charlotte there to *sign;* or by

[33] In Mecklenburg-*Schwerin*, which had always to smart sore for its Duke and the line he took, the Swedes, this year, as usual (but, *till* Torgau, with more hope than usual), had been trying for winter-quarters: and had by the Prussians, as usual, been hunted-out,—Eugen of Würtemberg speeding thither, directly after Torgau; Rostock his winter-quarters;—who, doubtless with all rigour, is levying contributions for Prussian behoof. But as to Mecklenburg-Strelitz,—see, for example, in *Schöning*, iii. 30 &c., an indirect but altogether conclusive proof of the perfectly amicable footing now and always subsisting there; Friedrich reluctant to intrude even with a small request or solicitation, on Eugen's behalf, at this time.

[34] 'Boll, *Geschichte Mecklenburgs mit besonderer Berücksichtigung der Culturgeschichte* (Neubrandenburg, 1856), ii. 303-305;'—cited by Giesebrecht, who himself takes the opposite view.

some Patriotic Schoolmaster elsewhere, anywhere, in a moment of enthusiasm, and *without* any Charlotte but a hypothetic one? Certainly it is difficult to fancy how a modest, rational, practical young person like Charlotte can have thought of so airy a feat of archery into the blue! Charlotte herself never disavowed it, that I heard of; and to Colonel Grahame the Ex-Jacobite, hunting about among potential Queens of England, for behoof of Bute and of a certain Young King and King's Mother, the Letter did seem abundantly unquestionable and adorable. Perhaps authentic, after all;—and certainly small matter whether or not.

CHAPTER VII.

SIXTH CAMPAIGN OPENS: CAMP OF BUNZELWITZ.

To the outward observer Friedrich stands well at present, and seems again in formidable posture. After two such Victories, and such almost miraculous recovery of himself, who shall say what resistance he will not yet make? In comparison with 1759 and its failures and disasters, what a Year has 1760 been! Liegnitz and Torgau, instead of Kunersdorf and Maxen, here are unexpected phenomena; here is a King risen from the deeps again,—more incalculable than ever to contemporary mankind. "How these things will end?" Fancy of what a palpitating interest *then*, while everybody watched the huge game as it went on; though it is so little interesting now to anybody, looking at it all finished! Finished; no mystery of chance, of world-hope or of world-terror now remaining in it; all is fallen stagnant, dull, distant;—and it will behove us to be brief upon it.

Contemporaries, and Posterity that will make study, must alike admit that, among the sons of men, few in any Age have made a stiffer fight than Friedrich has done and continues to do. But to Friedrich himself it is dismally evident, that year by year his resources are melting away; that a year must come when he will have no resource more. Ebbing very fast, his resources;—fast too, no doubt, those of his Enemies, but not *so* fast. They are mighty Nations, he is one small Nation. His thoughts, we perceive, have always, in the background of them, a hue of settled black. Easy to say, "Resist till we die;" but to go about, year after year, practically doing it, under cloudy omens, no end of it visible ahead, is not easy. Many men, Kings and other, have had to take that stern posture;—few

on sterner terms than those of Friedrich at present; and none that I know of with a more truly stoical and manful figure of demeanour. He is long used to it! Wet to the bone, you do not regard new showers; the one thing is, reach the bridge before *it* be swum away.

The usual hopes, about Turks, about Peace, and the like, have not been wanting to Friedrich this Winter; mentionable as a trait of Friedrich's character, not otherwise worth mention. Hope of aid from the Turks, it is very strange to see how he nurses this fond shadow, which never came to anything! Happily, it does not prevent, it rather encourages, the utmost urgency of preparation: "The readier we are, the likelier are Turks and everything!" Peace, at least, between France and England, after such a Proposal on Choiseul's part, and such a pass as France has really got to, was a reasonable probability. But indeed, from the first year of this War, as we remarked, Peace has seemed possible to Friedrich every year; especially from 1759 onward, there is always every winter a lively hope of Peace:—"No slackening of preparation; the reverse, rather; but surely the Campaign of next Summer will be cut short, and we shall all get home only half expended!"[1]

Practically, Friedrich has been raising new Free-Corps people, been recruiting, refitting and equipping, with more diligence than ever; and, in spite of the almost impossibilities, has two Armies on foot, some 96,000 men in all, for defence of Saxony and of Silesia,—Henri to undertake Saxony, *versus* Daun; Silesia, with Loudon and the Russians, to be Friedrich's heavier share. The Campaign, of which, by the one party and the other, very great things had been hoped and feared, seemed once as if it would begin two months earlier than usual; but was staved-off, a long time, by Friedrich's dexterities, and otherwise; and in effect did not begin, what we can call beginning, till two months later than usual. Essentially it fell, almost all, to Friedrich's share; and turned out as little decisive on him as any of its foregoers. The one memorable part of it now is, Friedrich's Encampment at Bunzelwitz; which did not occur till four months after Friedrich's appearance on the Field. And from the end of April, when Loudon made his first attempt, till the end of August, when

[1] Schöning (*in locis*).

Friedrich took that Camp, there was nothing but a series of attempts, all ineffectual, of demonstrations, marchings, manœuvrings and small events; which, in the name of every reader, demand condensation to the utmost. If readers will be diligent, here, so far as needful, are the prefatory steps.

Since Fouquet's disaster, Goltz generally has Silesia in charge; and does it better than expected. He was never thought to have Fouquet's talent in him; but he shows a rugged loyalty of mind, less egoistic than the fiery Fouquet's; and honestly flings himself upon his task, in a way pleasant to look at: pleasant to the King especially, who recognises in Goltz a useful, brave, frank soul;—and has given him, this Spring, the *Order of Merit*, which was a high encouragement to Goltz. In Silesia, after Kosel last Year, there had been truce between Goltz and Loudon; which should have produced repose to both; but did not altogether, owing to mistakes that rose. And at any rate, in the end of April, Loudon, bursting suddenly into Silesia with great increase to the forces already there, gave notice, as per bargain, That "in 96 hours" the Truce would expire. And waiting punctiliously till the last of said hours was run out, Loudon fell upon Goltz (*April 25th*, in the Schweidnitz-Landshut Country) with his usual vehemence;—meaning to get hold of the Silesian Passes, and extinguish Goltz (only 10 or 12,000 against 30,000), as he had done Fouquet last Year.

But Goltz took his measures better; seized 'the Gallows-Hill of Hohenfriedberg,' seized this and that; and stood in so forcible an attitude, that Loudon, carefully considering, durst not risk an assault; and the only result was: Friedrich hastened to relief of Goltz (rose from Meissen Country *May 3d*), and appeared in Silesia six weeks earlier than he had intended. But again took Cantonments there (Schweidnitz and neighbourhood);—Loudon retiring wholly, on first tidings of him, home to Bohemia again. Home in Bohemia; at Braunau, on the western edge of the Glatz Mountains,—there sits Loudon thenceforth, silent for a long time; silently collecting an Army of 72,000, with strict orders from Vienna to avoid fighting till the Russians come. Loudon has very high intentions this Year. Intends to finish Silesia altogether;—cannot he, after such a beginning upon Glatz last year? That is the firm no-

tion at Vienna among men of understanding: ever-active Loudon the favourite there, against a Cunctator who has been too cunctatory many times. Liegnitz itself, was not that (as many opine) a disaster due to cunctation, not of Loudon's?

Loudon is to be joined by 60,000 Russians, under a Feldmarschall Butturlin, not under sulky Soltikof, this Year; junction to be in Upper Silesia, in Neisse neighbourhood. "We take that Fortress," say the Vienna people; "it is next on the file after Glatz. Neisse taken; thence northward, cleaning the Country as we go; Brieg, Schweidnitz, Glogau, probably Breslau itself in some good interim: there are but Four Fortresses to do; and the thing is finished. Let the King, one to three, and Loudon in command against him, try if he can hinder it!" This is the Program in Vienna and in Petersburg. And, accordingly, the Russians have got on march about the end of May; plodding on ever since, due hereabouts before June end: "junction to be as near Neisse as you can: and no fighting of the King, on any terms, till the Russians come." Never were the Vienna people so certain before. Daun is to do nothing "rash" in Saxony (a Daun not given that way, they can calculate), but is to guard Loudon's game; carefully to reinforce, comfort and protect the brave Loudon and his Russians till they win;—after which, Saxony as rash as you like. This is the Program of the Season:—readers feel what an immensity of preliminary higglings, hitchings and manœuvrings will now demand to be suppressed by us! Read these essential Fractions, chiefly chronological;—and then, at once, To Bunzelwitz, and the time of close grips in Silesia here.

'Last Year,' says a loose Note, which we may as well take with us, 'Tottleben did not go home with the rest, but kept hovering about, 'in eastern Pommern, with a 10,000, all Winter; attempting several 'kinds of mischief in those Countries, especially attempting to do 'something on Colberg; which the Russians mean to besiege next 'Summer, with more intensity than ever, for the Third, and, if pos-'sible, the last time. "Storm their outposts there," thinks Tottle-'ben, "especially Belgard, the chief outpost; girdle tighter and tighter "the obstinate little crow's-nest of a Colberg, and have it ready for "besieging in good time." Tottleben did try upon the outposts, es-'pecially Belgard the chief one (January 18th, 1761), but without the 'least success at Belgard; with a severe reproof instead, Werner's 'people being broad awake:[2] upon which Tottleben and they made a

[2] Account of it, *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 670.

'truce, "Peaceable till May 12th;" till June 1st, it proved, about 'which time' (which time, or afterwards, as the Silesian crisis may admit !) 'we will look in on them again.'

May 3d, as above intimated, Friedrich hastened off for Silesia, quitted Meissen that day, with an Army of some 50,000; pressingly intent to relieve Goltz from his dangerous predicament there. This is one of Friedrich's famed marches, done in a minimum of time and with a maximum of ingenuity; concerning which I will remember only that, one night, 'he lodged again at Rodewitz, near Hochkirch, in the 'same house as on that Occasion' (what a thirty months to look back upon, as you sink to sleep !)—'and that no accident anywhere befell 'the March, though Daun's people, all through Saxony and the Lausitz, 'were hovering on the flank,—apprehensive chiefly lest it might mean a 'plunge *into Bohemia*, for relief of Goltz, instead of what it did.' For six weeks after that hard March, the King's people got Cantonments again, and rested.

Prince Henri is left in Saxony, with Daun in huge force against him, Daun and the Reich; between whom and Henri,—Seidlitz being in the field again with Henri, Seidlitz and others of mark,—there fell out a great deal of exquisite manœuvring, rapid detaching and occasional sharp cutting on the small scale; but nothing of moment to detain us here or afterwards. We shall say only that Henri, to a wonderful extent, maintained himself against the heavy overwhelming Daun and his Austrian and Reichs masses; and that Napoleon, I know not after what degree of study, pronounced this Campaign of 1761 to be the masterpiece of Henri, and really a considerable thing, '*La campagne de 1761 est 'celle où ce Prince a vraiment montré des talents supérieurs ;* the Battle of Freyberg' (wait till next Year) 'nothing in comparison.'[3] Which may well detain soldier-people upon it; but must not us, in any measure. The result of Henri being what we said,—a drawn game, or nearly so, —we will, without interference from him, follow Friedrich and Goltz.

Friedrich and Goltz,—or, alas, it is very soon Friedrich alone; the valiant Goltz soon perishing from his hand ! After brief junction in Schweidnitz Country, Friedrich detached Goltz to his old fortified Camp at Glogau, there to be on watch. Goltz watching there, lynx-eyed, skilful, volunteered a Proposal (June 22d) : "Reinforce me to 20,000, your Majesty; I will attack so and so of those advancing Russians !" Which his Majesty straightway approved of, and set going.[4] Goltz thereupon tasked all his energies, perhaps overmuch; and it was thought might at last really have done something for the King, in this matter of the Russians still in separate Divisions,—a thing feasible if you have energy and velocity; always unfeasible otherwise. But, alas, poor Goltz, just when ready to march, was taken with sudden violent

[3] Montholon, *Mémoires de Napoléon*, vii. 324.
[4] Goltz's Letter to the King, 'Glogau, 22d June 1761,' is in Tempelhof (v. 88-90), who thinks the plan good.

fever, the fruit probably of overwork; and, in that sad flame, blazed away his valiant existence in three or four days:—gone forever, June 30th, 1761; to the regret of Friedrich and of many.

Old Ziethen was at once pushed on, from Glogau over the frontier, to replace Goltz; but, I doubt, had not now the requisite velocity: Ziethen merely manœuvred about, and came home "attending the Russians," as Henri, Dohna and others had done. The Russians entered Silesia, from the north-east or Polish side, without difficulty; and (July 15th-20th) were within reach of Breslau and of an open road to southward, and to junction with Loudon, who is astir for them there. About Breslau they linger and higgle, at their leisure, for three weeks longer: and if their junction with the Austrians "in Neisse neighbourhood" is to be prevented or impeded, it is Friedrich, not Ziethen, that will have to do it.

Junction in Neisse neighbourhood (Oppeln, where it should have been, which is some 35 miles from Neisse), Friedrich did, by velocity and dexterity, contrive to prevent; but junction somewhere he probably knows to be inevitable. These are among Friedrich's famed marches and manœuvrings, these against the swift Loudon and his slow Russians; but we will not dwell on them. My readers know the King's manner in such cases; have already been on two Marches with him, and even in these same routes and countries. We will say only, that the Russians were and had been very dilatory; Loudon much the reverse; and their and Loudon's Adversary still more. That, for five days, the Russians, at length close to Breslau (August 6th-11th), kept vaguely cannonading and belching noise and apprehension upon the poor City, but without real damage to it, and as if merely to pass the time; and had gradually pushed out fore-posts, as far as Oppeln, towards Loudon, up their safe right bank of Oder. That Loudon, on the first glimpse of these, had made his best speed Neisse-ward; and did a march or two with good hope; but at Münsterberg (July 22d), on the morning of the third or fourth day's march, was astonished to see Friedrich ahead of him, nearer Neisse than he; and that in Neisse Country there was nothing to be done, no Russian junction possible there.

"Try it in Schweidnitz Country, then!" said Loudon. The Russians leave off cannonading Breslau; cross Oder, about Auras or Leubus (August 11th-12th); and Loudon, after some finessing, marches back Schweidnitz-way, cautiously, skilfully; followed by Friedrich, anxious to prevent a junction here too, or at lowest to do some stroke before it occur. A great deal of cunning marching, shifting and manœuvring there is, for days round Schweidnitz on all sides; encampings by Friedrich, now Liegnitz headquarter, now Wahlstadt, now Schönbrunn, Striegau;—without the least essential harm to Loudon, or likelihood increasing that the junction can be hindered. No offer of battle either; Loudon is not so easy to beat as some. The Russians come on at a snail's pace, so Loudon thinks it, who is extremely impatient; but makes no mistakes in consequence, keeps himself safe (Kunzendorf, on

the edge of the Glatz Hills, his main post), and the roads open for his heavy-footed friends.

In Nicolstadt, a march from Wahlstadt, 16th August, there are 60,000 Russians in front of Friedrich, 72,000 Austrians in rear: what can he, with at the very utmost 57,000, do against them? Now was the time to have fallen upon the King, and have consumed him between two fires, as it is thought might have been possible, had they been simultaneous, and both of them done it with a will. But simultaneity was difficult, and the will itself was wanting, or existed only on Loudon's side. Nothing of the kind was attempted on the confederate part, still less on Friedrich's,—who stands on his guard, and, from the Heights about, has at last to witness what he cannot hinder. Sees both Armies on march; Austrians from the south-east or Kunzendorf-Freyberg side, Russians from the north-east or Kleinerwitz side, wending in many columns by the back of Jauer and the back of Liegnitz respectively; till (August 18th) they 'join hands,' as it is termed, or touch mutually by their light troops; and on the 19th (Friedrich now off on another scheme, and *not* witnessing), fall into one another's arms, ranked all in one line of posts.[5] "Can the Reichshofrath say our junction is not complete?" And so ends what we call the Prefatory part; and the time of Close Grips seems to be come!—

Friedrich has now nothing for it but to try if he cannot possibly get hold of Kunzendorf (readers may look in their Map*), and cut-off Loudon's staff of bread; Loudon's, and Butturlin's as well; for the whole 130,000 are now to be fed by Loudon, and no slight task he will find it. By rushing direct on Kunzendorf with such a velocity as Friedrich is capable of, it is thought he might have managed Kunzendorf; but he had to mask his design, and march by the rear or east side of Schweidnitz, not by the west side: "They will think I am making off in despair, intending for the strong post of Pilzen there, with Schweidnitz to shelter me in front!" hoped Friedrich (morning of the 19th), as he marched off on that errand. But on approaching in that manner, by the bow, he found that Loudon had been quite sceptical of such despair, and at any rate had, by the string, made sure of Kunzendorf and the food-sources. August 20th, at break of day, scouts report the Kunzendorf ground thoroughly beset again, and Loudon in his place there. No use marching thitherward farther:—whither now, therefore?

Friedrich knows Pilzen, what an admirable post it really is; except only that Schweidnitz will be between the enemy and him, and liable to be besieged by them; which will never do!

[5] Tempelhof, v. 58-150.

* See Map, p. 222 *a*.

Friedrich, on the moment of that news from Kunzendorf, gets on march, not by the east side (as intended till the scouts came in), but by the west or exposed side of Schweidnitz:—he stood waiting, ready for either route, and lost not a moment on his scouts coming in. All upon the road by 3 A.M. August 20th; and encamps, still at an early hour, midway between Schweidnitz and Striegau: right wing of him at Zedlitz (if the reader look on his Map), left wing at Jauernik; headquarters, Bunzelwitz, a poor Village, celebrated ever since in War-annals. And begins (that same evening, the earlier or *rested* part of him begins) digging and trenching at a most extraordinary rate, according to plan formed; no enemy taking heed of him, or giving the least molestation. This is the world-famous Camp of Bunzelwitz, upon which it is worth while to dwell for a little.

To common eyes the ground hereabouts has no peculiar military strength: a wavy champaign, with nothing of abrupt or high, much of it actual plain, excellent for cavalry and their work;—this latter, too, is an advantage, which Friedrich has well marked, and turns to use in his scheme. The area he takes in is perhaps some seven or eight miles long, by as many broad. On the west side runs the still-young Striegau Water, defensive more or less; and on the farther bank of it green little Hills, their steepest side stream-ward. Inexpugnable Schweidnitz, with its stores of every kind, especially with its store of cannon and of bread, is on the left or east part of the circuit; in the intervening space are peaceable farm-villages, spots of bog; knolls, some of them with wood. Not a village, bog, knoll, but Friedrich has caught up, and is busy profiting by. "Swift, *Bursche*, dig ourselves in here, and be ready for any quotity and quantity of them, if they dare attack!"

And 25,000 spades and picks are at work, under such a Field-Engineer as there is not in the world when he takes to that employment. At all hours, night and day, 25,000 of them: half the Army asleep, other half digging, wheeling, shovelling; plying their utmost, and constant as Time himself: these, in three days, will do a great deal of spade-work. Batteries, redoubts, big and little; spare not for digging. Here is ground for Cavalry, too; post them here, there, to bivouac in readiness, should our Batteries be unfortunate. Long Trenches there are, and also short; Batteries commanding every ingate, and under them are Mines: "We will blow you and our Bat-

teries both into the air, in case of capture!" think the Prussians, the common men at least, if Friedrich do not. 'Mines, 'and that of being blown into the air,' says Tempelhof, 'are 'always very terrible to the common man.' In places there are 'Trenches 16 feet broad, by 16 deep,' says an admiring Archenholtz, who was in it: 'and we have two of those *Flat-* '*terminen* (scatter-mines,' blowing-up apparatuses) 'to each battery.'[6]

'Bunzelwitz, Jauernik, Tschechen and Peterwitz, all forti- 'fied,' continues Archenholtz: 'Würben, in the centre, is like 'a citadel, looking down upon Striegau Water. Heavy can- 'non, plenty of them, we have brought from Schweidnitz: we 'have 460 pieces of cannon in all and 182 mines. Würben, our 'citadel and centre, is about five miles from Schweidnitz. Our 'intrenchments'—You already heard what gulfs some of them were! 'Before the lines are palisades, storm-posts, the things 'we call Spanish Horse (*chevaux-de-frise*);—woods we have in 'abundance in our Circuit, and axes busy for carpentries of 'that kind. There are four intrenched knolls; 24 big batteries, 'capable of playing beautifully, all like pieces in a concert.' Four knolls elaborately intrenched, clothed with cannon; founded upon *flatter*-mines: try where you will to enter, such torrents of death-shot will converge on you, and a concert of 24 big batteries begin their music!—

On the third day, Loudon, looking into this thing, which he has not minded hitherto, finds it such a thing as he never dreamt of before. A thing strong as Gibraltar, in a manner;—which it will be terribly difficult to attack with success! For eight days more Friedrich did not rest from his spade-work; made many changes and improvements, till he had artificially made a very Stolpen of it, a Plauen, or more. Cogniazzo, the *Austrian Veteran*, says: 'Plauen, and Daun's often-ridiculed 'precautions there, were nothing to it. Not as if Bunzelwitz 'had been so inaccessible as our sheer rocks there; but be- 'cause it is a masterpiece of Art, in which the principles of 'tactics are combined with those of field-fortification, as never 'before.' Tielke grows quite eloquent on it: 'A masterpiece 'of judgment in ground,' says he; 'and the treatment of it a 'model of sound, true and consummate field-engineering.'[7]

[6] Archenholtz, ii. 262, &c.

[7] Tielke, iii. § *Bunzelwitz* (which is praised as an attractive Piece); *Oesterreichischer Veteran*, iv. 79: cited in *Preuss*, ii. 285.

Ziethen, appointed to that function, watches on the Heights of Würben, the citadel of the place: keeps a sharp eye to the south-west. All round, in huge halfmoon on the edge of the Hills over there, six or more miles from Ziethen, lie the angry Enemies; Austrians south and nearest, about Kunzendorf and Freyberg. Russians are on the top of Striegau Hills, which are well known to some of us; Russian headquarter is Hohenfriedberg,—who would have thought it, Herr General von Ziethen? Sixteen years ago, we have seen these Heights in other tenancy: Austrian field-music and displayed banners coming down; a thousand and a thousand Austrian watch-fires blazing out yonder, in the silent June night, eve of such a Day! Baireuth Dragoons and their No. 67;—you will find the Baireuth Dragoons still here in a sense, but also in a sense *not.* Their fencing Chasot is gone to Lübeck long since; will perhaps pay Friedrich a visit by and by: their fiery Gessler is gone much farther, and will never visit anybody more! Many were the reapers then, and they are mostly gone to rest. Here is a new harvest; the old *sickles* are still here; but the hands that wielded them— !—"Steady!" answers the Herr General; profoundly aware of all that, but averse to words upon it.

Fancy Loudon's astonishment, on the third day: "While we have sat consulting how to attack him, there is he,—unattackable, shall we say?" Unattackable, Loudon will not consent to think him, though Butturlin has quite consented. "Difficult, murderous," thinks Loudon; "but possible, certain, could Butturlin but be persuaded!" And tries all his rhetoric on Butturlin: "Shame on us!" urges the ardent Loudon: "Imperial and Czarish Majesties; Kriegshofrath, Russian Senate; Vienna, Petersburg, Versailles and all the world,—what are they expecting of us? To ourselves it seemed certain, and here we sit helplessly gazing!" Loudon is very diligent upon Butturlin: "Do but believe that it is possible. A plan can be made; many plans: the problem is solved, if only your Excellency will believe." Which Butturlin never quite will.

Nobody knows better than Friedrich in what perilous crisis he now stands: beaten here, what army or resource has he left? Silesia is gone from him; by every likelihood, the game is gone. This of Bunzelwitz is his last card; this is now his one stronghold in the world:—we need not say if he is vigilant

in regard to this. From about the fourth day, when his engineering was only complete in outline, he particularly expects to be attacked. On the fifth night he concludes it will be; knowing Loudon's way. Towards sunset, that evening (August 25th), all the tents are struck: tents, cookeries, every article of baggage, his own among the rest, are sent to Würben Heights (to Schweidnitz, Archenholtz says; but has misremembered): the ground cleared for action. And horse and foot, every man marches out, and stands ready under arms.

Contrary to everybody's expectation, not a shot was heard, that night. Nor the next night, nor the next: but the practice of vigilance was continued. Punctual as mathematics: at a given hour of the afternoon, tents are all struck; tents and furnitures, field swept clear; and the 50,000 in their places wait under arms. Next morning, nothing having fallen out, the tents come back; the Army (half of it at once, or almost the whole of it, according to aspects) rests, goes to sleep if it can. By night there is vigilance, is work, and no sleep. It is felt to be a hard life, but a necessary.

Nor in these labours of detail is the King wanting; far from it; the King is there, as ear and eye of the whole. For the King alone there is, near the chief Battery, 'on the Pfarrberg, namely, in the clump of trees there,' a small Tent, and a bundle of straw where he can lie down, if satisfied to do so. If all is safe, he will do so; but perhaps even still he soon awakens again; and strolls about among his guard-parties, or warms himself by their fires. One evening, among the orders, is heard this item: "And remember, a lock of straw, will you,—that I may not have to sleep on the ground, as last night!"[8] Many anecdotes are current to this day, about his pleasant homely ways and affabilities with the sentry people, and the rugged hospitalities they would show him at their watch-fires. "Good-evening, children." "The same to thee, Fritz." "What is that you are cooking?"—and would try a spoonful of it, in such company; while the rough fellows would forbid smoking, "Don't you know he dislikes it?" "No, smoke away!" the King would insist.

Mythical mainly, these stories; but the dialect of them true; and very strange to us. Like that of an Arab Sheik among his tribesmen; like that of a man whose authority needs no keep-

[8] Seyfarth, iii. 16 n.

ing up, but is a Law of Nature to himself and everybody. He permits a little bantering even; a rough joke against himself, if it spring sincerely from the complection of the fact. The poor men are terribly tired of this work: such bivouacking, packing, unpacking; and continual waiting for the tug of battle, which never comes. Biscuits, meal are abundant enough; but flesh-meat wearing low; above all, no right sleep to be had. Friedrich's own table, I should think, is very sparingly beset ("A cup of chocolate is my dinner on marching-days," wrote he once, this Season); certainly his Lodging,—damp ground, and the straw sometimes forgotten,—is none of the best. And thus it has to last, night after night and day after day. On September 8th, General Bülow went out for a little butcher's-meat; did bring home '200 head of neat cattle' (I fear, not very fat) 'and 300 sheep.'[9]

Loudon, all this while, is labouring, as man seldom did, to bring Butturlin to the striking place; who continues flaccid, Loudon screwing and rescrewing, altogether in vain. Loudon does not deny the difficulty; but insists on the possibility, the necessity: Councils of War are held, remonstrances, encouragements. "We will lend you a Corps," answers Butturlin; "but as to our Army coöperating,—except in that far-off way, it is too dangerous!" Meanwhile provisions are running low; the time presses. A formal Plan, presented by the ardent Loudon, —Loudon himself to take the deadlier part,—"Mark it, noble Russian gentlemen; and you to have the easier!"—surely that is loyal, and not in the old cat's-paw way? But in that, too, there is an offence. Butturlin and the Russians grumble to themselves: "And you to take all the credit, as you did at Kunersdorf? A mere adjunct, or auxiliary, we:—and we are a Feldmarschall; and you, what is your rank and seniority?" In short, they will not do it; and in the end coldly answer: "A Corps, if you like; but the whole Army, positively no." Upon which Loudon goes home half mad; and has a colic for eight-and-forty hours. This was September 2d; the final sour refusal;—nearly heart-breaking to Loudon. Provisions are run so low withal; the Campaign season all but done; result, nothing: not even an attempt at a result.

No Prussian, from Friedrich downwards, had doubted but the attack would be: the grand upshot and fiery consumma-

[9] Tempelhof, v. 172.

tion of these dark continual hardships and nocturnal watchings. Thrice over, on different nights, the Prussians imagined Loudon to have drawn out, intending actual business; and thrice over to have drawn in again,—instead of once only, as was the fact, and then taken colic.[10] Friedrich's own notion, that 'over dinner, glass in hand,' the two Generals had, in the enthusiasm of such a moment, agreed to do it, but on sober inspection found it too dubious,[11] appears to be ungrounded. Whether they could in reality have stormed him, had they all been willing, is still a question; and must continue one. Wednesday evening 9th September, there was much movement noticeable in the Russian camp; also among the Austrian, there are regiments, foot and horse, coming down hitherward: "Meaning to try it, then?" thought Friedrich, and got at once under arms. Suppositions were various; but about 10 at night, the whole Russian Camp went up in flame; and, next morning, the Russians were not there.

Russian main Army clean gone; already got to Jauer, as we hear; and Beck with a Division to see them safe across the Oder;—only Czernichef and 20,000 being left, as a Corps of Loudon's. Who, with all Austrians, are quiet in their Heights of Kunzendorf again. And thus, on the twentieth morning, September 10th, this strange Business terminated. Shot of those batteries is drawn again; powder of those mines lifted out again: no firing of your heavy Artillery at all, nor even of your light, after such elaborate charging and shoving of it hither and thither for the last three weeks. The Prussians cease their bivouacking, nightly striking of tents; and encamp henceforth in a merely human manner; their "Spanish Riders" (*Frisian* Horse, *Chevaux-de-Frise*, others of us call them), their Storm-pales and elaborate wooden Engineerings, they gradually burn as fuel in the cold nights; finding Loudon absolutely quiescent, and that the thing is over, for the present. One huge peril handsomely staved away, though so many others impend.

By way of accelerating Butturlin, Friedrich, next day, September 11th, dispatched General Platen with some 8,000 (so I will guess them from Tempelhof's enumeration by battalions), to get round the flank of Butturlin, and burn his Maga-

[10] Tempelhof, v. 170. [11] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 125.

zines. Platen, a valiant skilful person, did this business, as he was apt to do, in a shining style; shot dexterously forward by the skirts of Butturlin; heard of a big *Wagenburg* or Travelling Magazine of his, at Gostyn over the Polish Frontier; in fact, his travelling breadbasket, arranged as "Wagon-fortress" in and round some Convent there, with trenches, brick walls, cannon and defence considered strong enough for so important a necessary of the road. September 15th, Platen, before cock-crow, burst out suddenly on this Wagon-fortress, with its cannons, trenches, brick walls and defensive Russians; stormed into it with extraordinary fury: "Fixed bayonets," ordered he, at the main point of their defence, "not a shot till they are tumbled out!"—tumbled them out accordingly, into flight and ruin; took of prisoners 1,845, seven cannon, and burnt the 5,000 provender wagons, which was the soul of the adventure; and directly got upon the road again.[12] Detachments of him then fell on Posen, on Posen and other small Russian repositories in those parts,—hay-magazines, biscuit-stores, soldiers' uniforms; distributed or burnt the same;—completely destroying the travelling haversack or general road-bag of Butturlin: a Butturlin that will have to hasten forward or starve.

Which done, Platen (not waiting the King's new orders, but anticipating them, to the King's great contentment) marched instantly, with his best speed and skilfulest contrivance of routes and methods, not back to the King, but onward towards Colberg,—(which he knows, as readers shall anon, to be much in need of him at present);—and without injury, though begirt all the way by a hurricane of Cossacks and light people doing their utmost upon him, arrived there September 25th; victoriously cutting-in across the Besieging Party: and will again be visible enough when we arrive there. Indignant Butturlin chased violently, eager to punish Platen; but could get no hold: found Platen was clear off, to Pommern,—on what errand Butturlin knew well, if not so well what to do in consequence. "Reinforce our poor Besiegers there, and again reinforce" (to enormous amounts, 40,000 of them in the end); —"get bread from them withal:—and, before long, flow bodily thitherward, for bread to ourselves and for their poor sake!" That, on the whole, was what Butturlin did.

[12] Tempelhof, v. 281-293; *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 643-649.

Friedrich stayed at Bunzelwitz above a fortnight after Butturlin. "Why did not Friedrich stay altogether, and wait here?" said some, triumphantly soon after. That was not well possible. His Schweidnitz Magazine is worn low; not above a month's provision now left for so many of us. The rate of sickness, too, gets heavier and heavier in this Bunzelwitz Circuit. In fine, it is greatly desirable that Loudon, who has nothing but Bohemia for outlook, should be got to start thither as soon as possible, and be quickened homeward. September 25th-26th, Friedrich will be under way again.

And, in the mean while, may not we employ this fortnight of quiescence in noting certain other things of interest to him and us, which have occurred, or are occurring, in other parts of the Field of War? Of Henri in Saxony we undertook to say nothing; and indeed hitherto,—big Daun with his Lacys and Reichsfolk, lying so quiescent, tethered by considerations (Daun continually detaching, watching, for support of his Loudon and Russians and their thrice-important operation, which has just had such a finish),—there could almost nothing be said. Nothing hitherto, or even henceforth, as it proves, except mutual vigilances, multifarious bickerings, manœuvrings, affairs of posts: sharp bits of cutting (Seidlitz, Green Kleist and other sharp people there); which must not detain us in such speed. But there are two points, the Britannic-French Campaign, and the Third Siege of Colberg; which in no rate of speed could be quite omitted.

Of Ferdinand's Battle of Vellinghausen (15th-16th July); *and the Campaign* 1761.

Vellinghausen is a poor little moory Hamlet in Paderborn Country, near the south or left bank of the Lippe River; lies to the north of Soest,—some 15 miles to your left-hand there, as you go by rail from Aachen to Paderborn;—but nobody now has ever heard of it at Soest or elsewhere, famous as it once became a hundred years ago. Ferdinand had taken a singular position there, in the early days of July 1761. Here is brief Notice of that Affair, and of some results, or adjuncts, still more important, which it had:

'This Year, Ferdinand's Campaign is more difficult than ever; 'Choiseul having made a quite spasmodic effort towards Hanover, 'while negotiating for Peace. Two Armies, counting together 160,000

'men, in great completeness of equipment, Choiseul has got on foot, 'against Ferdinand's of 95,000. Had a fine dashing plan, too;—de- 'vised by himself (something of a Soldier he too, and full of what the 'messrooms call "dash");—not so bad a Plan of the dashing kind, say 'judges. But it was marred sadly in one point: That Broglio, on 'issuing from his Hessian Winter-quarters, is not to be sole General; 'that Soubise, from the Lower-Rhine Country, is to be Co-General; '—such the inexorable will of Pompadour. This clause of the business 'Ferdinand, at an early stage, appears to have guessed or discerned 'might, for him, be the saving clause.

'Now, as formerly, Ferdinand's first grand business is to guard 'Lippstadt,—guard it now from these two Generals:—and, singular to 'see, instead of opposing the junction of them, he has submitted cheer- 'fully to let them join. And in the course of a week or two after 'taking the field, is found to be on the western or outmost flank of 'Soubise, crushing him up towards Broglio, not otherwise! And has, 'partly by accident, taken a position at Vellinghausen which infinitely 'puzzles Broglio and Soubise, when they rush into junction at Soest '(July 6th), and study the thing, with their own eyes, "for eight whole 'days, in concert." What continual reconnoitering, galloping about of 'high-plumed gentlemen together or apart; what *memoir*-ing, mutual 'consulting, beating of brains, to little purpose, during those eight 'days!—

'Ferdinand stands in moory difficult ground, length of him about 'eight miles, looking eastward; with his left at Vellinghausen and the 'Lippe; centre of him is astride of the Ahse (centre partly, and right 'wing wholly, are on the south side of Ahse), which is a branch of 'Lippe; and in front, he has various little Hamlets, Kirch-Denkern' (*Kirch*-Denkern, for there are three or four other Denkerns thereabouts), 'Scheidingen, Wambeln and others; and his right wing is covered far- 'ther by a quaggy brook, which runs into the abovesaid Ahse, and is a '*sub*-branch of Lippe. At most of these Villages Ferdinand has thrown- 'up something of earthworks: there are bogs, rough places, woods; all 'are turned to advantage. Ferdinand is in a strongish, but yet a dan- 'gerous position; and will give difficulties, and does give endless du- 'bieties, to these high-plumed gentlemen galloping about with their spy- 'glasses for eight days. One possibility they pretty soon discern in him: 'His left flank rests on Lippe, yes; but his right flank is in the air, has 'nothing to rest on;—here surely is some possibility for us? A strong 'Position, that of his; but if driven out of it by any method, he has no 'retreat; is tumbled back into the *angle* where Ahse and Lippe meet, 'and into the little Town of Hamm there, where his Magazine is. What 'a fate for him, if we succeed!—

'Ferdinand, by the incessant reconnoitering and other symptoms, 'judges what is coming; concludes he will be attacked in this posture 'of his; and on the whole, what critics now reckon very wise and very 'courageous of him, determines to stand his chance in it. The con-

'sultations of Broglio and Soubise are a thing unique to look upon; 'spread over volumes of Official Record, and about a volume and a 'half even of *Bourcet*, where it is still almost amusing to read;[13] and 'ending in helpless downbreak on both parts. Of strategic faculty no- 'body supposes they had much, and nearly all of it is in Broglio; Sou- 'bise being strong in Court-favour only. Exquisitely polite they both 'strive to be; and under the exquisite politeness, what infirmities of 'temper, splenetic suspicions, and in fact mutual hatred lay hidden, 'could never be accurately known. "Attack him, Sunday next; on 'the 13th!" so, at the long last, both of them had said. And then, 'on more reflection, Broglio afterwards: "Or not till the 15th, M. le 'Prince; till I reconnoitre yet again, and drive-in his outposts?" "M. 'le Maréchal's will is always mine: Tuesday 15th, reconnoitre him, 'drive him in; be it so, then!" answers Soubise, with extreme polite- 'ness,—but thinking in his own mind (or thought to be thinking), '"Wants to do it himself, or to get the credit of doing it, as in former 'cases; and bring me into disgrace!" Not quite an insane notion 'either, on Soubise's part, say some who have looked into the Broglio- 'Soubise Controversy;—which far be it from any of us, at this or at 'any time, to do. Here are the facts that ensued.

'*Tuesday July 15th*, 1761, Broglio reconnoitered with intensity all 'day, drove in all Ferdinand's outposts; and about six in the evening, 'seeing hope of surprise, or spurred by some notion of doing the feat by 'himself, suddenly burst into onslaught on Ferdinand's Position: '"Vellinghausen yonder, and the woody strengths about,—could not 'we get hold of that; it would be so convenient tomorrow morning!" 'Granby and the English are in camp about Vellinghausen; and are 'taken quite on the sudden: but they drew-out rapidly, in a state of 'bottled indignation, and fought, all of them,—Pembroke's Brigade of 'Horse, Cavendish's of Foot, *Berg-Schotten*, Maxwell's Brigade and the 'others, in a highly satisfactory way,—"*mit unbeschreiblicher Tapfer-* '*keit*," says Mauvillon on this occasion again. Broglio truly has burst- 'out into enormous cannonade, musketade and cavalry-work, in this 'part; and struggles at it, almost four hours,—a furious, and especially 'a very noisy business, charging, recharging through the woods there; '—but, met in this manner, finds he can make nothing of it; and about '10 at night, leaves off till a new morning.

'Next morning, about 4, Broglio, having diligently warned Sou- 'bise overnight, recommenced; again very fiercely, and with loud can- 'nonading; but with result worse than before. Ferdinand overnight, 'while Broglio was warning Soubise, had considerably strengthened 'his left wing here,—by detachments from the right or Anti-Soubise 'wing; judging, with good foresight, how Soubise would act. And

[13] *Mémoires Historiques* (that is to say, for most part, Selection of Official Papers) *sur la Guerre que les Français ont soutenue en Allemagne depuis 1757 jusqu'au 1762*: par M. de Bourcet, Lieutenant-Général des Armées du Roi (3 tomes, Paris, 1792);—worthily done; but occupied, two-thirds of it, with this Vellinghausen and the paltry 'Campaign of 1761'!

'accordingly, while poor Broglio kept storming forward with his best 'ability, and got always hurled back again, Soubise took matters easy; '"had understood the hour of attack to be" so-and-so, "had under-'stood" this and that; and on the whole, except summoning or threat-'ening, in the most languid way, one outlying redoubt ("reboubt of 'Scheidingen") on Ferdinand's right wing, did nothing, or next to no-'thing, for behoof of his Broglio. Who, hour after hour, finds him-'self ever worse bested;—those Granby people proving "indescribable" 'once more' (their Wutgenau also with his Hanoverians *not* being absent, as they rather were last night);—'and about 10 in the morning 'gives-up the bad job; and sets about retiring. If retiring be now per-'missible; which it is not altogether. Ferdinand, watching intently 'through his glass the now silent Broglio, discerns "Some confusion in 'the Maréchal yonder!"—and orders a general charge of the left wing 'upon Broglio; which considerably quickened his retreat; and broke 'it into flight, and distressful wreck and capture, in some parts,—Regi-'ment *Rouge*, for one item, falling wholly, men, cannon, flags and 'furniture, to that Maxwell and his Brigade.

'Ferdinand lost, by the indistinct accounts, "from 1,500 to 2,000:" 'Broglio's loss was "above 5,000; 2,000 of them prisoners." Soubise, 'for his share, "had of killed 24,"—O you laggard of a Soubise![14] 'And it is a Battle lost to Choiseul's grand Pair of Armies; a Cam-'paign checked in mid volley; and nothing but recriminations, courts-'martial, shrieky jargonings,—and plain incompatibility between the 'two Maréchaux de France; so that they had to part company, and 'go each his own road henceforth. Choiseul remonstrates with them, 'urges, encourages; writes the "admirablest Despatches;" to no pur-'pose. "How ridiculous and humiliating would it be for us, if, with 'Two Armies of such strength, we accomplished nothing, and the 'whole Campaign were lost!" writes he once to them.

'Which was in fact the result arrived at; the two Generals parting 'company for this Campaign (and indeed for all others); and each, in 'his own way, proving futile. Soubise, with some 30,000, went gas-'conading about, in the Westphalian, or extreme western parts; taking 'Embden (from two Companies of Chelsea Pensioners; to whom he 'broke his word, poor old souls;—to whom, and much more to the 'Populations there[15]),—taking Embden, *not* taking Bremen; and in

[14] Mauvillon, ii. 171-189; Tempelhof, v. 207-221; Bourcet, ii. 75 et seq. In *Helden-Geschichte* (vi. 770-782-792) the French Account, and the English (or Allied), with *Lists*, and the like. Slight *Letter* from Sir Robert Murray Keith to his Excellency Papa, now at Petersburg, 'Excellency first,' as we used to define him, stands in the miserably edited *Memoirs and Correspondence* (London, 1849), i. 104-5; and may tempt you to a reading; but alters nothing, adds little or nothing. Sir R. fights here as a Colonel of Highlanders, but afterwards became 'Excellency second' of his name.

[15] *Letter from a French Protestant Gentleman at Gröningen;* followed by confirmatory *Letter from* &c. &c. (copied into *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1761), give special details of the altogether *Ultra*-Soltikof atrocities perpetrated by Soubise's people (doubtless against his will) on the recalcitrant or disaffected Peasants, on the &c. &c.

'fact doing nothing, except keep the Gazetteers in vain noise: a Sou-'bise not in force, by himself, to shake Ferdinand; and who, it is re-'marked, now and formerly, always prefers to be at a good distance 'from that Gentleman. Broglio, on the other hand, keeps violently 'pulsing out, round Ferdinand's flanks; taking Wolfenbüttel (Broglio's 'for two days), besieging Brunswick (for one day);—and, in short, leav-'ing, he too, the matter as he had found it. A man of difficult, litigious 'temper, I should judge; but clearly has something of generalship: '"does understand tactic, if strategy *not*," said everybody; "while 'Soubise, in both capacities, is plain zero!"[16] The end, however, was: 'next Winter, Broglio got dismissed, in favour of Soubise;—rest from 'shrieky jargon having its value to some of us; and "hold of Han-'over" being now plainly a matter hopeless to France and us.'

In this Battle a fine young Prince of Brunswick got killed; Erbprinz's second Brother;—leading on a Regiment of *Berg-Schotten*, say the accounts.[17] Berg-Schotten, and English generally, Pembroke's Horse, Cavendish's Brigade,—we have mentioned their behaviour; and how Maxwell's Brigade took one whole regiment prisoners, in that final charge on Broglio. "What a glorious set of fellows!" said the English people over their beer at home. Beer let us fancy it; at the sign of *The Marquis of Granby*, which is now everywhere prevalent and splendent;—the beer, we will hope, good. And as this is a thing still said, both over beer and higher liquors, and perhaps is liable to be too much insisted on, I will give, from a candid Bystander, who knows the matter well, what probably is a more solid and circumstantially correct opinion. Speaking of Ferdinand's skill of management, and of how very composite a kind his Army was, Major Mauvillon has these words:

'The first in rank,' of Ferdinand's Force, 'were the English; about a fourth part of the whole Army. Braver troops, when on the field 'of battle and under arms against the enemy, you will nowhere find 'in the world: that is a truth;—and with that the sum of their military 'merits ends. In the first place, their Infantry consists of such an un-'selected hand-over-head miscellany of people, that it is highly difficult 'to preserve among them even a shadow of good discipline,'—of *Manns-zucht*, in regard to plunder, drinking and the like; does not mean

[16] Excellency Stanley (see *infrà*) to Pitt, 'Paris, 30th July 1761:' in *Thackeray*, ii. 561-2.

[17] '*The Life of Prince Albert Henry*' (had lived only 19 years, poor youth, not much of a "Life"!—but the account of his Education is worth reading, from a respectable Eyewitness) '*of Brunswick-Luneburg, Brother to the Hereditary Prince; 'who so eminently &c. at Vellinghausen* &c. &c. (London, Printed for &c. 1763). *Written originally in German by the Rev. Mr. Hierusalem*' (Father of the "Young Jerusalem" who killed himself afterwards, and became, in a sense, Goethe's *Werther* and *Sorrows*). Price, probably, Twopence.

Kriegszucht, or drill. 'Their Cavalry indeed is not so constituted; but 'a foolish love for their horses makes them astonishingly plunderous 'of forage; and thus they exhaust a district far faster in that respect 'than do the Germans.

'Officers' Commissions among them are all had by purchase: from 'which it follows that their Officers do not trouble their heads about 'the service; and understand of it, very *very* few excepted, absolutely 'nothing whatever' (what a charming set of "Officers"!)—'and this 'goes from the Ensign up to the General. Their home-customs incline 'them to the indulgences of life; and, nearly without exception, they 'all expect to have ample and comfortable means of sleep.' (Hear, hear!) 'This leads them often into military negligences, which would 'sound incredible, were they narrated to a soldier. To all this is added 'a quiet natural arrogance (*Uebermuth*),'—very quiet, mostly unconscious, and as if inborn and coming by discernment of mere facts,—'which tempts them to despise the enemy as well as the danger; and 'as they very seldom think of making any surprisal themselves, they 'generally take it for granted that the enemy will as little.

'This arrogance, however, had furthermore a very bad consequence 'for their relation to the rest of the Army. It is well known how much 'these people despise all Foreigners. This of itself renders their 'coöperating with Troops of other Nations very difficult. But in this 'case there was the circumstance that, as the Army was in English 'pay, they felt a strong tendency to regard their fellow-soldiers and 'copartners as a sort of subordinate war-valets, who must be ready to 'put-up with anything:—which was far indeed from being the opinion 'of the others concerned! The others had not the smallest notion of 'consenting to any kind of inferior treatment or consideration in respect 'of them. To the Hanoverians especially, from known political feel-'ings, they were at heart, for most part, specially indisposed; and this 'mode of thinking was capable of leading to very dangerous outbreaks. 'The Hanoverians, a dull steady people, brave as need be, but too 'slow for anything but foot service, considered silently this War to be 'their War, and that all the rest, English as well, were here on their' (and Britannic Majesty's) 'account.

'Think what difficulties Ferdinand's were, and what his merit in 'quietly subduing them; while to the cursory observer they were in-'visible, and nobody noticed them but himself!'[18]

Yes, doubtless. He needed to know his kinds of men; to regard intensely the chemic affinities and natural properties, to keep his phosphorescents, his nitres and charcoals well apart; to get out of these English what they were capable of giving him, namely, heavy strokes, —and never ask them for what they had not: them or the others; but treat each according to his kind. Just, candid, consummately polite; an excellent manager of men, as well as of war-movements, though Voltaire found him shockingly defective in *esprit*. The English, I

[18] Mauvillon, ii. 270-272.

think, he generally quartered by themselves; employed them oftenest under the Hereditary Prince,—a man of swift execution and prone to strokes like themselves. 'Oftenest under the Erbprinz,' says Mauvillon: 'till, after the Fight of Kloster Kampen, it began to be noticed 'that there was a change in that respect; and the messrooms whis-'pered, "By accident or not?"'—which shall remain mysterious to me. In Battle after Battle he got the most unexceptionable sabering and charging from Lord Granby and the difficult English element; and never was the least discord heard in his Camp;—nor could even Sackville at Minden tempt him into a loud word.

But enough of English soldiering, and battling with the French. For about two months prior to this of Vellinghausen, and for more than two months after, there is going on, by special Envoys between Pitt and Choiseul, a lively Peace-Negotiation, which is of more concernment to us than any Battle. "Congress at Augsburg" split upon formalities, preliminaries, and never even tried to meet: but France and England are actually busy. Each Country has sent its Envoy: the Sieur de Bussy, a tricky gentleman, known here of old, is Choiseul's, whom Pitt is on his guard against; 'Mr. Hans Stanley,' a lively, clear-sighted person, of whom I could never hear elsewhere, is Pitt's at Paris: and it is in that City, between Choiseul and Stanley, with Pitt warily and loftily presiding in the distance, that the main stress of the Negotiation lies. Pitt is lofty, haughty, but very fine and noble; no King or Kaiser could be more. Sincere, severe, though most soft-shining; high, earnest, steady, like the stars. Artful Choiseul, again, flashes out in a cheerily exuberant way; and Stanley's Despatches about Choiseul (*'ce fou plein d'esprit,'* as Friedrich once christens him),—about Choiseul, and the France then round him, and the effects of Vellinghausen in society, and the like,—are the liveliest reading one almost anywhere meets with in that kind.[19] Choiseul frankly admits that he has come to the worse: ready for concessions, but the question is, What? Canada is gone, for instance; of Canada you will allow us nothing: but our poor Fisher-people, toiling in the Newfoundland waters, cannot they have a rock to dry their fish on; "Isle of Miquelon, or the like?" "Not the breadth of a blanket,"—that is Pitt's private expression, I believe; and for certain, that, in polite official language, is his inexorable determination.

[19] In *Thackeray*, i. 505-579, and especially ii. 520-626, is the Stanley-and-Pitt Correspondence: Stanley went '23d May;' returned (got his passports for returning) 'September 20th.'

"You shall go home out of those Countries, Messieurs; America is to be English or *Yank*ee, not *Frang*cee: that has turned out to be the Decree of Heaven; and we will stand by that."

So that Choiseul soon satisfies himself it will be a hard bargain, this with Pitt; and turns the more assiduously to the Majesty of Spain (Baby Carlos, our old friend, who has sore grudges of his own against the English, standing grievance of Campeachy Logwood, of bitter Naples reminiscences, and enough else),—turns to Baby Carlos, time after time, with his pathetic "See, your Most Catholic Majesty!" And by rapid degrees induces Most Catholic Majesty to go wholly into the adventure with Most Christian Ditto;—and to say, at length, or to let Choiseul say for him, by way of cautious first-step (15th July, a date worth remembering, if the reader please): "Might not Most Catholic Majesty be allowed perhaps to mediate a little in this Business?" "Most Catholic Majesty!" answers Pitt, with a flash as if from the empyrean: "Who sent for Most Catholic Majesty?"—and the matter catches fire, totally explodes, and Spain too declares War; in what way is generally known.

Details are not permitted us. The Catastrophe we shall give afterwards, and can here say only: *First*, That old Earl Marischal, Friedrich's Spanish Envoy, is a good deal in England, coming and going, at this time,—on that interesting business of the Kintore Inheritance, doubtless,—and has been beautifully treated. Been pardoned, disattainted, permitted to inherit,—by the King on the instant, by the Parliament so soon as possible;[20]—and is of a naturally grateful turn. *Secondly*, That in the profoundest secrecy, penetrable only to eyes near at hand and that see in the dark, a celebrated Bourbon Family Compact was signed (August 15th, 1761, ten days before the digging at Bunzelwitz began), of which the first news to the Olympian man (conveyed by Marischal, as is thought) was like—like news of dead Pythons pretending to revive upon him. And *thirdly*, That, postponing the Catastrophe, and recommending the above two dates, *15th July*, *15th August*, to careful readers, we must hasten to Colberg for the present.

[20] King's Patent is of '30th April 1760' (*dated* 29th May 1759), 'Act of Parliament to follow shortly;' 'August 16th, 1760, Act having passed, is Marischal's 'public Presentation to his Majesty' (late Majesty): Old *Gazettes* in *Gentleman's Magazine* (for 1760), xxx. 201, 392.

Third Siege of Colberg.

Readers had, some while ago, a flying Note, which we promised to take up again; about Tottleben's procedures, and a Third Siege of Colberg coming. Siege, we have chanced to see, there accordingly is, and a Platen gone to help against it. Siege, after infinite delays and haggles, has at length come,—uncommonly vivid during the final days of Bunzelwitz;—and is, and has been, and continues to be, much in the King's thoughts. Probably a matter of more concernment to him, before, during and after Bunzelwitz (though the Pitt Catastrophe, going on simultaneously, is still more important, if he knew it), than anything else befalling in the distance. Let us now give a few farther indications on that matter.

Truce between Werner and Tottleben expired May 12th; but for five weeks more nothing practical followed; except diligent reinforcing, revictualling and extraordinary fortifying of Colberg and its environs, on the Prussian part,—Eugen of Würtemberg, direct from Rostock and his Anti-Swede business, Eugen 12,000 strong, with a Werner and other such among them, taking head charge outside the walls; old Heyde again as Commandant within: while on the Russian part, under General Romanzow, there is a most tortoise-like advance,—except that the tortoise carries all his resources with him, and Romanzow's, multifarious and enormous, are scattered over seas and lands, and need endless waiting for, in the intervals of crawling.

This is the Romanzow who failed at Colberg once already (on the heel of Zorndorf in 1758, if readers recollect); and is the more bound to be successful now. From sea and from land, for five weeks, there is rumour of a Romanzow in overwhelming force, and with intentions very furious upon Colberg,—upon the outposts, under Werner, as first point. Five weeks went, before anything of Romanzow was visible even to Werner (22d June, at Cöslin, forty miles to eastward); after which his advance (such waiting for the ships, for the artilleries, the this and the that) was slower than ever; and for about eight weeks more, he haggles along through Cöslin, through Cörlin, Belgard again, flowing slowly forward upon Werner's outposts, like a summer glacier with its rubbishes; or like a slow lava-tide,—a great deal of smoke on each side of him (owing to the

Cossacks), as usual. Romanzow's progress is of the slowest; and it is not till August 19th that he practically gets possession of Cörlin, Belgard and those outposts on the Persante River, and comes within sight of Colberg and his problem. By which time, he finds Eugen of Würtemberg encamped and intrenched still ahead of him, still nearer Colberg, and likely to give him what they call "*de la tablature*," or extremely difficult music to play.

'It was on *August 19th*' (very eve of Friedrich's going into Bunzelwitz), 'that Romanzow,—Werner, for the sake of those poor Towns 'he holds, generally retiring without bombardment or utter conflagra-'tion,—had got hold of Cörlin and of the River Persante' (with 'Quet-'zin and Degow,' if anybody knew them, as his main posts there): 'and was actually now within sight of Colberg,—only 7 or 8 miles 'west of him, and a river more or less in his way:—when, singular to 'see, Eugen of Würtemberg has rooted himself into the ground farther 'inward, environing Colberg with a fortified Camp as with a second 'wall; and it will be a difficult problem indeed!

'But Sea Armaments, Swedish-Russian, with endless siege-material 'and red-hot balls, are finally at hand; and this pitiful Colberg must 'be done, were it only by falling flat on it, and smothering it by weight 'of numbers and of red-hot iron. The day before yesterday, August '17th, after such rumouring and such manœuvring as there has been, 'six Russian ships-of-war showed themselves in Colberg Roads, and 'three of them tried some shooting on Heyde's workpeople, busy at a 'redoubt on the beach; but hit nothing, and went away till Romanzow 'himself should come. Romanzow come, there is utmost dispatch; 'and within the eight days following, the Russian ships, and then the 'Swedish as well, have all got to their moorings,—12 sail of the line, 'with 42 more of the frigate and gunboat kind, 54 ships in all;—and 'from August 24th, especially from August 28th, bombardment to the 'very uttermost is going on.[21] Bombardment by every method, from 'sea and from land, continues diligent for the next fortnight,—with 'little or no result; so diligent are Eugen and veteran Heyde.

'*September 4th.* The Swedish-Russian gunboats have been much 'shot down by Heyde's batteries on the beach; no success had, owing 'to Heyde and Eugen: paltry little Colberg as impossible as Bunzel-'witz, it seems? "Double our diligence, therefore!" That is Roman-'zow's and everybody's sentiment here. Romanzow comes closer in, 'September 4th; besieges in form, since not Colberg, Eugen's *Camp*, 'or brazen wall of Colberg; and there rises in and round this poor 'little Colberg (a 2,000 balls daily, red-hot and other) such a volcano 'as attracts the eyes of all the world thither.

'*September 12th.* News yesterday of reinforcement, men and pro-

[21] Tempelhof, v. 311.

'vender, coming from Stettin; is to be at Treptow on the 13th. 'Werner, night of the 11th, stealthily sets out to meet it, *it* in the 'first place; then, joined with it, to take by rearward a certain incon- 'venient battery, which Romanzow is building to westward of us, out 'that way; to demolish said battery, and be generally distressful to the 'rear of Romanzow. At Treptow, after his difficult night's march, 'Werner is resting, secure now of the adventure;—too contemptuous 'of his slow Russians, as appeared! Who, for once, surprise *him;* 'and, at and round Treptow, next morning, Werner finds himself sud- 'denly in a most awkward predicament. Werner, one of the rapidest 'and stormiest of skilful men, plunged valiantly into the affair; would 'still have managed it, they say, had not, in some sudden swoop,— 'charge, or something of critical or vital nature,—rapid Werner's horse 'got shot, and fallen with him; whereby not only the charge failed, 'but Werner himself was taken prisoner. A loss of very great im- 'portance, and grievous to everybody: though, I believe, the rein- 'forcement and supply, for this time, got mostly through, and the 'dangerous battery was got demolished by other means.[22] This is Ro- 'manzow's first item of success, this of getting such a Werner snatched 'out of the game' (and sent to Petersburg instead, as we shall hear); 'and other items fell to Romanzow thenceforth by the aid of time and 'hunger.

'In the way of storming, battering or otherwise capturing Eugen's 'Camp, not to speak of Heyde's town, Romanzow finds, on trial after 'trial, that he can do as good as nothing; and his unwieldy sea-com- 'rades (equinoctial gales coming on them, too) are equally worthless. 'September 19th' (a week after this of Werner, tenth day after Bun- zelwitz had ended), 'Romanzow made his fiercest attempt that way; 'fiercest and last: furious extremely, from 2 in the morning onwards; 'had for some time hold of the important "Green Redoubt;" but was 'still more furiously battered and bayoneted out again, with the loss 'of above 3,000 men; and tried that no farther. Impossible by that 'method. But he can stand between the Eugen-Heyde people and 'supplies; and by obstinacy hunger them out: this, added to the fruit- 'less bombardment, is now his more or less fruitful industry.

'In the end of September, the effects of Bunzelwitz are felt: Platen, 'after burning the Butturlin Magazine at Gostyn, has hastened hither; 'in what style we know. Platen arrives 25th September; cuts his 'way through Romanzow into Eugen's Camp, raises Eugen to about '15,000;[23] renders Eugen, not to speak of Heyde, more impossible than 'ever. Butturlin did truly send reinforcements, a 10,000, a 12,000, '"As many as you like, my Romanzow!" And, in the beginning of 'October, came rolling thitherward bodily; hoping, they say, to make 'a Maxen of it upon those Eugens and Platens: but after a fort- 'night's survey of them, found there was not the least feasibility;— 'and that he himself must go home, on the score of hunger. Which

[22] Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 238; Tempelhof, v. 314. [23] Tempelhof, v. 350.

'he did, November 2d; leaving Romanzow reinforced at discretion' (40,000, but with him too provisions are fallen low), 'and the advice, '"Cut off their supplies: time and famine are our sole chances here!" 'Butturlin's new Russians, endless thousands of them, under Fermor 'and others, infesting the roads from Stettin, are a great comfort to 'Romanzow. Nor could any Eugen,—with his Platens, Thaddens, 'and utmost expenditure of skill and of valour and endurance, which 'are still memorable in soldier-annals,[24]—suffice to convey provisions 'through that disastrous Wilderness of distances and difficulties.

'From Stettin, which lies south-west, through Treptow, Gollnow 'and other wild little Prussian Towns, is about 100 miles; from Lands-'berg south, 150: Friedrich himself is well-nigh 300 miles away; in 'Stettin alone is succour, could we hold the intervening Country. But 'it is overrun with Russians, more and ever more. A Country of 'swamps and moors, winter darkness stealing over it,—illuminated by 'such a volcano as we see: a very gloomy waste scene; and traits of 'stubborn human valour and military virtue plentiful in it, with utter 'hardship as a constant quantity: details not permissible here, only 'the main features and epochs, if they could be indicated.

'The King is greatly interested for Colberg; sends orders to collect 'from every quarter supplies at Stettin, and strain every nerve for the 'relief of that important little Haven. Which is done by the diligent 'Bevern, the collecting part; could only the conveying be accomplished. 'But endless Russians are afield, Fermor with a 15,000 of them way-'laying; the conveyance is the difficulty.'[25]——

But now we must return to Bunzelwitz, and September 25th, in Headquarters there.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOUDON POUNCES UPON SCHWEIDNITZ ONE NIGHT (LAST OF SEPTEMBER 1761).

It was September 25th, more properly 26th,[1] when Friedrich quitted Bunzelwitz; we heard on what errand. Early that morning he marches with all his goods, first to Pilzen (that fine post on the east side of Schweidnitz); and from that, straightway,—south-westward, two marches farther,—to Neisse neighbourhood (Gross-Nossen the name of the place); Loudon making little dispute or none. In Neisse are abundant Maga-

[24] *Tagebuch der Unternehmungen des Platenschen Corps vom September bis November* 1761 (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 32-76). *Bericht von der Unternehmungen des Thaddenschen Corps vom Jenner bis zum December* 1761 (ibid. 77-147).

[25] *Bericht von den Unternehmungen der Würtembergischen Corps in Pommern, vom May* 1761 *bis December* 1761 (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 147-258). Tempelhof, v. 313-326. *Helden-Geschichte*, vi. 669-708.

[1] Tempelhof, v. 327.

zines: living upon these, Friedrich intends to alarm Loudon's rearward country, and draw him towards Bohemia. As must have gradually followed; and would at once,—had Loudon been given to alarms, which he was not. Loudon, very privately, has quite different game afield. Loudon merely detaches this and the other small Corps to look after Friedrich's operations, which probably he believes to be only a feint:—and, before a week passes, Friedrich will have news he little expects!

Friedrich, pausing at Gross-Nossen, and perhaps a little surprised to find no Loudon meddling with him, pushes out, first one party and then another,—Dalwig, Bülow, towards Landshut Hill-Country, to threaten Loudon's Bohemian roads; —who, singular to say, do not hear the least word of Loudon thereabouts. A Loudon strangely indifferent to this new Enterprise of ours. On the third day of Gross-Nossen (Friday October 2d), Friedrich detaches General Lentulus to rearward, or the way we came, for news of Loudon. Rearward too, Lentulus sees nothing whatever of Loudon: but, from the rumour of the country, and from two Prussian garrison-soldiers, whom he found wandering about,—he hears, with horror and amazement, That Loudon, by a sudden panther-spring, the night before last, has got hold of Schweidnitz: now his wholly, since 5 A.M. of yesterday; and a strong Austrian garrison in it by this time! That was the news Lentulus brought home to his King; the sorest Job's-post of all this War.

Truly, a surprising enterprise this of Loudon's; and is allowed by everybody to have been admirably managed. Loudon has had it in his head for some time;—ever since that colic of forty-eight hours, I should guess; upon the wrecks of which it might well rise as a new daystar. He kept it strictly in his own head; nobody but Daun and the Kaiser had hint of it, both of whom assented, and agreed to keep silence.

'On Friedrich's removal towards Neisse and threatening of Bo-
'hemia,' says my Note on this subject, 'Loudon's time had come.
'Friedrich had disappeared to south-westward, Saturday September
'26th: "Gone to Pilzen," reported Loudon's scouts; "rests there over
"Sunday. Gone to Sigeroth, 28th; gone to Gross-Nossen, Tuesday
"September 29th."[2] That will do, thinks Loudon; who has sat im-
'movable at Kunzendorf all this while;—and, *Wednesday 30th*, instantly
'proceeds to business.

'Draws out, about 10 A.M. of Wednesday, all round Schweidnitz

[2] Tempelhof, v. 330.

'at some miles distance, a ring, or complete girdle, of Croat-Cossack 'people; blocking-up every path and road: "Nobody to pass, this 'day, towards Schweidnitz, much less into it, on any pretext." That 'is the duty of the Croat people. To another active Officer he intrusts 'the task of collecting from the neighbouring Villages (outside the 'Croat girdle) as many ladders, planks and the like, as will be 'requisite; which also is punctually done. For the Attack itself, 'which is to be Fourfold, our picked Officers are chosen, with the 20 'best Battalions in the Army: Czernichef is apprised; who warmly 'assents, and offers every help:—"800 of your Grenadiers," answers 'Loudon; "no more needed." Loudon's arrangements for manage- 'ment of the ladders, for punctuality about the routes, the times, the 'simultaneity, are those of a perfect artist; no Friedrich could have 'done better.

'About 4 in the afternoon, all the Captains and Battalions, with 'their ladders and furnitures, everybody with Instruction very pointed 'and complete, are assembled at Kunzendorf: Loudon addresses the 'Troops in a few fiery words; assures himself of victory by them; 'promises them 10,000*l.* in lieu of plunder, which he strictly prohibits. 'Officers had better make themselves acquainted with the Four Routes 'they are to take in the dark: proper also to set all your watches by 'the chief General's, that there be no mistake as to time.[3] At 9, all 'being now dark, and the Croat girdle having gathered itself closer 'round the place since nightfall, the Four Divisions march to their 'respective starting-places; will wait there, silent; and about 2 in the 'morning, each at its appointed minute, step forward on their Business. 'With fixed bayonets all of them; no musketry permitted till the 'works are won. Loudon will wait at the Village of Schönbrunn' (not *Warkotsch's* Schönbrunn, of which by and by, and which also is not far[4]),—'at Schönbrunn, within short distance; give Loudon 'notice when you are within 600 yards;—there shall, if desirable, be 'reinforcements, farther orders. Loudon knows Schweidnitz like his 'own bedroom. He was personally there, in Leuthen time, improving 'the Works. By nocturnal Croat parties, in the latter part of Bunzel- 'witz time; and since then, by deserters and otherwise,—he knows 'the condition of the Garrison, of the Commandant, and of every essen- 'tial point. Has calculated that the Garrison is hardly third part of 'what it ought to be,—3,800 in whole, and many of them loose deserter 'fellows; special artillery-men, instead of about 400, only 191;—most 'important of all, that Commandant Zastrow is no wizard in his trade; 'and, on the whole, that the Enterprise is likely to succeed.

'Zastrow has been getting married lately; and has many things to 'think of, besides Schweidnitz. Some accounts say this was his wed- 'ding-night,—which is not true, but only that he had meant to give a 'Ball this last night of September; and perhaps did give it, dancing

[3] In *Tempelhof* (v. 332-349) and *Archenholtz* (ii. 272-280) all these details.
[4] See *Archenholtz*, ii. 287; and correct his mistake of the two places.

'over *before* 2, let us hope! Something of a jolter-head seemingly, 'though solid and honest. I observe he is a kind of butt, or laughing-'stock, of Friedrich's, and has yielded some gleams of momentary fun, 'he and this marriage of his, between Prince Henri and the King, in 'the tragic gloom all round.[5] Nothing so surprises me in Friedrich 'as his habitual inattention to the state of his Garrisons. He has the 'best of Commandants and also the worst: Tauentzien in Breslau, 'Heyde in Colberg, unsurpassable in the world; in Glatz a D'O, in 'Schweidnitz a Zastrow, both of whom cost him dear. Opposition 'sneers secretly, "It is as they happen to have come to hand." Which 'has not much truth, though some. Tauentzien he chose; D'O was 'Fouquet's choice, not his; Zastrow he did choose; Heyde he had by 'accident; of Heyde he had never heard till the defence of Colberg 'began to be a world's wonder. And in regard to his Garrisons, it is 'indisputable they were often left palpably defective in quantity and 'quality; and, more than once, fatally gave way at the wrong moment. 'We can only say that Friedrich was bitterly in want of men for the 'field; that "a Garrison-Regiment" was always reckoned an inferior 'article; and that Friedrich, in the press of his straits, had often had 'to say: "Well, these" (plainly Helots, not Spartans), "these will 'have to do!" For which he severely suffered: and perhaps repented, '—who knows?

'Zastrow, in spite of Loudon's precautionary Girdle of Croats, and 'the cares of a coming Ball, had got sufficient inkling of something 'being in the wind. And was much on the Walls all day, he and his 'Officers; scanning with their glasses and their guesses the surround-'ing phenomena, to little purpose. At night he sent out patrols; kept 'sputtering with musketry and an occasional cannon into the vacant 'darkness ("We are alert, you see, Herr Loudon!"). In a word, took 'what measures he could, poor man;—very stupid measures, thinks 'Tempelhof, and almost worse than none, especially this of sputtering 'with musketry;—and hoped always there would be no Attack, or 'none to speak of. Till, in fine, between 2 and 3 in the morning, his 'patrols gallop in, "Austrians on march!" and Zastrow, throwing out 'a rocket or two, descries in momentary illumination that the Fact is 'verily here.

'His defence (four of the Five several Forts attacked at once) was 'of a confused character; but better than could have been expected. 'Loudon's Columns came on with extraordinary vigour and condensed 'impetuosity; stormed the Outworks everywhere, and almost at once 'got into the shelter of the Covered-way: but on the Main Wall, or in 'the scaling part of their business, were repulsed, in some places twice 'or thrice; and had a murderous struggle, of very chaotic nature, in 'the dark element. No picture of it in the least possible or needful 'here. In one place, a Powder-Magazine blew up with about 400 of 'them,—blown (said rumour, with no certainty) by an indignant Prus-

[5] Schöning, ii. *sæpius*.

'sian artillery-man to whom they had refused quarter: in another place, 'the 800 Russian Grenadiers came unexpectedly upon a chasm or 'bridgeless interstice between two ramparts; and had to halt suddenly, '—till (says rumour again, with still less certainty) their Officers insist-'ing with the rearward part, "Forward, forward!" enough of front 'men were tumbled in to make a roadway! This was the story 'current;[6] greatly exaggerated, I have no doubt. What we know is, 'That these Russians did scramble through, punctually perform their 'part of the work;—and furthermore, that, having got upon the Town-'Wall, which was finis to everything, they punctually sat down there; 'and, reflectively leaning on their muskets, witnessed with the gravity 'and dignity of antique sages, superior to money or money's worth, 'the general plunder which went on in spite of Loudon's orders.

'For, in fine, between 5 and 6, that is in about three hours and a 'half, Loudon was everywhere victorious; Zastrow, Schweidnitz For-'tress, and all that it held, were Loudon's at discretion; Loudon's one 'care now was to stop the pillage of the poor Townsfolk, as the most 'pressing thing. Which was not done without difficulty, nor com-'pletely till after hours of exertion by cavalry regiments sent in. The 'captors had fought valiantly; but it was whispered there had been a 'preliminary of brandy in them; certainly, except those poor Russians, 'nobody's behaviour was unexceptionable.'

The capture of Schweidnitz cost Loudon about 1,400 men; he found in Schweidnitz, besides the Garrison all prisoners or killed, some 240 pieces of artillery,—'211 heavy guns, 135 hand-mortars,' say the Austrian Accounts, 'with stores and munitions' in such quantities; '89,760 musket-cartridges, 1,300,600 flints,'[7] for two items:—and all this was a trifle compared to the shock it has brought on Friedrich's Silesian affairs. For, in present circumstances, it amounts to the actual conquest of a large portion of Silesia; and, for the first time, of a real prospect of finishing the remainder next Year. It is judged to have been the hardest stroke Friedrich had in the course of this War. "Our strenuous Campaign, on a sudden rendered wind, and of no worth! The Enemy to winter in Silesia, after all; Silesia to go inevitably,—and life along with it!" What Friedrich's black meditations were, nobody knows. 'In the 'following weeks' (not close following, but poor Küster does not date), 'the King fell ill of gout, saw almost nobody, never 'came out; and, it was whispered, the inflexible heart of him 'was at last breaking; that is to say, the very axis of this 'Prussian world giving way. And for certain, there never was

[6] Archenholtz, ii. 275.
[7] In *Helden-Geschichte* (vi. 651-665) the Austrian Account, with *Lists* &c.

'in his camp and over his dominions such a gloom as in this 'October 1761; till at length he appeared on horseback again, 'with a cheerful face'; and everybody thought to himself, "Ha, 'the world will still roll, then!" '[8]

This is what Loudon had done, without any Russians, except Russians to give him eight-and-forty hours colic, and put him on his own shifts. And the way in which the Kriegshofrath, and her Imperial Majesty the Kaiserinn, received it, is perhaps still worth a word. The Kaiser, who had alone known of Loudon's scheme, and for good reason (absolute secrecy being the very soul of it) had whispered nothing of it farther to any mortal, was naturally overjoyed. But the Olympian brow of Maria Theresa, when the Kaiser went radiant to her with this news, did not radiate in response; but gloomed indignantly: "No order from Kriegshofrath, or me!" Indignant Kriegshofrath called it a *Croaten-streich* (Croat's-trick); and Loudon, like Prince Eugen long since, was with difficulty excused this act of disobedience. Great is Authority; —and ought to be divinely rigorous, if (as by no means always happens) it is otherwise of divine quality!

Friedrich's treatment of Zastrow was in strong contrast of style. Here is his Letter to that unlucky Gentleman, who is himself clear that he deserves no blame: "My dear Major-"General von Zastrow,—The misfortune that has befallen me "is very grievous; but what consoles me in it is, to see by "your Letter that you have behaved like a brave Officer, and "that neither you nor the Garrison have brought disgrace or "reproach on yourselves. I am your well-affectioned King, "—FRIEDRICH." And in Autograph this Postscript: "You "may, in this occurrence, say what Francis I., after the "Battle of Pavia, wrote to his Mother: 'All is lost except "honour.' As I do not yet completely understand the affair, "I forbear to judge of it; for it is altogether extraordinary.— "F."[9]

And never meddled farther with Zastrow; only left him well alone for the future. "Grant me a Court-Martial, then!" said Zastrow, finding himself fallen so neglected, after the Peace. "No use," answered Friedrich: "I impute nothing of

[8] Küster, *Lebens-Rettungen Friedrichs des Zweyten* (Berlin, 1797), p. 59 &c. It is the same innocent reliable Küster whom we cited, in *Saldern's* case, already.

[9] *Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 305, 306 (Letter undated there; date probably, 'Gross-Nossen, October 3d').

"crime to you; but after such a mishap, it would be dangerous "to trust you with any post or command;"—and in 1766, granted him, on demand, his demission instead. The poor man then retired to Cassel, where he lived twenty years longer, and was no more heard of. He was half-brother of the General Zastrow who got killed by a Pandour of long range (bullet through both temples, from brushwood, across the Elbe), in the first year of this War.

CHAPTER IX.

TRAITOR WARKOTSCH.

FRIEDRICH'S Army was to have cantoned itself round Neisse, October 3d: but on the instant of this fatal Schweidnitz news proceeded (3d-6th October) towards Strehlen instead,—Friedrich personally on the 5th;—and took quarters there and in the villages round. General cantonment at Strehlen, in guard of Breslau and of Neisse both; Loudon, still immovable at Kunzendorf, attempting nothing on either of those places, and carefully declining the risk of a Battle, which would have been Friedrich's game: all this continued till the beginning of December, when both parties took Winter-quarters;[1] cantoned themselves in the neighbouring localities,—Czernichef, with his Russians, in Glatz Country; Friedrich in Breslau as headquarter;—and the Campaign had ended. Ended in this part, without farther event of the least notability;—except the following only, which a poor man of the name of Kappel has recorded for us. Of which, and the astounding Sequel to which, we must now say something.

Kappel is a Gentleman's Groom of those Strehlen parts; and shall, in his own words, bring us face to face with Friedrich in that neighbourhood, directly after Schweidnitz was lost. It is October 5th, day, or rather night of the day, of Friedrich's arrival thereabouts; most of his Army ahead of him, and the remainder all under way. Friedrich and the rearward part of his Army are filing about, in that new Strehlenward movement of theirs, under cloud of night, in the intricate Hill-and-Dale Country; to post themselves to the best advantage for their double object, of covering Breslau and

[1] Tempelhof, v. 349.

Neisse both. Kappel *loquitur;* abridged by Küster, whom we abridge:

'*Monday Night October 5th*, 1761, The King, with two or three 'attendants, still ahead of his Army, appeared at Schönbrunn, a Schloss 'and Village, five or six miles south from Strehlen;[2] and did the owner, 'Baron von Warkotsch, an acquaintance of his, the honour of lodging 'there. Before bedtime,—if indeed the King intended bed at all, 'meaning to be off in four hours hence,—Friedrich inquired of War- 'kotsch for "a trusty man, well acquainted with the roads in this 'Country." Warkotsch mentioned Kappel, his own Groom; one who 'undoubtedly knew every road of the Country; and who had always 'behaved as a trusty fellow in the seven years he had been with him. '"Let me see him," said the King. Kappel was sent up, about mid- 'night, King still dressed; sitting on a sofa, by the fire: Kappel's 'look was satisfactory; Kappel knows several roads to Strehlen, in the 'darkest night: "It is the footpath which goes so-and-so that I want" '(for Friedrich knows this Country intimately: readers remember his 'world-famous Camp of Strehlen, with all the diplomacies of Europe 'gathered there, through summer, in the train of Mollwitz). "*Ja, 'Ihro Majestät*, I know it!" "Be ready, then, at 4."

'Before the stroke of 4, Kappel was at the door, on Master's best 'horse; the King's Groom too, and led horse, a nimble little gray, 'were waiting. As 4 struck, Friedrich came down, Warkotsch with 'him, "Unspeakable the honour you have done my poor house!" 'Besides the King's Groom, there were a Chamberlain, an Adjutant 'and two mounted Chasers (*reitende Jäger*), which latter had each a 'lighted lantern: in all seven persons, including Kappel and the King. '"Go before us on foot with your lanterns," said the King. Very 'dark it was. And overnight the Army had arrived all about; some 'of them just coming in, on different roads and paths. The King 'walked above two miles, and looked how the Regiments were, with- 'out speaking a word. At last, as the cannons came up, and were 'still in full motion, the King said: "Sharp, sharp, *Bursche;* it will 'be *March* directly." "March? The Devil it will: we are just coming 'into Camp!" said a cannonier, not knowing it was the King.

'The King said nothing. Walked on still a little while; then or- 'dered, "Blow-out the lanterns; to horseback now!" and mounted, 'as we all did. Me he bade keep five steps ahead, five and not more, 'that he might see me; for it was very dark. Not far from the Lord- 'ship Casserey, where there is a Water-mill, the King asked me, '"Haven't you missed the Bridge here?" (a King that does not forget 'roads and topographies which may come to concern him!)—and bade 'us ride with the utmost silence, and make no jingle. As day broke, 'we were in sight of Strehlen, near by the Farm of Treppendorf.

[2] *This* is the Warkotsch Schönbrunn; not the other near Schweidnitz, as Archenholtz believes: see *Archenholtz*, ii. 287, and the bit of myth he has gone into in consequence.

'"And do you know where the Kallenberg lies?" said the King: '"It must be to left of the Town, near the Hills; bring us thither!"

'When we got on the Kallenberg, it was not quite day; and we 'had to halt for more light. After some time the King said to his 'Groom, "Give me my perspective!" looked slowly all round for a 'good while, and then said, "I see no Austrians!"—(ground all at our 'choice, then; we know where to choose!) The King then asked me 'if I knew the road to'—in fact, to several places, which, in a Parish History of those parts, would be abundantly interesting; but must be entirely omitted here. * * * 'The King called his Chamberlain; 'gave some sign, which meant "Beer-money to Kappel!"—and I got 'four eight-groschen pieces' (three shillings odd; a rich reward in those days); 'and was bid tell my Master, "That the King thanked him for 'the good quarters, and assured him of his favour."

'Riding back across country, Kappel, some four or five miles home-'ward, came upon the "whole Prussian Army," struggling forward in 'their various Columns. Two Generals,—one of them Krusemark, 'King's Adjutant' (Colonel Krusemark, not General, as Kappel thinks, who came to know him some weeks after),—'had him brought up: to 'whom he gave account of himself, how he had been escorting the 'King, and where he had left his Majesty. "Behind Strehlen, say 'you? Breslau road? Devil knows whither we shall all have to go 'yet!" observed Krusemark, and left Kappel free.'[3]

In those weeks, Colberg Siege, Pitt's Catastrophe and high things are impending, or completed, elsewhere: but this is the one thing noticeable hereabouts. In regard to Strehlen, and Friedrich's history there, what we have to say turns all upon this Kappel and Warkotsch: and,—after mentioning only that Friedrich's lodging is not in Strehlen proper, but in Woiselwitz, a village or suburb almost half a mile off, and very negligently guarded,—we have to record an Adventure which then made a great deal of noise in the world.

Warkotsch is a rich lord; Schönbrunn only one of five or six different Estates which he has in those parts; though, not many years ago, being younger brother, he was a Captain in the Austrian service (Regiment *Botta*, if you are particular); and lay in Olmütz,—with very dull outlooks; not improved, I should judge, by the fact that Silesia and the Warkotsch connections were become Prussian since this junior entered the Austrian Army. The junior had sown his wild oats, and was already getting gray in the beard, in that dull manner, when, about seven years ago, his Elder Brother, to whom Friedrich

[3] Küster, *Lebens-Rettungen*, pp. 66-76.

had always been kind, fell unwell; and, in the end of 1755, died: whereupon the junior saw himself Heir; and entered on a new phase of things. Quitted his Captaincy, quitted his allegiance; and was settled here peaceably under his new King in 1756, a little while before this War broke out. And, at Schönbrunn, October 5th, 1761, has had his Majesty himself for guest.

Warkotsch was not long in riding over to Strehlen to pay his court, as in duty bound, for the honour of such a Visit; and from that time, Kappel, every day or two, had to attend him thither. The King had always had a favour for Warkotsch's late Brother, as an excellent Silesian Landlord and Manager, whose fine Domains were in an exemplary condition; as, under the new Warkotsch too, they have continued to be. Always a gracious Majesty to this Warkotsch as well; who is an old soldier withal, and man of sense and ingenuity; acceptable to Friedrich, and growing more and more familiar among Friedrich's circle of Officers now at Strehlen.

To Strehlen is Warkotsch's favourite ride; in the solitary country, quite a charming adjunct to your usual dull errand out for air and exercise. Kappel, too, remarks about this time that he (Kappel) gets once and again, and ever more frequently, a Letter to carry over to Siebenhuben, a Village three or four miles off; the Letter always to one Schmidt, who is Catholic Curate there; Letter under envelope, well sealed,—and consisting of two pieces, if you finger it judiciously. And, what is curious, the Letter never has any address; Master merely orders, "Punctual; for Curatus Schmidt, you know!" What can this be? thinks Kappel. Some secret, doubtless; perhaps some intrigue, which Madam must not know of,—"*Ach, Herr Baron;* and at your age,—fifty, I am sure!" Kappel, a solid fellow, concerned for groom-business alone, punctually carries his Letters; takes charge of the Responses too, which never have any Address; and does not too much trouble himself with curiosities of an impertinent nature.

To these external phenomena I will at present only add this internal one: That an old Brother Officer of Warkotsch's, a Colonel Wallis, with Hussars, is now lying at Heinrichau,—say, 10 miles from Strehlen, and about 10 from Schönbrunn too, or a mile more if you take the Siebenhuben way; and that

all these missives, through Curatus Schmidt, are for Wallis the Hussar Colonel, and must be a secret not from Madam alone! How a Baron, hitherto of honour, could all at once become *turpissimus*, the Superlative of Scoundrels? This is even the reason,—the prize is so superlative.

'*Monday Night November 30th*, 1761' (night bitter cold), 'Kappel 'finds himself sitting mounted, and holding Master's horse, in Strehlen, 'more exactly in Woiselwitz, a Suburb of Strehlen, near the King's 'door,—Majesty's travelling-coach drawn-out there, symbol that Strehlen is ending, general departure towards Breslau now nigh. Not to 'Kappel's sorrow perhaps, waiting in the cold there. Kappel waits, 'hour after hour; Master taking his ease with the King's people, regardless of the horses and me, in this shivery weather;—and one 'must not walk about either, for disturbing the King's sleep! Not 'till midnight does Master emerge, and the freezing Kappel and quadrupeds get under way. Under way, Master breaks-out into singular 'talk about the King's lodging: Was ever anything so careless; nothing but two sentries in the King's anteroom; thirteen all the soldiers that are in Woiselwitz; Strehlen not available in less than twenty 'minutes: nothing but woods, haggly glens and hills, all on to Heinrichau: How easy to snatch off his Majesty! "*Um Gottes Willen*, 'my Lord, don't speak so: think if a patrolling Prussian were to hear 'it, in the dark!" Pooh, pooh, answers the Herr Baron.

'At Schönbrunn, in the short hours, Kappel finds Frau Kappel 'in a state of unappeasable curiosity: "What can it be? Curatus 'Schmidt was here all afternoon; much in haste to see Master; had 'to go at last,—for the Church-service, this St. Andrew's Eve. And 'only think, though he sat with My Lady hours and hours, he left this 'Letter with *me*: 'Give it to your Husband, for my Lord, the instant 'they come; and say I must have an Answer tomorrow morning at 7.' 'Left it with me, not with My Lady;—My Lady not to know of it!" '"Tush, woman!" But Frau Kappel has been, herself, unappeasably 'running about, ever since she got this Letter; has applied to two 'fellow-servants, one after the other, who can read writing, "Break 'it up, will you!" But they would not. Practical Kappel takes the 'Letter up to Master's room; delivers it, with the Message. "What, 'Curatus Schmidt!" interrupts My Lady, who was sitting there: '"Herr Good-man, what is that?" "That is a Letter to me," answers the Good-man: "What have you to do with it?" Upon which 'My Lady flounces out in a huff, and the Herr Baron sets about writing 'his Answer, whatever it may be.

'Kappel and Frau are gone to bed, Frau still eloquent upon the 'mystery of Curatus Schmidt, when his Lordship taps at their door; 'enters in the dark: "This is for the Curatus, at 7 o'clock tomorrow; 'I leave it on the table here: be in time, like a good Kappel!" Kappel 'promises his Unappeasable that he will actually open this Piece be-

'fore delivery of it; upon which she appeases herself, and they both 'fall asleep. Kappel is on foot betimes next morning. Kappel quietly 'pockets his Letter; still more quietly, from a neighbouring room, 'pockets his Master's big Seal (*Petschaft*), with a view to resealing: 'he then steps out; giving his *Bursch*' (Apprentice or Under-Groom) 'order to be ready in so many minutes, "You and these two horses" '(specific for speed); and, in the interim, walks over, with Letter and '*Petschaft*, to the Reverend Herr Gerlach's, for some preliminary 'business. Kappel is Catholic; Warkotsch, Protestant; Herr Gerlach 'is Protestant preacher in the Village of Schönbrunn,—much hated by 'Warkotsch, whose standing order is: "Don't go near that insolent 'fellow;" but known by Kappel to be a just man, faithful in difficulties 'of the weak against the strong. Gerlach, not yet out of bed, listens 'to the awful story: reads the horrid missive; Warkotsch to Colonel 'Wallis: "You can seize the King, living or dead, this night!"— 'hesitates about copying it (as Kappel wishes, for a good purpose); 'but is encouraged by his Wife, and soon writes a Copy. This Copy 'Kappel sticks into the old cover, seals as usual; and, with the Original 'safe in his own pocket, returns to the stables now. His Bursch and 'he mount; after a little, he orders his Bursch: "Bursch, ride you to 'Siebenhuben and Curatus Schmidt, with this sealed Letter; *you*, and 'say nothing. I was to have gone myself, but cannot; be speedy, be 'discreet!" And the Bursch dashes off for Siebenhuben with the sealed 'Copy, for Schmidt, Warkotsch, Wallis and Company's behoof; Kap- 'pel riding, at a still better pace, to Strehlen with the Original, for 'behoof of the King's Majesty.

'At Strehlen, King's Majesty not yet visible, Kappel has great 'difficulties in the anteroom among the sentry people. But he persists, 'insists: "Read my Letter, then!" which they dare not do; which 'only Colonel Krusemark, the Adjutant, perhaps dare. They take 'him to Krusemark. Krusemark reads, all aghast; locks-up Kappel; 'runs to the King; returns, muffles Kappel in soldier's cloak and cap, 'and leads him in. The King, looking into Kappel's face, into Kappel's 'clear story and the Warkotsch handwriting, needed only a few ques- 'tions; and the fit orders, as to Warkotsch and Company, were soon 'given: dangerous engineers now fallen harmless, blown-up by their 'own petard. One of the King's first questions was: "But how have 'I offended Warkotsch?" Kappel does not know; Master is of strict 'wilful turn;—Master would grumble and growl sometimes about the 'peasant people, and how a nobleman has now no power over them, 'in comparison. "Are you a Protestant?" "No, your Majesty, 'Catholic." "See, *ihr Herren*," said the King to those about him; '"Warkotsch is a Protestant; his Curatus Schmidt is a Catholic; and 'this man is a Catholic: there are villains and honest people in every 'creed!"

'At noon, that day, Warkotsch had sat down to dinner, comfortably 'in his dressing-gown, nobody but the good Baroness there; when

'Rittmeister Rabenau suddenly descended on the Schloss and dining-'room with dragoons: "In arrest, Herr Baron; I am sorry you must 'go with me to Brieg!" Warkotsch, a strategic fellow, kept counten-'ance to Wife and Rittmeister, in this sudden fall of the thunderbolt: '"Yes, Herr Rittmeister; it is that mass of Corn I was to furnish" '(showing him an actual order of that kind), "and I am behind my 'time with it! Nobody can help his luck. Take a bit of dinner with 'us, any way!" Rittmeister refused; but the Baroness too pressed 'him; he at length sat down. Warkotsch went "to dress;" first of 'all, to give orders about his best horse; but was shocked to find that 'the dragoons were a hundred, and that every outgate was beset. Re-'turning half-dressed, with an air of baffled hospitality: "Herr Ritt-'meister, our Schloss must not be disgraced; here are your brave fel-'lows waiting, and nothing of refreshment ready for them. I have 'given order at the Tavern in the Village; send them down; there 'they shall drink better luck to me, and have a bit of bread and cheese." 'Stupid Rabenau again consents:—and in few minutes more, War-'kotsch is in the Woods, galloping like Epsom, towards Wallis; and 'Rabenau can only arrest Madam (who knows nothing), and return in 'a baffled state.

'Schmidt too got away. The party sent after Schmidt found him 'in the little Town of Nimptsch, half way home again from his Wallis 'errand; comfortably dining with some innocent hospitable people 'there. Schmidt could not conceal his confusion; but pleading pite-'ously a necessity of nature, was with difficulty admitted to the—to 'the *Abtritt* so-called; and there, by some long pole or rake-handle, 'vanished wholly through a never-imagined aperture, and was no more 'heard of in the upper world. The Prussian soldiery does not seem 'expert in thief-taking.

'Warkotsch came back about midnight that same Tuesday, 500 'Wallis Hussars escorting him; and took away his ready moneys, near '5,000*l.* in gold, reports Frau Kappel, who witnessed the ghastly 'operation (Hussars in great terror, in haste, and unconscionably greedy 'as to sharing);—after which our next news of him, the last of any 'clear authenticity, is this Note to his poor Wife, which was read in 'the Law Procedures on him six months hence: "My Child (*Mein "Kind*),—The accursed thought I took up against my King has over-"whelmed me in boundless misery. From the top of the highest hill "I cannot see the limits of it. Farewell; I am in the farthest border "of Turkey.—WARKOTSCH."[4]

Schmidt and he, after patient trial, were both of them be-headed and quartered,—in pasteboard effigy,—in the Salt Ring (Great Square) of Breslau, May 1762:—in pasteboard, Friedrich liked it better than the other way. "*Meinetwegen*," wrote

[4] Küster, *Lebens-Rettungen*, p. 88: Küster, pp. 65-188 (for the general Narrative); Tempelhof, v. 346, &c. &c.

he, sanctioning the execution, "For aught I care; the Portraits will likely be as worthless as the Originals." Rittmeister Rabenau had got off with a few-days arrest, and the remark, "*Er ist ein dummer Teufel* (You are a stupid devil)!" Warkotsch's Estates, all and sundry, deducting the Baroness's jointure, which was punctually paid her, were confiscated to the King,—and by him were made over to the Schools of Breslau and Glogau, which, I doubt not, enjoy them to this day. Reverend Gerlach in Schönbrunn, Kappel and Kappel's Bursch, were all attended to, and properly rewarded, though there are rumours to the contrary. Hussar-Colonel Wallis got no public promotion, though it is not doubted the Head People had been well cognisant of his ingenious intentions. Official Vienna, like mankind in general, shuddered to own him; the great Counts Wallis at Vienna published in the Newspapers, "Our House has no connection with that gentleman;"—and, in fact, he was of Irish breed, it seems, the name of him Wall*isch* (or Walsh), if one cared. Warkotsch died at Raab (*this* side the farthest corner of Turkey), in 1769: his poor Baroness had vanished from Silesia five years before, probably to join him. He had some pension or aliment from the Austrian Court; small or not so small is a disputed point.

And this is, more minutely than need have been, in authentic form only too diffuse, the once world-famous Warkotsch Tragedy or Wellnigh-Tragic Melodrama; which is still interesting and a matter of study, of pathos and minute controversy, to the patriot and antiquary in Prussian Countries, though here we might have been briefer about it. It would, indeed, have "finished the War at once;" and on terms delightful to Austria and its Generals near by. But so would any unit of the million balls and bullets which have whistled round that same Royal Head, and have, every unit of them, missed like Warkotsch! Particular Heads, royal and other, meant for use in the scheme of things, are not to be hit on any terms till the use is had.

Friedrich settled in Breslau for the Winter, December 9th. From Colberg bad news meet him in Breslau; bad and ever worse: Colberg, not Warkotsch, is the interesting matter there, for a fortnight coming,—till Colberg end, it also irremediable. The Russian hope on Colberg is, long since, limited to that of

famine. We said the conveyance of Supplies, across such a Hundred Miles of wilderness, from Stettin thither, with Russians and the Winter gainsaying, was the difficulty. Our short Note continues :

'In fact, it is the impossibility : trial after trial goes on, in a strenuous manner, but without success. October 13th, Green Kleist tries ; October 22d, Knobloch and even Platen try. For the next two months there is trial on trial made (Hussar Kleist, Knobloch, Thadden, Platen), not without furious fencing, struggling; but with no success. There are, in wait at the proper places, 15,000 Russians waylaying. Winter comes early, and unusually severe: such marchings, such endeavourings and endurances,—without success! For darkness, cold, grim difficulty, fierce resistance to it, one reads few things like this of Colberg. "The snow lies ell-deep," says Archenholtz; "snow-tempests, sleet, frost : a country wasted and hungered out; wants fuel-wood; has not even salt. The soldier's bread is a block of ice ; impracticable to human teeth till you thaw it,—which is only possible by night." The Russian ships disappear (17th October); November 2d, Butturlin, leaving reinforcements without stint, vanishes towards Poland. The day before Butturlin went, there had been solemn summons upon Eugen, "Surrender honourably, we once more bid you ; never will we leave this ground, till Colberg is ours!" "Vain to propose it!" answers Eugen, as before. The Russians too are clearly in great misery of want; though with better roads open for them; and Romanzow's obstinacy is extreme.

'Night of November 14th-15th, Eugen, his horse-fodder being entirely done, and Heyde's magazines worn almost out, is obliged to glide mysteriously, circuitously from his Camp, and go to try the task himself. The most difficult of marches, gloriously executed ; which avails to deliver Eugen, and lightens the pressure on Heyde's small store. Eugen, in a way Tempelhof cannot enough admire, gets clear away. Joins with Platen, collects Provision; tries to send Provision in, but without effect. By the King's order, is to try it himself in a collective form. Had Heyde food, he would care little.

'Romanzow, who is now in Eugen's old Camp, summons the Veteran; they say, it is "for the twenty-fifth time,"—not yet quite the last. Heyde consults his people: "*Kameraden,* what think you "should I do?" "*Thun Sie's durchaus nicht, Herr Obrist,* Do not a "whit of it, Herr Colonel : we will defend ourselves as long as we have "bread and powder."[5] It is grim frost ; Heyde pours water on his walls. Romanzow tries storm; the walls are glass ; the garrison has powder, though on half rations as to bread: storm is of no effect. By the King's order, Eugen tries again. December 6th, starts; has again a march of the most consummate kind; December 12th, gets to the Russian intrenchment; storms a Russian redoubt, and fights inexpres-

[5] Seyfarth, iii. 28; Archenholtz, ii. 304.

'sibly; but it will not do. Withdraws; leaves Colberg to its fate. 'Next morning, Heyde gets his twenty-sixth summons; reflects on it 'two days; and then (December 16th), his biscuit done, decides to '"march out, with music playing, arms shouldered and the honours 'of war."'[6] Adieu to the old Hero; who, we hope, will not stay long in Russian prison.

"What a Place of Arms for us!" thinks Romanzow;—"though, indeed, for Campaign 1762, at this late time of year, it will not so much avail us." No;—and for 1763, who knows if you will need it then!

Six weeks ago, Prince Henri and Daun had finished their Saxon Campaign in a much more harmless manner. *November 5th*, Daun, after infinite rallying, marshalling, rearranging, and counselling with Loudon, who has sat so long quiescent on the Heights at Kunzendorf, ready to aid and reinforce, did at length (nothing of "rashness" chargeable on Daun) make 'a general attack on Prince Henri's outposts,' in the Meissen or Mulda-Elbe Country, 'from Rosswein all across to Siebeneichen;' simultaneous attack, 15 miles wide, or I know not how wide, but done with vigour; and, after a stiff struggle in the small way, drove them all in;—in, all of them, more or less;—and then did nothing farther whatever. Henri had to contract his quarters, and stand alertly on his guard: but nothing came. "Shall have to winter in straiter quarters, behind the Mulda, not astride of it as formerly; that is all." And so the Campaign in Saxony had ended, 'without, in the whole 'course of it' (say the Books), 'either party gaining any es-'sential advantage over the other.'[7]

CHAPTER X.

FRIEDRICH IN BRESLAU; HAS NEWS FROM PETERSBURG.

SINCE December 9th, Friedrich is in Breslau, in some remainder of his ruined Palace there; and is represented to us, in Books, as sitting amid ruins; no prospect ahead of him but ruin. Withdrawn from Society; looking fixedly on the gloomiest future. Sees hardly anybody; speaks, except it be on business,

[6] Tempelhof, v. 351-377; Archenholtz, ii. 294-307; especially the Seyfarth *Beylagen* above cited.

[7] Seyfarth, iii. 54; Tempelhof, v. 275 et seq. (ibid. pp. 263-280 for the Campaign at large, in all breadth of detail).

nothing. 'One day,' I have read somewhere, 'General Len-'tulus dined with him; and there was not a word uttered at 'all.' The Anecdote-Books have Dialogues with Ziethen; Ziethen still trusting in Divine Providence; King trusting only in the iron Destinies, and the stern refuge of Death with honour: Dialogues evidently symbolical only. In fact, this is not, or is not altogether, the King's common humour. He has his two Nephews with him (the elder, old enough to learn soldiering, is to be of next Campaign under him); he is not without society when he likes,—never without employment whether he like or not; and, in the blackest murk of despondencies, has his Turk and other Illusions, which seem to be brighter this Year than ever.[1]

For certain, the King is making all preparation, as if victory might still crown him: though of practical hope he, doubtless often enough, has little or none. England seems about deserting him; a most sad and unexpected change has befallen there: great Pitt thrown out; perverse small Butes come in, whose notions and procedures differ far from Pitt's! At home here, the Russians are in Pommern and the Neumark; Austrians have Saxony, all but a poor strip beyond the Mulda; Silesia, all but a fraction on the Oder: Friedrich has with himself 30,000; with Prince Henri 25,000; under Eugen of Würtemberg, against the Swedes, 5,000; in all his Dominions, 60,000 fighting men. To make head against so many enemies, he calculates that 60,000 more must be raised this Winter. And where are these to come from; England and its help having also fallen into such dubiety? Next Year, it is calculated by everybody, Friedrich himself hardly excepted (in bad moments), must be the finis of this long agonistic tragedy. On the other hand, Austria herself is in sore difficulties as to cash; discharges 20,000 men,—trusting she may have enough besides to finish Friedrich. France is bankrupt, starving, passionate for Peace; English Bute nothing like so ill to treat with as Pitt: to Austria no more subsidies from France. The War is waxing feeble, not on Friedrich's side only, like a flame short of fuel. This Year it must go out; Austria will have to kill Friedrich this Year, if at all.

Whether Austria's and the world's prophecy would have been fulfilled? Nobody can say what miraculous sudden shifts,

[1] *Letters* to Henri: in *Schöning*, iii. (*sæpius*).

and outbursts of fiery enterprise, may still lie in this man. Friedrich is difficult to kill, grows terribly elastic when you compress him into a corner. Or Destiny, perhaps, may have tried him sufficiently; and be satisfied? Destiny does send him a wonderful star-of-day, bursting out on the sudden, as will be seen! —Meanwhile here is the English calamity; worse than any Schweidnitz, Colberg or other that has befallen in this blackest of the night.

The Pitt Catastrophe: how the Peace-Negotiation went off by Explosion; how Pitt withdrew (3d October 1761), *and there came a Spanish War nevertheless.*

In St. James's Street, 'in the Duke of Cumberland's late lodgings,' on the 2d of October 1761, there was held one of the most remarkable Cabinet-Councils known in English History: it is the last of Pitt's Cabinet-Councils for a long time,—might as well have been his last of all;—and is of the highest importance to Friedrich through Pitt. We spoke of the Choiseul Peace-Negotiation; of an offer indirectly from King Carlos, "Could not I mediate a little?"—offer which exploded said Negotiation, and produced the Bourbon Family Compact and an additional War instead. Let us now look, slightly for a few moments, into that matter and its sequences.

It was *July 15th*, when Bussy, along with something in his own French sphere, presented this beautiful Spanish Appendix, —"apprehensive that War may break out again with Spain, when we Two have got settled." By the same opportunity came a Note from him, which was reckoned important too: "That the Empress Queen would and did, whatever might become of the Congress of Augsburg, approve of this Separate Peace between France and England,—England merely undertaking to leave the King of Prussia altogether to himself in future with her Imperial Majesty and her Allies." "Never, Sir!" answered Pitt, with emphasis, to this latter Proposition; and to the former about Spain's interfering, or whispering of interference, he answered—by at once returning the Paper, as a thing nonextant, or which it was charitable to consider so. "Totally inadmissible, Sir; mention it no more!"—and at once called upon the Spanish Ambassador to disavow such impertinence imputed to his Master. Fancy the colloquies, the agitated consultations

thereupon, between Bussy and this Don, in view suddenly of breakers ahead!

In about a week (July 23d), Bussy had an Interview with Pitt himself on this high Spanish matter; and got some utterances out of him which are memorable to Bussy and us. "It "is my duty to declare to you, Sir, in the name of his Majesty," said Pitt, "that his Majesty will not suffer the disputes with "Spain to be blended, in any manner whatever, in the Nego- "tiation of Peace between the Two Crowns. To which I must "add, that it will be considered as an affront to his Majesty's "dignity, and as a thing incompatible with the sincerity of the "Negotiation, to make farther mention of such a circum- "stance."[2] Bussy did not go at once, after this deliverance; but was unable, by his arguments and pleadings, by all his oil and fire joined together, to produce the least improvement on it: "Time enough to treat of all that, Sir, when the Tower of "London is taken sword in hand!"[3] was Pitt's last word. An expression which went over the world; and went especially to King Carlos, as fast as it could fly, or as his Choiseul could speed it: and, in about three weeks, produced,—it and what had gone before it, by the united industry of Choiseul and Carlos, finally produced,—the famed *Bourbon Family Compact* (August 15th, 1761), and a variety of other weighty results, which lay in embryo therein.

Pitt, in the interim, had been intensely prosecuting, in Spain and everywhere, his inquiry into the Bussy phenomenon of July 15th; which he, from the first glimpse of it, took to mean a mystery of treachery in the pretended Peace-Negotiation, on the part of Choiseul and Catholic Majesty;—though other long heads, and Pitt's Ambassador at Madrid investigating on the spot, considered it an inadvertence mainly, and of no practical meaning. On getting knowledge of the Bourbon Family Compact, Pitt perceived that his suspicion was a certainty;—and likewise that the one clear course was, To declare War on the Spanish Bourbon too, and go into him at once: "We are ready; fleets, soldiers, in the East, in the West; he not ready anywhere. Since he wants War, let him have it, without loss of a moment!" That is Pitt's clear view of the case; but it is

[2] In *Thackeray*, ii. 554;—Pitt next day putting it in writing, "word for word," at Bussy's request.

[3] Beatson, ii. 434. Archenholtz (ii. 245) has heard of this expression, in a slightly incorrect way.

by no means Bute and Company's,—who discern in it, rather, a means of finishing another operation they have long been secretly busy upon, by their Mauduits and otherwise; and are clear against getting into a new War with Spain or anybody: "Have not we enough of Wars?" say they.

Since September 18th, there had been three Cabinet-Councils held on this great Spanish question: "Mystery of treachery, meaning War from Spain? Or awkward Inadvertence only, practically meaning little or nothing?" Pitt, surer of his course every time, every time meets the same contradiction. Council of October 2d was the third of the series, and proved to be the last.

"Twelve Seventy-fours sent instantly to Cadiz," had been Pitt's proposal, on the first emergence of the Bussy phenomenon. Here are his words, October 2d, when it is about to get consummated: "This is now the time for humbling the whole "House of Bourbon: and if this opportunity is let slip, we shall "never find another! Their united power, if suffered to gather "strength, will baffle our most vigorous efforts, and possibly "plunge us in the gulf of ruin. We must not allow them a "moment to breathe. Self-preservation bids us crush them "before they can combine or recollect themselves."—"No "evidence that Spain means war; too many wars on our "hands; let us at least wait!" urge all the others,—all but one, or one and *a half*, of whom presently. Whereupon Pitt: "If these views are to be followed, this is the last time I can "sit at this Board. I was called to the Administration of "Affairs by the voice of the People: to them I have always "considered myself as accountable for my conduct; and there-"fore cannot remain in a situation which makes me responsible "for measures I am no longer allowed to guide."[4]

Carteret Granville, President of said Council for ten years past,[5] now an old red-nosed man of seventy-two, snappishly took him up,—it is the last public thing poor Carteret did in this world,—in the following terms: "I find the Gentleman is "determined to leave us; nor can I say I am sorry for it, since "otherwise he would have certainly compelled us to leave him." (Has ruled us, may not I say, with a rod of iron!) "But if he "be resolved to assume the office of exclusively advising his

[4] Beatson, ii. 438.
[5] Came in '17th June 1751,' –died '2d January 1763.'

"Majesty and directing the operations of the War, to what "purpose are *we* called to this Council? When he talks of "being responsible to the People, he talks the language of "the House of Commons; forgets that, at this Board, he is "only responsible to the King. However, though he may "possibly have convinced himself of his infallibility, still it re- "mains that we should be equally convinced, before we can "resign our understandings to his direction, or join with him "in the measure he proposes."[6]

Who, besides Temple (Pitt's Brother-in-law) confirmatory of Pitt, Bute negatory, and Newcastle *silent*, the other beautiful gentlemen were, I will not ask; but poor old Carteret,—the wine perhaps sour on his stomach (old age too, with German memories of his own, "A biggish Life once mine, all futile for *want* of this same Kingship like Pitt's!")—I am sorry old Carteret should have ended so! He made the above Answer; and Pitt resigned next day.[7] "The Nation was thunderstruck, alarmed and indignant," says Walpole:[8] yes, no wonder;—but, except a great deal of noisy jargoning in Parliament and out of it, the Nation gained nothing for itself by its indignant, thunderstricken and other feelings. Its Pitt is irrecoverable; and it may long look for another such. These beautiful recalcitrants of the Cabinet-Council had, themselves, within three months (think under what noises and hootings from a non-admiring Nation), to declare War on Spain,[9] *not* on better terms than when Pitt advised; and, except for the "readiness" in which Pitt had left all things, might have fared indifferently in it.

To Spain and France the results of the Family Compact (we may as well give them at once, though they extend over the whole next year and farther, and concern Friedrich very little) were: a War on England (chiefly on poor Portugal for England's sake); with a War *by* England in return, which cost Spain its Havana and its Philippine Islands.

'From 1760 and before, the Spanish Carlos, his orthodox mind 'perhaps shocked at Pombal and the Anti-Jesuit procedures, had for-

[6] *Biog. Britannica* (Kippis's; London, 1784), iii. 278. See Thackeray, i. 589-592.
[7] Thackeray, i. 592 n. 'October 5th' (*acceptance* of the resignation, I suppose?) is the date commonly given.
[8] *Memoirs of the Reign of George the Third*, i. 82 et seq.
[9] '2d January 1762,' the English; '18th January,' the Spaniard (*Annual Register* for 1762, p. 50; or better, Beatson, ii. 443).

'bidden trade with Portugal; had been drawing-out dangerous "militia 'forces on the Frontier;" and afflicting and frightening the poor Coun-'try. But on the actual arrival of War with England, Choiseul and 'he, as the first feasibility discernible, make Demand (three times over, '16th March—18th April 1762, each time more stringently) on poor 'Portuguese Majesty: "Give up your objectionable Heretic Ally, and 'join with us against him; will you, or will you not?" To which the 'Portuguese Majesty, whose very title is Most Faithful, answered al-'ways: "You surprise me! I cannot; how can I? He is my Ally, 'and has always kept faith with me! For certain, No!"[10] So that 'there is English reinforcement got ready, men, money; an English 'General, Lord Tyrawley, General and Ambassador; with a 5 or 6,000 'horse and foot, and many volunteer officers besides, for the Portuguese 'behoof.[11] In short, every encouragement to poor Portugal: "Pull, 'and we will help you by tracing."

'The poor Portuguese pulled very badly: were disgusting to Tyraw-'ley, he to them; and cried passionately, "Get us another General;" '—upon which, by some wise person's counsel, that singular Artillery 'Gentleman, the Graf von der Lippe Bückeburg, who gave the dinner 'in his Tent with cannon firing at the pole of it, was appointed; and 'Tyrawley came home in a huff.[12] Which was probably a favourable 'circumstance. Bückeburg understands War, whether Tyrawley do 'or not. Duke Ferdinand has agreed to dispense with his Ord-'nance-Master; nay I have heard the Ordnance-Master, a man of sharp 'speech on occasion, was as good as idle; and had gone home to 'Bückeburg, this Winter: indignant at the many imperfections he saw, 'and perhaps too frankly expressing that feeling now and then. What 'he thought of the Portuguese Army in comparison is not on record; 'but may be judged of by this circumstance, That on dining with the 'chief Portuguese military man, he found his Portuguese captains and 'lieutenants waiting as valets behind the chairs.[13]

'The improvements he made are said to have been many;—and 'Portuguese Majesty, in bidding farewell, gave him a park of Minia-'ture Gold Cannon by way of gracious symbol. But, so far as the 'facts show, he seems to have got from his Portuguese Army next to 'no service whatever: and, but for the English and the ill weather, 'would have fared badly against his French and Spaniards,—42,000 'of them, advancing in Three Divisions, by the Douro and the Tagus, 'against Oporto and Lisbon.

'His War has only these three dates of event. 1°. May 9th, The 'northmost of the Three Divisions[14] crosses the Portuguese Frontier

[10] *London Gazette*, 5th May 1762, &c. (in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1762, xxxii. 205, 321, 411).

[11] List of all this in Beatson, ii. 491, iii. 323;—'did not get to sea till 12th May 1762' (*Gentleman's Magazine* for 1762, p. 239).

[12] Varnhagen von Ense, *Graf Wilhelm zur Lippe* (Berlin, 1845), in *Vermischte Schriften*, i. 1-118: pp. 33-54, his Portuguese operations.

[13] *Varnhagen* (gives no date anywhere).

[14] *Annual Register* for 1762, p. 30.

'on the Douro; summons Mirando, a chief Town of theirs; takes it, 'before their first battery is built; takes Braganza, takes Monte Corvo; 'and within a week is master of the Douro, in that part. "Will be 'at Oporto directly!" shriek all the Wine people (no resistance any-'where, except by peasants organised by English Officers in some parts); 'upon which Seventy-fours were sent.

'2°. Division Second of the 42,000 came by Beira Country, be-'tween Tagus and Douro, by Tras-os-Montes; and laid siege to a 'place called Almeida' (north-west some 20 odd miles from *Ciudad Rodrigo*, a name once known to veterans of us still living), 'which 'Bückeburg had tried to repair into strength, and furnish with a gar-'rison. Garrison defended itself well; but could not be relieved;— 'had to surrender, August 25th: whereby it seems the Tagus is now 'theirs! All the more, as Division Three is likewise got across from 'Estremadura, invading Alemtejo: what is to keep these Two from 'falling on Lisbon together?

'3°. Against this, Bückeburg does find a recipe. Dispatches Bri-'gadier Burgoyne with an English party upon a Town called Valencia 'd'Alcantara' (not Alcantara Proper, but Valencia of ditto, not very far from *Badajoz*), 'where the vanguard of this Third Division is, and 'their principal Magazine. Burgoyne and his English did perfectly: 'broke into the place, stormed it sword in hand (August 27th); kept 'the Magazine and it, though "the sixteen Portuguese Battalions" 'could not possibly get up in time. In manner following (say the Old 'Newspapers):

"The garrison of Almeida, before which place the whole Spanish "Army had been assembled, surrendered to the Spaniards on the "25th" (August 25th, as we have just heard), "having capitulated on "condition of not serving against Spain for six months.

"As a counterbalance to this advantage, the Count de Lippe "caused Valencia d'Alcantara to be attacked, sword-in-hand, by the "British troops; who carried it, after an obstinate resistance. The "loss of the British troops, who had the principal share in this affair, "is luckily but inconsiderable: and consists in Lieutenant Burk of "Colonel Frederick's, one sergeant and three privates killed; two "sergeants, one drummer, 18 privates wounded; 10 horses killed and "2 wounded" (loss not at all considerable, in a War of such dimen-sions!) "The British troops behaved upon this occasion with as much "generosity as courage; and it deserves admiration, that, in an affair "of this kind, the town and the inhabitants suffered very little; which "is owing to the good order Brigadier Burgoyne kept up even in the "heat of the action. This success would probably have been attended "with more, if circumstances, that could not well be expected, had "not retarded the march of sixteen Portuguese battalions, and three "regiments of cavalry."[15]

'Upon which—upon which, in fact, the War had to end. Rainy

[15] Old Newspapers (in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1762, p. 443).

'weather came, deluges of rain; Burgoyne, with or without the sixteen 'battalions of Portuguese, kept the grip he had. Valencia d'Alcantara 'and its Magazine a settled business, roads round gone all to mire,— 'this Third Division, and with it the 42,000 in general, finding they 'had nothing to live upon, went their ways again.' *Note*, The Burgoyne, who begins in this pretty way at Valencia d'Alcantara, is the same who ended so dismally at Saratoga, within twenty years:—perhaps, with other War-Offices, and training himself in something suitabler than Parliamentary Eloquence, he might have become a kind of General, and have ended far otherwise than there?—

'Such was the credit-account on Carlos's side: By gratuitous as- 'sault on Portugal, which had done him no offence; result zero, and 'pay your expenses. On the English, or *per-contra* side, again, there 'were these three items, two of them specifically on Carlos: *First*, 'Martinique captured from the French this Spring (finished 4th Feb- 'ruary 1762):[16]—was to have been done in any case, Guadaloupe and 'it being both on Pitt's books for some time, and only Guadaloupe 'yet got. *Secondly*, King Carlos, for Family Compact and fruitless 'attempt at burglary on an unoffending neighbour, Debtor: 1°. To 'Loss of the Havana (6th June—13th August 1762),[17] which might 'easily have issued in loss of all his West Indies together, and total 'abolition of the Pope's meridian in that Western Hemisphere; and '2°. To Loss of Manilla, with his Philippine Islands (23d September '—6th October 1762),[18] which was abolition of it in the Eastern. After 'which, happily for Carlos, Peace came,—Peace, and no Pitt to be 'severe upon his Indies and him. Carlos's War of ten months had 'stood him uncommonly high.'

All these things the English Public, considerably sullen about the Cabinet-Council event of October 3d, ascribed to the real owner of them. The Public said: "These are, all of them, Pitt's bolts, not yours,—launched, or lying ready for launching, from that Olympian battery which, in the East and in the West, had already smitten down all Lallys and Montcalms; and had force already massed there, rendering your Havanas and Manillas easy for you. For which, indeed, you do not seem to care much; rather seem to be embarrassed with them, in your eagerness for Peace and a lazy life!"—Manilla was a beautiful work;[19] but the Manilla Ransom; a million sterling, half of it in bills,—which the Spaniards, on no

[16] *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1762, p. 127.
[17] Ib. pp. 408-459, &c.
[18] Ib. xxxiii. 171-177.
[19] *A Journal of the Proceedings of his Majesty's Forces in the Expedition to Manilla* (*London Gazette*, April 19th, 1763; *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxxiii. 171 et seq.). Written by Colonel or Brigadier-General Draper (suggester, contriver and performer of the Enterprise; an excellent Indian Officer, of great merit with his pen as well,—Bully *Junius's* Correspondent afterwards).

pretext at all but the disagreeableness, refused to pay! Havana, though victorious, cost a good many men: was thought to be but badly managed. "What to do with it?" said Bute, at the Peace: "Give us Florida in lieu of it,"—which proved of little benefit to Bute. Enough, enough of Bute and his performances.

Pitt being gone, Friedrich's English Subsidy lags: this time Friedrich concludes it is cut off;—silent on the subject; no words will express one's thoughts on it. Not till April 9th has poor Mitchell the sad errand of announcing formally That such are our pressures, Portuguese War and other, we cannot afford it farther. Answered by I know not what kind of glance from Friedrich; answered, I find, by words few or none from the forsaken King: "Good; that too was wanting," thought the proud soul: "Keep your coin, since you so need it; I have still copper, and my sword!" The alloy this Year became as 3 to 1:—what other remedy?

From the same cause, I doubt not, this Year, for the first time in human memory, came that complete abeyance of the Gift-moneys (*Douceur-Gelder*), which are become a standing expectation, quasi-right, and necessary item of support to every Prussian Officer, from a Lieutenant upwards: not a word, in the least official, said of them this Year; still less a penny of them actually forthcoming to a worn-out expectant Army. One of the greatest sins charged upon Friedrich by Prussian or Prussian-Military public opinion: not to be excused at all;—Prussian-Military and even Prussian-Civil opinion having a strange persuasion that this King has boundless supply of money, and only out of perversity refuses it for objects of moment. In the Army as elsewhere much has gone awry;[20] many rivets loose after such a climbing of the Alps as there has been, through dense and rare.

It will surprise everybody that Friedrich, with his copper and other resources, actually raised his additional 60,000; and has for himself 70,000 to recover Schweidnitz, and bring Silesia to its old state; 40,000 for Prince Henri and Saxony, with a 10,000 of margin for Sweden and accidental sundries. This is strange, but it is true.[21] And has not been done without strivings and contrivings, hard requisitions on the places

[20] See Möllendorf's two or three *Letters* (Preuss, iv. 407-411).
[21] Stenzel, v. 297, 286; Tempelhof, vi. 2, 10, 63.

liable; and has involved not a little of severity and difficulty,—especially a great deal of haggling with the collecting parties, or at least with Prince Henri, who presides in Saxony, and is apt to complain and mourn over the undoable, rather than proceed to do it. The King's Correspondence with Henri, this Winter, is curious enough; like a Dialogue between Hope on its feet, and Despair taking to its bed. "You know there are Two Doctors in *Molière*," says Friedrich to him once; "a Doctor *Tant-mieux* (So much the Better) and a Doctor *Tant-pis* (So much the Worse): these two cannot be expected to agree!"—Instead of infinite arithmetical details, here is part of a Letter of Friedrich's to D'Argens; and a Passage, one of many, with Prince Henri;—which command a view into the interior that concerns us.

The King to D'Argens (at Berlin).

"Breslau, 18th January 1762.

* * * "You have lifted the political veil which covered horrors "and perfidies meditated and ready to burst out" (Bute's dismal procedures, I believe; who is ravenous for Peace, and would fain force Friedrich along with him on terms altogether disgraceful and inadmissible[22]): "you judge correctly of the whole situation I am in, of the "abysses which surround me; and, as I see by what you say, of the "kind of hope that still remains to me. It will not be till the month "of February" (Turks, probably, and Tartar Khan; great things coming then!) "that we can speak of that; and that is the term I "contemplate for deciding whether I shall hold to *Cato*" (Cato,—and the little Glass Tube I have!) "or to *Cæsar's Commentaries*," and the best fight one can make.

"The School of patience I am at is hard, long-continued, cruel, "nay barbarous. I have not been able to escape my lot: all that "human foresight could suggest has been employed, and nothing has "succeeded. If Fortune continues to pursue me, doubtless I shall "sink; it is only she that can extricate me from the situation I am in. "I escape out of it by looking at the Universe on the great scale, like "an observer from some distant Planet; all then seems to me so in-"finitely small, and I could almost pity my enemies for giving them-"selves such trouble about so very little. What would become of us "without philosophy, without this reasonable contempt of things frivo-"lous, transient and fugitive, about which the greedy and ambitious "make such a pother, fancying them to be solid! This is to become "wise by stripes, you will tell me; well, if one do become wise, what

[22] See D'Argens's Letter (to which this is Answer), *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 281, 282.

"matters it how?—I read a great deal; I devour my Books, and that "brings me useful alleviation. But for my Books, I think hypochon- "dria would have had me in bedlam before now. In fine, dear Mar- "quis, we live in troublous times and in desperate situations:—I have "all the properties of a Stage-Hero; always in danger, always on the "point of perishing. One must hope the conclusion will come; and "if the end of the piece be lucky, we will forget the rest. Patience "then, *mon cher*, till February 20th" (By which time, what far other veritable star-of-day will have risen on me!) "*Adieu, mon cher.*—F."[23]

Tiff of Quarrel between King and Henri (March—April 1762).

In the Spring months Prince Henri is at Hof in Voigtland, on the extreme right of his long line of 'Quarters behind the Mulda;' busy enough, watching the Austrians and Reich; levying the severe contributions; speeding all he can the manifold preparatives;—conscious to himself of the greatest vigilance and diligence, but wrapt in despondency and black acidulent humours; a 'Doctor *So much the Worse*,' who is not a comforting Correspondent. From Hof, towards the middle of March, he becomes specially gloomy and acidulous; sends a series of Complaints; also of News, not important, but all rather in *your* favour, my dearest Brother, than in mine, if you will please to observe! As thus:

Henri (at Hof, 10th-13th March). * * "Sadly off here, my dearest "Brother! Of our '1,284 head of commissariat horses,' only 180 are "come in; of our '287 drivers,' not one. Will be impossible to open "Campaign at that rate."—"Grenadier Battalions *Rothenburg* and "*Grant* demand to have picked men to complete them" (of *Cantonist*, or sure Prussian sort). * * "I find" (*nota bene*, Reader!) "there are "eight Austrian regiments going to Silesia" (off my hands, and upon *yours*, in a sense), "eight instead of four that I spoke of: intending, "probably, for Glatz, to replace Czernichef" (a Czernichef off for home lately, in a most miraculous way; as readers shall hear!) "—to re- "place Czernichef, and the blank he has left there? Eight of them: "Your Majesty can have no difficulty; but I will detach Platen or "somebody, if you order it; though I am myself perilously ill off here, "so scattered into parts, not capable of speedy junction like your "Majesty."

Friedrich (14th-16th March). "Commissariat horses, drivers? I "arranged and provided where everything was to be got. But if my "orders are not executed, nor the requisitions brought in, of course "there is failure. I am dispatching Adjutant von Anhalt to Saxony "a second time, to enforce matters. If I could be for three weeks in "Saxony, myself, I believe I could put all on its right footing; but, "as I must not stir two steps from here, I will send you Anhalt, with "orders to the Generals, to compel them to their duty."[24] "As to

[23] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 282, 283. [24] Schöning, iii. 301, 302.

"Grenadier Battalions *Grant* and *Rothenburg*, it is absurd." (Henri falls silent for about a week, brooding his gloom;—not aware that still worse is coming.) King continues:

King (22d March). "Eight regiments, you said? Here, by enclosed List, are seventeen of them, names and particulars all given," which is rather a different view of the account against Silesia! Seventeen of them, going, not for Glatz, I should say, but to strengthen our Enemies hereabouts.

Henri. "Hm, hah" (answers only in German; dry military reports, official merely;—thinks of writing to Chief-Clerk Eichel, who is factotum in these spheres). * * "Artillery recruits are scarce in the extreme; demand bounty: five thalers, shall we say?"

King. "Seventeen regiments of them, beyond question, instead of eight, coming on us: strange that you didn't warn me better. I have therefore ordered your Major-General Schmettau hitherward at once. As he has not done raising the contributions in the Lausitz, you must send another to do it, and have them ready when General Platen passes that way hither."—"'Five thalers bounty for artillery men,' say you? It is not to be thought of. Artillery men can be had by conscription where you are." Henri (in silence, still more indignant) sends military reports exclusively. March 26th, Henri's gloom reaches the igniting-point; he writes to Chief-Clerk Eichel:

"Monsieur, you are aware that Adjutant von Anhalt is on the way hither. To judge by his orders, if they correspond to the Letters I have had from the King, Adjutant von Anhalt's appearance here will produce an embarrassment, from which I am resolved to extricate myself by a voluntary retirement from office. My totally ruined (*abîmée*) health, the vexations I have had, the fatigues and troubles of war, leave in me little regret to quit the employment. I solicit only, from your attentions and skill of management, that my retreat be permitted to take place with the decency observed towards those who have served the State. I have not a high opinion of my services; but perhaps I am not mistaken in supposing that it would be more a shame to the King than to me if he should make me endure all manner of chagrins during my retirement."[25]

Eichel sinks into profound reflection; says nothing. How is this fire to be got under? Where is the place to trample on it, before opening door or window, or saying a word to the King or anybody?

Henri (same day, 26th March). "My dearest Brother,—In the List you send me of those seventeen Austrian regiments, several, I am informed, are still in Saxony; and by all the news that I get, there are only eight gone towards Silesia."—"From Leipzig my accounts are, the Reichs Army is to make a movement in advance, and Prince Xavier with the Saxons was expected at Naumburg the 20th ult. I know not if you have arranged with Duke Ferdinand for a proportionate succour, in case his French also should try to

[25] Schöning, iii. 307.

"penetrate into Saxony upon me? I am, with the profoundest attach-
"ment, your faithful and devoted servant and Brother."

King (30th March). "Seventeen of them, you may depend; I "am too well informed to be allowed to doubt in any way. What "you report of the Reichsfolk and Saxons moving hither, thither; "that seems to me a bit of game on their part. They will try to cut "one post from you, then another, unless you assemble a corps and "go-in upon them. Till you decide for this resolution, you have no-"thing but chicanes and provocations to expect there. As to Duke "Ferdinand of Brunswick, I don't imagine that his Orders" (from England) "would permit him what you propose" (for relief of yourself): "at any rate, you will have to write at least thrice to him,—that is to "say, waste three weeks, before he will answer No or Yes. You "yourself are in force enough for those fellows: but so long as you "keep on the defensive alone, the enemy gains time, and things will "always go a bad road." Henri's patience is already out; this same day he is writing to the King.

Henri (30th March). * * "You have hitherto received proofs "enough of my ways of thinking and acting to know that if in reality "I was mistaken about those eight regiments, it can only have been a "piece of ignorance on the part of my spy: meanwhile you are pleased "to make me responsible for what misfortune may come of it. I "think I have my hands full with the task laid on me of guarding "4,000 square miles of country with fewer troops than you have, and "of being opposite an enemy whose posts touch upon ours, and who "is superior in force. Your preceding Letters" (from March 16th hitherto), "on which I have wished to be silent, and this last proof of "want of affection, show me too clearly to what fortune I have sacri-"ficed these Six Years of Campaigning."

King (3d April: Official Orders given in Teutsch; at the tail of which). "Spare your wrath and indignation at your servant, Mon-"seigneur! You, who preach indulgence, have a little of it for "persons who have no intention of offending you, or of failing in "respect for you; and deign to receive with more benignity the hum-"ble representations which the conjunctures sometimes force from me. "F."—Which relieves Eichel of his difficulties, and quenches this sputter.[26]

Prince Henri, for all his complaining, did beautifully this Season again (though to us it must be silent, being small-war merely);—and in particular, *May 12th*, early in the morning, simultaneously in many different parts, burst across the Mulda, ten or twenty miles long (or *broad* rather, from his right hand to his left), sudden as lightning, upon the supine Serbelloni and his Austrians and Reichsfolk. And hurled them back, one and all, almost to the Plauen Chasm and their old

[26] Plucked up from the waste imbroglios of *Schöning* (iii. 296-311), by arranging and omitting.

haunts; widening his quarters notably.[27] A really brilliant thing, testifies everybody, though not to be dwelt on here. Seidlitz was of it (much fine cutting and careering, from the Seidlitz and others, we have to omit in these two Saxon Campaigns!)—Seidlitz was of it; he, and another still more special acquaintance of ours, the learned Quintus Icilius; who also did his best in it, but lost his '*Amusette*' (small bit of cannon, 'Plaything,' so called by Maréchal de Saxe, inventor of the article), and did not shine like Seidlitz.

Henri's quarters being notably widened in this way, and nothing but torpid Serbellonis and Prince Stollbergs on the opposite part, Henri 'drew himself out thirty-five miles long;' and stood there, almost looking into Plauen region as formerly. And with his fiery Seidlitzes, Kleists, made a handsome Summer of it. And beat the Austrians and Reichsfolk at Freyberg (*October 29th*, a fine Battle, and his sole one),—on the Horse which afterwards carried Gellert, as is pleasantly known.

But we are omitting the news from Petersburg,—which came the very day after that gloomy *Letter to D'Argens;* months before the *Tiff of Quarrel* with Henri, and the brilliant better destinies of that Gentleman in his Campaign.

Bright News from Petersburg (certain, Jan. 19th); *which grow ever brighter; and become a Star-of-day for Friedrich.*

To Friedrich, long before all this of Henri, indeed almost on the very day while he was writing so despondently to D'Argens, a new phasis had arisen. Hardly had he been five weeks at Breslau, in those gloomy circumstances, when,—about the middle of January 1762 (day not given, though it is forever notable),—there arrive rumours, arrive news,—news from Petersburg; such as this King never had before! "Among the thousand ill strokes of Fortune, does there at length come one preëminently good? The unspeakable Sovereign Woman, is she verily dead, then, and become peaceable to me forevermore?" We promised Friedrich a wonderful star-of-day; and this is it,—though it is long before he dare quite regard it as such. Peter, the Successor, he knows to be secretly his friend and admirer; if only, in the new Czarish capacity and its chaotic environments and conditions, Peter dare and can assert these feelings? What a hope to Friedrich, from this time onward! Russia may be counted as the bigger half of all he had to strive with; the bigger, or at least the far uglier, more

[27] *Bericht von dem Uebergang über die Mulde, den der Prinz Heinrich den 12ten May 1762 glücklich ausgeführt* (in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 280-291).

ruinous and incendiary;—and if this were at once taken away, think what a daybreak when the night was at the blackest!

Pious people say, The darkest hour is often nearest the dawn. And a dawn this proved to be for Friedrich. And the fact grew always the longer the brighter;—and before Campaign time, had ripened into real daylight and sunrise. The dates should have been precise; but are not to be had so: here is the nearest we could come. January 14th, writing to Henri, the King has a mysterious word about "possibilities of an uncommon sort,"—rumours from Petersburg, I could conjecture; though perhaps they are only Turk or Tartar-Khan affairs, which are higher this year than ever, and as futile as ever. But, on *January 19th*, he has heard plainly,—with what hopes (if one durst indulge them)!—that the implacable Imperial Woman, *infâme Catin du Nord*, is verily dead. Dead; and does not hate me any more. Deliverance, Peace and Victory lie in the word!—Catin had long been failing, but they kept it religiously secret within the Court walls: even at Petersburg nobody knew till the Prayers of the Church were required: Prayers as zealous as you can,—the Doctors having plainly intimated that she is desperate, and that the thing is over. On *Christmas-day* 1761 by Russian Style, *5th January* 1762 by European, the poor Imperial Catin lay dead;—a death still more important than that of George II. to this King.

Peter III., who succeeded, has long been privately a sworn friend and admirer of the King; and hastens, not too *slowly* as the King had feared, but far the reverse, to make that known to all mankind. That, and much else,—in a far too headlong manner, poor soul! Like an ardent, violent, totally inexperienced person (enfranchised *schoolboy*, come to the age of thirty-four), who has sat hitherto in darkness, in intolerable compression; as if buried alive! He is now Czar Peter, Autocrat, not of Himself only, but of All the Russias;—and has, besides the complete regeneration of Russia, two great thoughts: *First*, That of avenging native Holstein, and his poor martyr of a Father now with God, against the Danes;—and,

Second, what is scarcely second in importance to the first, and indeed is practically a kind of preliminary to it, That of delivering the Prussian Pattern of Heroes from such a pattern of foul combinations, and bringing Peace to Europe, while he

settles the Holstein-Danish business. Peter is Russian by the Mother's side; his Mother was Sister of the late Catin, a Daughter, like her, of Czar Peter called the Great, and of the little brown Catharine whom we saw transiently long ago. His Holstein Business shall concern us little; but that with Friedrich, during the brief Six Months allowed him for it,—for it, and for all his remaining businesses in this world,—is of the highest importance to Friedrich and us.

Peter is one of the wildest men; his fate, which was tragical, is now to most readers rather of a ghastly-grotesque than of a lamentable and pitiable character. Few know, or have ever considered, in how wild an element poor Peter was born and nursed; what a time he has had, since his fifteenth year especially, when Cousin of Zerbst and he were married. Perhaps the wildest and maddest any human soul had, during that Century. I find in him, starting out from the Lethean quagmires where he had to grow, a certain rash greatness of idea; traces of veritable conviction, just resolution; veritable and just, though rash. That of admiration for King Friedrich was not intrinsically foolish, in the solitary thoughts of the poor young fellow; nay it was the reverse; though it was highly inopportune in the place where he stood. Nor was the Holstein notion bad; it was generous rather, noble and natural, though, again, somewhat impracticable in the circumstances.

The summary of the Friedrich-Peter business is perhaps already known to most readers, and can be very briefly given; nor is Peter's tragical Six Months of Czarship (*5th January —9th July* 1762) a thing for us to dwell on beyond need. But it is wildly tragical; strokes of deep pathos in it, blended with the ghastly and grotesque: it is part of Friedrich's strange element and environment: and though the outer incidents are public enough, it is essentially little known. Had there been an Æschylus, had there been a Shakspeare!—But poor Peter's shocking Six Months of History has been treated by a far different set of hands, themselves almost shocking to see: and, to the seriously inquiring mind, it lies, and will long lie, in a very waste, chaotic, enigmatic condition. Here, out of considerable bundles now burnt, are some rough jottings, Excerpts of Notes and Studies,—which, I still doubt rather, ought to have gone in *Auto de Fe* along with the others. *Auto de Fe*

I called it; Act of *Faith*, not Spanish-Inquisitional, but essentially Celestial many times, if you reflect well on the poisonous consequences, on the sinfulness and deadly criminality, of Human Babble,—as nobody does nowadays! I label the different Pieces, and try to make legible;—hasty readers have the privilege of skipping, if they like. The first Two are of preliminary or prefatory nature,—perhaps still more skippable than those that will by and by follow.

1. *Genealogy of Peter.* 'His grandfather was Friedrich IV., Duke 'of Holstein-Gottorp and Schleswig, Karl XII.'s brother-in-law; on 'whose score it was (Denmark finding the time opportune for a stroke 'of robbery there) that Karl XII., a young lad hardly eighteen, first 'took arms; and began the career of fighting that astonished Denmark 'and certain other Neighbours who had been too covetous on a young 'King. This his young Brother-in-law, Friedrich of Holstein-Gottorp '(young he too, though Karl's senior by ten years), had been reinstated 'in his Territory, and the Danes sternly forbidden farther burglary 'there, by the victorious Karl; but went with Karl in his farther ex-'peditions. Always Karl's intimate, and at his right hand for the 'next two years: fell in the Battle of Clissow, 19th July 1702; age 'not yet thirty-one.

'He left as Heir a poor young Boy, at this time only two years 'old. His young Widow Hedwig survived him six years.[28] Her 'poor child grew to manhood; and had tragic fortunes in this world; 'Danes again burglarious in that part, again robbing this poor Boy at 'discretion, so soon as Karl XII. became unfortunate; and refusing to 'restore (have not restored Schleswig at all[29]):—a grimly sad story to 'the now Peter, his only Child! This poor Duke at last died, 18th 'June 1739, age thirty-nine; the now Peter then about 11,—who well 'remembers tragic Papa; tragic Mamma not, who died above ten 'years before.[30]

'Czar Peter called the Great had evidently a pity for this unfor-'tunate Duke, a hope in his just hopes; and pleaded, as did various 'others, and endeavoured with the unjust Danes, mostly without effect. 'Did, however, give him one of his Daughters to wife;—the result of 'whom is this new Czar Peter, called the Third: a Czar who is Sove-'reign of Holstein, and has claims of Sovereignty in Sweden, right 'of heirship in Schleswig, and of damages against Denmark, which 'are in litigation to this day. The Czarina *Catin*, tenderly remember-'ing her Sister, would hear of no Heir to Russia but this Peter. 'Peter, in virtue of his paternal affinities, was elected King of Sweden 'about the same time; but preferred Russia,—with an eye to his 'Danes, some think. For certain, did adopt the Russian Expectancy,

[28] Michaelis, ii. 618-629.
[29] A.D. 1864, *have* at last had to do it, under unexpected circumstances!
[30] Michaelis, ii. 617; Hübner, tt. 227, 229.

'the Greek religion so-called; and was,' in the way we saw long years ago, 'married (or to all appearance married) to Catharina Alexiewna 'of Anhalt-Zerbst, born in Stettin;[31] a Lady who became world-famous 'as Czarina of the Russias.

'Peter is an abstruse creature; has lived, all this while, with his 'Catharine an abstruse life, which would have gone altogether mad 'except for Catharine's superior sense. An awkward, ardent, but 'helpless kind of Peter, with vehement desires, with a dash of wild 'magnanimity even: but in such an inextricable element, amid such 'darkness, such provocations of unmanageable opulence, such impedi-'ments, imaginary and real,—dreadfully real to poor Peter,—as made 'him the unique of mankind in his time. He "used to drill cats," it 'is said, and to do the maddest-looking things (in his late buried-alive 'condition);—and fell partly, never quite, which was wonderful, into 'drinking, as the solution of his inextricabilities. Poor Peter: always, 'and now more than ever, the cynosure of vulturous vulpine neighbours, 'withal; which infinitely aggravated his otherwise bad case!—

'For seven or eight years, there came no progeny, nor could come; 'about the eighth or ninth, there could, and did: the marvellous Czar 'Paul that was to be. Concerning whose exact paternity there are 'still calumnious assertions widely current; to this individual Editor 'much a matter of indifference, though on examining, his verdict is: '"Calumnies, to all appearance; mysteries which decent or decorous 'society refuses to speak of, and which indecent is pretty sure to make 'calumnies out of." Czar Paul may be considered genealogically 'genuine, if that is much an object to him. Poor Paul, does not he '*father himself*, were there nothing more? Only that Peter and this 'Catharine could have begotten such a Paul. Genealogically genuine 'enough, my poor Czar,—that needed to be garrotted so very soon!

2. *Of Catharine and the Books upon Peter and Her.* 'Catharine 'too had an intricate time of it under the Catin; which was consoled 'to her only by a tolerably rapid succession of lovers, the best the 'ground yielded. In which department it is well known what a 'Thrice-Greatest she became: superior to any Charles II.; equal al-'most to an August the Strong! Of her loves now and henceforth, 'which are heartily uninteresting to me, I propose to say nothing far-'ther; merely this, That in extent they probably rivalled the highest 'male sovereign figures (and are to be put in the same category with 'these, and damned as deep, or a little deeper);—and cost her, in gifts, 'in magnificent pensions to the *emeriti* (for she did things always in a 'grandiose manner, quietly and yet inexorably dismissing the *emeritus* 'with stores of gold), the considerable sum of 20 millions sterling, in

[31] Herr Preuss knows the house: 'Now Dr. Lehmann's' (at that time the Governor of Stettin's), 'in which also Czar Paul's second Spouse' (Eugen of Würtemberg a *new* Governor's Daughter), 'who is Mother of the Czars that follow, was born:' Preuss, ii. 310, 311. Catharine, during her reign, was pious in a small way to the place of her cradle; sent her successive *Medals* &c. to Stettin, which still has them to show.

'the course of her long reign. One, or at most two, were off on 'pension, when Hanbury Williams brought Poniatowski for her, as 'we transiently saw. Poniatowski will be King of Poland in the 'course of events.' * *

'Russia is not a publishing country; the Books about Catharine are 'few, and of little worth. *Tooke*, an English Chaplain; *Castéra*, an un-'known French Hanger-on, who copies from Tooke, or Tooke from 'him: these are to be read, as the bad-best, and will yield little satis-'factory insight; Castéra, in particular, a great deal of dubious back-'stairs gossip and street rumour, which are not delightful to a reader 'of sense. In fine, there has been published, in these very years, a '*Fragment* of early *Autobiography* by Catharine herself,—a credible and 'highly remarkable little Piece: worth all the others, if it is know-'ledge of Catharine you are seeking.[32] A most placid, solid, substan-'tial young Lady comes to light there; dropped into such an element 'as might have driven most people mad. But it did not her; it only 'made her wiser and wiser in her generation. Element black, hideous, 'dirty, as Lapland Sorcery;—in which the first clear duty is, to hold 'one's tongue well, and keep one's eyes open. Stars,—not very hea-'venly, but of fixed nature, and heavenly to Catharine,—a star or two, 'shine through the abominable murk: Steady, patient; steer silently, 'in all weathers, towards these!

'Young Catharine's immovable equanimity in this distracted en-'vironment strikes us very much. Peter is careering, tumbling about, 'on all manner of absurd broomsticks, driven too surely by the Devil; 'terrific-absurd big Lapland Witch, surrounded by multitudes smaller, 'and some of them less ugly. Will be Czar of Russia, however;—and 'is one's so-called Husband. These are prospects for an observant, 'immovably steady-going young Woman! The reigning Czarina, old '*Catin* herself, is silently the Olympian Jove to Catharine, who reveres 'her very much. Though articulately stupid as ever, in this Book of 'Catharine's, she comes out with a dumb weight, of silence, of ob-'stinacy, of intricate abrupt rigour, which—who knows but it may 'savour of dumb unconscious wisdom in the fat old blockhead? The 'Book says little of her, and in the way of criticism, of praise or of 'blame, nothing whatever; but one gains the notion of some dark 'human female object, bigger than one had fancied it before.

'Catharine steered towards her stars. Lovers were vouchsafed her, 'of a kind (her small stars, as we may call them); and, at length, 'through perilous intricacies, the big star, Autocracy of All the Russias,

[32] *Mémoires de l'Impératrice Catharine II, écrits par elle-même* (A. Herzen editing; London, 1859);—which we already cited, on occasion of Catharine's marriage.

Anonymous (Castéra), *Vie de Catharine II, Impératrice de Russie* (à Paris, 1797, or reprinted, most of it, enough of it, *à Varsovie*, 1798), 2 tomes, 8vo. Tooke, *Life of Catharine II.* (4th edition, London, 1800), 3 voll. 8vo; *View of the Russian Empire during* &c. (London, 1799), 3 voll. 8vo.—Hermann, *Geschichte des Russischen Staats* (Hamburg, 1853 *et antea*), v. 241-308 et seq.; is by much the most solid Book, though a dull and heavy. Stenzel cites, as does Hermann, a *Biographie Peters des Ersten*; which no doubt exists, in perhaps 3 volumes; but where, when, by whom, or of what quality, they do not tell me.

'—through what horrors of intricacy, that last! She had hoped always 'it would be by Husband Peter that she, with the deeper steady head, 'would be Autocrat: but the intricacies kept increasing, grew at last 'to the strangling pitch; and it came to be, between Peter and her, '"Either you to Siberia (perhaps *farther*), or else I!" And it was 'Peter that had to go;—in what hideous way is well enough known; 'no Siberia, no Holstein thought to be far enough for Peter:—and 'Catharine, merely weeping a little for him, mounted to the Autocracy 'herself. And then, the big star of stars being once hers, she had, not 'in the lover kind alone, but in all uncelestial kinds, whole nebulæ 'and milky-ways of small stars. A very Semiramis, or the Louis-'Quatorze of those Northern Parts. "Second Creatress of Russia," 'second Peter the Great in a sense. To me none of the loveliest ob-'jects; yet there are uglier, how infinitely uglier: object grandiose, if 'not great.'—We return to Friedrich and the Death of Catin.

Colonel Hordt, I believe, was the first who credibly apprised Friedrich of the great Russian Event. Colonel Hordt, late of the Free-Corps *Hordt*, but captive since soon after the Kunersdorf time; and whose doleful quasi-infernal "twenty-five months and three days" in the Citadel of Petersburg have changed in one hour into celestial glories in the Court of that City;—as readers shall themselves see anon. By Hordt or by whomsoever, the instant Friedrich heard, by an authentic source, of the new Czar's Accession, Friedrich hastened to turn round upon him with the friendliest attitude, with arms as if ready to open; dismissing all his Russian Prisoners; and testifying, in every polite and royal way, how gladly he would advance if permitted. To which the Czar, by Hordt and by other channels, imperially responded; rushing forward, he, as if with arms flung wide.

January 31st is Order from the King,[33] That our Russian Prisoners, one and all, shod, clad and dieted, be forthwith set under way from Stettin: in return for which generosity the Prussians, from Siberia or wherever they were buried, are, soon after, hastening home in like manner. Gudowitsh, Peter's favourite Adjutant, who had been sent to congratulate at Zerbst, comes round by Breslau (February 20th), and has joyfully benign audience next day; directly on the heel of whom, Adjutant Colonel von der Goltz, who is *Kammerherr* as well as Colonel, and understands things of business, goes to Petersburg. February 23d, Czarish Majesty, to the horror of Vienna and glad astonishment of mankind, emits Declaration (Note

[33] In *Schöning*, iii. 275 ('Breslau, 31st January 1762').

to all the Foreign Excellencies in Petersburg), "That there ought to be Peace with this King of Prussia; that Czarish Majesty, for his own part, is resolved on the thing; gives up East Preussen and the so-called conquests made; Russian participation in such a War has ceased." And practically orders Czernichef, who is wintering with his 20,000 in Glatz, to quit Glatz and these Austrian Combinations, and march homeward with his 20,000. Which Czernichef, so soon as arrangements of proviant and the like are made, hastens to do;—and does, as far as Thorn; but no farther, for a reason that will be seen. On the last day of March, Czernichef,—off about a week ago from Glatz, and now got into the Breslau latitude,—came across, with a select Suite of Four, to pay his court there; and had the honour to dine with his Majesty, and to be, personally too, a Czernichef agreeable to his Majesty.

The vehemency of Austrian Diplomacies at Petersburg; and the horror of Kaiserinn and Kriegshofrath in Vienna,—who have just discharged 20,000 of their own people, counting on this Czernichef, and being dreadfully tight for money,—may be fancied. But all avails nothing. The ardent Czar advances towards Friedrich with arms flung wide. Goltz and Gudowitsh are engaged on Treaty of Peace; Czar frankly gives-up East Preussen, "Yours again; what use has Russia for it, Royal Friend?" Treaty of Peace goes forward like the drawing of a Marriage-settlement (concluded *May 5th*); and, in a month more, has changed into Treaty of Alliance;—Czernichef ordered to stop short at Thorn; to turn back, and join himself to this heroic King, instead of fighting against him. Which again Czernichef, himself an admirer of this King, joyfully does;—though, unhappily, not with all the advantage he expected to the King.

Swedish Peace, Queen Ulrique and the Anti-French party now getting the upper hand, had been hastening forward in the interim (finished, at Hamburg, *May 22d*): a most small matter in comparison to the Russian; but welcome enough to Friedrich;—though he said slightingly of it, when first mentioned: "Peace? I know not hardly of any War there has been with Sweden;—ask Colonel Belling about it!" Colonel Belling, a most shining swift Hussar Colonel, who, with a 2,000 sharp fellows, hanging always on the Swedish flanks, sharp as lightning, "nowhere and yet everywhere," as was said

of him, has mainly, for the last year or two, had the management of this extraordinary "War." Peace over all the North, Peace and more, is now Friedrich's. Strangling imbroglio, wide as the world, has ebbed to man's height; dawn of day has ripened into sunrise for Friedrich; the way out is now a thing credible and visible to him. Peter's friendliness is boundless; almost too boundless! Peter begs a Prussian Regiment,—dresses himself in its uniform, Colonel of *Itzenplitz;* Friedrich begs a Russian Regiment, Colonel of *Schuwalof:* and all is joyful, hopeful; marriage-bells instead of dirge ditto and gallows ditto,—unhappily not for very long.

In regard to Friedrich's feelings while all this went on, take the following small utterances of his, before going farther. *January 27th*, 1762 (To Madam Camas,—eight days after the Russian Event): "I rejoice, my good Mamma, to find you "have such courage; I exhort you to redouble it! All ends "in this world; so we may hope this accursed War will not "be the only thing eternal there. Since Death has trussed-up "a certain *Catin* of the Hyperborean Countries, our situation "has advantageously changed, and becomes more supportable "than it was. We must hope that some other good events" (favour of the new Czar mainly) "will happen; by which we "may profit to arrive at a good Peace."

January 31st (To Minister Finckenstein): "Behold the "first gleam of light that rises;—Heaven be praised for it! "We must hope good weather will succeed these storms. God "grant it!"[34]

End of March (To D'Argens): * * "All that" (at Paris; about the Pompadourisms, the *exile* of Broglio and Brother, and your other news) "is very miserable; as well as that dis-"crepancy between King's Council and Parlement for and "against the Jesuits! But, *mon cher Marquis*, my head is so "ill, I can tell you nothing more,—except that the Czar of "Russia is a divine man; to whom I ought to erect altars."[35]

May 25th (To the same,—Russian *Peace* three weeks ago): "It is very pleasant to me, dear Marquis, that Sans-Souci "could afford you an agreeable retreat during the beautiful "Spring days. If it depended only on me, how soon should I be "there beside you! But to the Six Campaigns there is a Seventh "to be added, and will soon open; either because the Number 7

[34] Preuss, ii. 312. [35] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 301.

"had once mystic qualities, or because in the Book of Fate from "all eternity the"— * *. "Jesuits banished from France? "Ah, yes:—hearing of that, I made my bit of plan for them" (mean to have my pick of them as schoolmasters in Silesia here); "and am waiting only till I get Silesia cleared of Aus- "trians as the first thing. You see we must not mow the corn "till it is ripe."[36]

May 28th (To the same): * * 'Tartar Khan actually astir, '10,000 men of his in Hungary' (I am told); 'Turk poten- 'tially ditto, with 200,000' (futile both, as ever): "All things "show me the sure prospect of Peace by the end of this Year; "and, in the background of it, Sans-Souci and my dear Mar- "quis! A sweet calm springs up again in my soul; and a "feeling of hope, to which for six years I had got unused, con- "soles me for all I have come through. Think only what a "coil I shall be in, before a month hence" (Campaign opened by that time, horrid Game begun again); "and what a pass "we had come to, in December last: Country at its last "gasp (*agonisait*), as if waiting for extreme unction: and "now—!"[37] * *

June 8th (To Madam Camas,—Russian *Alliance* now come): "I know well, my good Mamma, the sincere part you "take in the lucky events that befall us. The mischief is, we "are got so low, that we want at present all manner of for- "tunate events to raise us again; and Two grand conclusions "of Peace" (the Russian, the Swedish), "which might reës- "tablish Peace throughout, are at this moment only a step to- "wards finishing the War less unfortunately."[38]

Same day, *June 8th* (To D'Argens): "Czernichef is on "march to join us. Our Campaign will not open till towards "the end of this month" (did open July 1st); "but think then "what a pretty noise in this poor Silesia again! In fine, my "dear Marquis, the job ahead of me is hard and difficult; and "nobody can say positively how it will all go. Pray for us; "and don't forget a poor devil who kicks about strangely in "his harness, who leads the life of one damned; and who "nevertheless loves you sincerely.—Adieu."[39] D'Argens (May 24th) has heard, by Letters from very well-informed persons in Vienna, that 'Imperial Majesty, for some time past, spends 'half of her time in praying to the Virgin, and the other half

[36] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 321. [37] Ib. 323. [38] Ib. xviii. 146-7. [39] Ib. xix. 327.

'in weeping.' 'I wish her,' adds the ungallant D'Argens, 'as 'punishment for the mischiefs her ambition has cost mankind 'these seven years past, the fate of Phaëthon's Sisters, and 'that she melt altogether into water!"[40]—Take one other little utterance; and then to Colonel Hordt and the Petersburg side of things.

June 19th (still to D'Argens): "What is now going on in "Russia no Count Kaunitz could foresee: what has come to "pass in England,—of which the hatefulest part" (Bute's altogether extraordinary attempts, in the Kaunitz, in the Czar Peter direction, to *force* a Peace upon me) "is not yet known "to you,—I had no notion of, in forming my plans! The "Governor of a State, in troublous times, never can be sure. "This is what disgusts me with the business, in comparison. "A Man of Letters operates on something certain; a Politician "can have almost no data of that kind."[41] (How easy everybody's trade but one's own!)

Readers know what a tragedy poor Peter's was. His Czernichef did join the King; but with far less advantage than Czernichef or anybody had anticipated!—It is none of our intention to go into the chaotic Russian element, or that wildly-blazing sanguinary Catharine-and-Peter business; of which, at any rate, there are plentiful accounts in common circulation, more or less accurate,—especially M. Rulhière's,[42] the most succinct, lucid and least unsatisfactory, in the accessible languages. Only so far as Friedrich was concerned are we. But readers saw this Couple married, under Friedrich's auspices,—a Marriage which he thought important twenty years ago; and sure enough the Dissolution of it did prove important to him, and is a necessary item here!

Readers, even those that know *Rulhière*, will doubtless consent to a little supplementing from Two other Eye-witnesses of credit. The first and principal is a respectable Ex-Swedish Gentleman, whom readers used to hear of; the Colonel Hordt above mentioned, once of the Free-Corps *Hordt*, but fallen Prisoner latterly;—whose experiences and reports are all the more interesting to us, as Friedrich himself had specially to depend on them at present; and doubtless, in times long after-

[40] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 320 ('24th May 1762').
[41] Ib. p. 329.
[42] *Histoire ou Anecdotes sur la Révolution de Russie en l'année 1762* (written 1768; first printed Paris, 1797: English Translation, London, 1797).

wards, now and then heard speech of them from Hordt. Our second Eye-witness is the Reverend Herr Doctor Büsching (of the *Erdbeschreibung*, of the *Beyträge*, and many other Works, an invaluable friend to us all along); who, in his wandering time, had come to be "Pastor of the *German Church at Petersburg*," some years back.

What Colonel Hordt and the others saw at Petersburg (January—July 1762).

Autumn 1759, in the sequel to *Kunersdorf*,—when the Russians and Daun lay so long torpid, uncertain what to do except keep Friedrich and Prince Henri well separate, and Friedrich had such watchings, campings and marchings about on the hither skirt of them (skirt always veiled in Cossacks, and producing skirmishes as you marched past),—we did mention Hordt's capture;[43] not much hoping that readers could remember it in such a press of things more memorable. It was in, or as prelude to, one of those skirmishes (one of the earliest, and a rather sharp one, 'at Trebatsch,' in Frankfurt-Lieberose Country, '4th September 1759'), that Hordt had his misfortune: he had been out reconnoitering, with an Orderly or two, before the skirmish began, was suddenly 'surrounded by 200 Cossacks,' and after desperate plunging into bogs, desperate firing of pistols and the like, was taken prisoner. Was carted miserably to Petersburg,—such a journey for dead ennui as Hordt never knew; and was then tumbled out into solitary confinement in the Citadel, a place like the Spanish Inquisition; not the least notice taken of his request for a few Books, for leave to answer his poor Wife's Letter merely by the words, "Dear one, I am alive;"—and was left there, to the company of his own reflections, and a life as if in vacant Hades, for twenty-five months and three days. After the lapse of that period, he has something to say to us again, and we transiently look-in upon him there.

The Book we excerpt from is *Mémoires du Comte de Hordt* (second edition, 2 volumes 12mo, Berlin, 1789). This is Bookseller Pitra's redaction of the Hordt Autobiography (Berlin, 1788, was Pitra's first edition): several years after, how many is not said, nor whether Hordt (who had become a dignitary in Berlin society before Pitra's feat) was still living or not, a 'M. Borelly, Professor in the Military School,' undertook a second considerably enlarged and improved redaction;—of which latter there is an English Translation; easy enough to read; but nearly without meaning, I should fear, to readers unacquainted with the scene and subject.[44] Hordt was reckoned a perfectly veracious, intelligent kind of man: but he seldom gives the least date, specification or precise detail; and his Book reads, not like the Testimony of

[43] Suprà, vol. viii. p. 200.

[44] *Memoirs of the Count de Hordt:* London, 1806: 2 voll. 12mo,—only the *first* volume of which (unavailable here) is in my possession.

an Eye-witness, which it is, and valuable when you understand it; but more like some vague Forgery, compiled by a destitute inventive individual, regardless of the Ten Commandments (sparingly consulting even his file of Old Newspapers), and writing a Book which would deserve the treadmill, were there any Police in his trade!—

Wednesday 6th January 1762, Hordt's vacant Hades of an existence in the Citadel of Petersburg was broken by a loud sound: three minute-guns went off from different sides, close by; and then whole salvos, peal after peal: "Czarina gone overnight, Peter III. Czar in her stead!" said the Officer, rushing in to tell Hordt; to whom it was as news of resurrection from the dead. 'Evening of same day, an 'Aide-de-Camp of the new Czar came to announce my liberty; equip-'age waiting to take me at once to his Russian Majesty. Asked him 'to defer it till the following day;—so agitated was I.' And indeed the Czar, busy taking acclamations, oaths of fealty, riding about among his Troops by torchlight, could have made little of me that evening.[45] 'Ultimately, my presentation was deferred till Sunday' January 10th, 'that it might be done with proper splendour, all the Nobility being 'then usually assembled about his Majesty.'

'*January 10th*, Waited, amid crowds of Nobility, in the Gallery, 'accordingly. Was presented in the Gallery, through which the Czar, 'followed by Czarina and all the Court, were passing on their way to 'Chapel. Czar made a short kind speech ("Delighted to do you an 'act of justice, Monsieur, and return a valuable servant to the King I 'esteem"); gave me his hand to kiss: Czarina did the same. General 'Korf,' an excellent friend, so kind to me at Königsberg while I was getting carted hither, and a General now in high office here, 'who 'had been my introducer, led me into Chapel, to the Court's place '(*tribune de la Cour*). Czar came across repeatedly' (while public worship was going on; a Czar perhaps too regardless that way!) 'to 'talk to me; dwelt much on his attachment to the King. On coming 'out, the Head Chamberlain whispered me, "You dine with the 'Court."' Which, of course, I did.

'Table was of sixty covers; splendid as the Arabian Tales. Czar 'and Czarina sat side by side; Korf and I had the honour to be placed 'opposite them. Hardly were we seated when the Czar addressed 'me: "You have had no Prussian news this long while. I am glad "to tell you that the King is well, though he has had such fighting to "right and left;—but I hope there will soon be an end to all that." 'Words which everybody listened to like prophecy!' (Peter is nothing of a Politician.) "How long have you been in prison?" continued the Czar. "Twenty-five months and three days, your Majesty." "Were you well treated?" Hordt hesitated, knew not what to say; but, the Czar urging him, confessed, "He had been always rather "badly used; not even allowed to buy a few books to read." At

[45] Hermann, *Geschichte des Russischen Staats*, v. 241.

'which the Czarina was evidently shocked: "*Cela est bien barbare!*" 'she exclaimed aloud.—I wished much to return home at once; and 'petitioned the Czar on that subject, during coffee, in the withdrawing 'rooms; but he answered, "No, you must not,—not till an express "Prussian Envoy arrive!" I had to stay, therefore; and was thence- 'forth almost daily at Court,'—but unluckily a little vague, and altogether *dateless* as to what I saw there!

Bieren and Münnich, both of them just home from Siberia, are to drink together (No date: Palace of Petersburg, Spring 1762).—Peter had begun in a great way: all for liberalism, enlightenment, abolition of abuses, general magnanimity on his own and everybody's part. Rulhière did not see the following scene; but it seems to be well enough vouched for, and Rulhière heard it talked of in society. 'As 'many as 20,000 persons, it is counted, have come home from Siberian 'Exile:' the L'Estocs, the Münnichs, Bierens, all manner of internecine figures, as if risen from the dead. 'Since the night when Münnich 'arrested Bieren' (readers possibly remember it, and Mannstein's account of it[46]), 'the first time these two met was in the gay and tumul- 'tuous crowd which surrounded the new Czar. "Come, bygones be "bygones," said Peter, noticing them; "let us three all drink together, "like friends!"—and ordered three glasses of wine. Peter was begin- 'ning his glass to show the others an example, when somebody came 'with a message to him, which was delivered in a low tone; Peter 'listening drank out his wine, set down the glass, and hastened off; so 'that Bieren and Münnich, the two old enemies, were left standing, 'glass in hand, each with his eyes on the Czar's glass;—at length, as 'the Czar did not return, they flashed each his eyes into the other's 'face; and after a moment's survey, set down their glasses untasted, 'and walked off in opposite directions.'[47] Won't coalesce, it seems, in spite of the Czar's high wishes. An emblem of much that befell the poor Czar in his present high course of good intentions and headlong magnanimities!—We return to Hordt:

The Czar wears a Portrait of Friedrich on his Finger. 'Czar Peter 'never disguised his Prussian predilections. One evening he said, '"Propose to your friend Keith" (English Excellency here, whom we know) "to give me a supper at his house tomorrow night. The other 'Foreign Ministers will perhaps be jealous; but I don't care!" Supper 'at the English Embassy took place. Only ten or twelve persons, of 'the Czar's choosing, were present. Czar very gay and in fine spirits. 'Talked much of the King of Prussia. Showed me a signet-ring on 'his finger, with Friedrich's Portrait in it; ring was handed round the 'table.'[48] This is a signet-ring famous at Court in those months. One day Peter had lost it (mislaid somewhere), and got into furious explosion till it was found for him again.[49] Let us now hear Büsching, our Geographical Friend, for a moment:

[46] Suprà, vol. iv. p. 181.
[47] Rulhière, p. 33.
[48] Hordt, ii. 118, 124, 129.
[49] Hermann, v. 258.

Herr Pastor Büsching does the Homaging for Self and People. ❋ ❋ 'In most Countries, it is Official or Military People that administer the 'Oath of Homage, on a change of Sovereigns. But in Petersburg, 'among the German population, it is the Pastors of their respective 'Churches. At the accession of Peter III., I, for the first time' (being still a young hand rather than an old), 'took the Oath from several 'thousands in my Church,'—and handed it over, with my own, in the proper quarter.

'As to the Congratulatory Addresses, the new Czar received the 'Congratulations of all classes, and also of the Pastors of the Foreign 'Churches, in the following manner. He came walking slowly through 'a suite of rooms, in each of which a body of Congratulators were 'assembled. Court-officials preceded, State-officials followed him. 'Then came the Czarina, attended in a similar way. And always on 'entering a new room, they received a new Congratulation from the 'spokesman of the party there. The spokesman of us Protestant Pas-'tors was my colleague, Senior Trefurt; but the General-in-Chief and 'Head-of-Police, Baron von Korf' (Hordt's friend, known to us above, German, we perceive, by creed and name), 'thinking it was I that had 'to make the speech, and intending to present me at the same time to 'the Czar, motioned to me from his place behind the Czar to advance. 'But I did not push forward; thinking it inopportune and of no im-'portance to me.'—'Neither did I share the great expectations which 'Baron von Korf and everybody entertained of this new reign. All 'people now promised themselves better times, without reflecting' (as they should have done!) 'that the better men necessary to produce 'these were nowhere forthcoming!'[50]

For the first two or three months, Peter was the idol of all the world: Such generosities and magnanimities; such zeal and diligence, one magnanimous improvement following another! He had at once abolished Torture in his Law-Courts; resolved to have a regular Code of Laws,—and Judges to be depended on for doing justice. He 'destroyed monopolies;' 'lowered the price of salt.' To the joy of everybody, he had hastened (January 18th, second week of reign) to abolish the *Secret Chancery*,—a horrid Spanish-Inquisition engine of domestic politics. His Nobility he had determined should be noble: January 28th (third week of reign just beginning), he absolved the Nobility from all servile duties to him: "You can travel when and where you please; you are not obliged to serve in my Armies; you may serve in anybody's not at war with me!" under plaudits loud and universal from that Order of men. And was petitioned by a grateful Petersburg world: "Permit us, magnanimous Czar, to raise a Statue of your Majesty in solid Gold?" "Don't at all!" answered Peter: "Ah, if by good governing I could raise a memorial in my People's hearts; that would be the Statue for me!"[51] Poor headlong Peter!—It was a less lucky step that

[50] Büsching's *Beyträge*, vi. ('Author's own Biography') 462 et seq.
[51] Hermann, v. 248.

Jan.-July 1762.

of informing the Clergy (date not given), That in the Czarship lay Spiritual Sovereignty as well as Temporal, and that *he* would henceforth administer their rich Abbey Lands and the like;—this gave a sad shock to the upper strata of Priesthood, extending gradually to the lower, and ultimately raising an ominous general thought (perhaps worse than a general cry) of "Church in Danger! Alas, is our Czar regardless of Holy Religion, then? Perhaps, at heart still Lutheran, and has no Religion?" This, and his too headlong Prussian tendencies, are counted to have done him infinite mischief.

Herr Büsching sees the Czar on Horseback. 'When the Czar's own 'Regiment of Cuirassiers came to Petersburg, the Czar, dressed in the 'uniform of the regiment, rode out to meet it; and returning at its head, 'rode repeatedly through certain quarters of the Town. His helmet 'was buckled tight with leather straps under the chin; he sat his horse 'as upright and stiff as a wooden image; held his sabre in equally stiff 'manner; turned fixedly his eyes to the right; and never by a hairs-'breadth changed that posture. In such attitude he twice passed my 'house with his regiment, without changing a feature at sight of the 'many persons who crowded the windows. To me' (in my privately austere judgment) 'he seemed so *kleingeistisch*, so small-minded a per-'son, that I'—in fact, knew not what to think of it.[52]

Hordt sees the deceased Czarina lying in State. 'One day, after 'dining at Court, General Korf proposed that we should go and see 'the *Lit de Parade*' (Parade-Bed) of the late Czarina, which is in another Palace, not far off. 'Count Schuwalof' (*not* her old lover, who has *died* since her, poor old creature; but his Son, a cultivated man, afterwards Voltaire's friend) 'accompanied us; and, his rooms being 'contiguous to those of the dead Lady, he asked us to take coffee with 'him afterwards. The Imperial Bier stood in the Grand Saloon, which 'was hung all round with black, festooned and garlanded with cloth-'of-silver; the glare of wax-lights quite blinding. Bier, covered with 'cloth-of-gold trimmed with silver lace, was raised upon steps. A rich 'Crown was on the head of the dead Czarina. Beside the bier stood 'Four Ladies, two on each hand, in grand mourning; immense crape 'training on the ground behind them. Two Officers of the Life-Guard 'occupied the lowest steps: on the topmost, at the foot of the bier, 'was an Archimandrite (superior kind of *Abbot*), who had a Bible be-'fore him, from which he read aloud,—continuously till relieved by 'another. This went on day and night without interruption. All round 'the bier, on stools (*tabourets*), were placed different Crowns and the 'insignia of various Orders,—those of Prussia, among others. It being 'established usage, I had, to my great repugnance, to kiss the hand of 'the corpse! We then talked a little to the Ladies in attendance (with 'their crape trains), joking about the article of hand-kissing; finally we 'adjourned for coffee to Count Schuwalof's apartments, which were of 'an incredible magnificence.' That same evening, farther on,—

[52] Büsching's *Beyträge*, vi. 464.

'I supped with the Czar in his *Petit Appartement*, Private Rooms' (a fine free-and-easy nook of space !). 'The company there consisted of the 'Countess Woronzow, a creature without any graces, bodily or mental, 'whom the Czar had chosen for his Mistress' (snub-nosed, pock-marked, fat, and with a pert tongue at times), 'whom I liked the less, as there 'were one or two other very handsome women there. Some Cour- 'tiers too ; and no Foreigners but the English Envoy and myself. The 'supper was very gay, and was prolonged late into the night. These 'late orgies, however, did not prevent his Majesty from attending to 'business in good time next morning. He would appear unexpectedly, 'at an early hour, at the Senate, at the Synod' (Head *Consistory*), 'making them stand to their duties,'—or pretend to do it. His Majesty is not understood to have got much real work out of either of these Governing Bodies; the former, the Senate, or *secular* one, which had fallen very torpid latterly, was, not long after this, suffered to die-out altogether. Peter himself was a violently pushing man, and never shrank from labour ; always in a plunge of hurries, and of irregular hours. In his final time, people whispered, "The Czar is killing himself; sits smoking, tippling, talking till 2 in the morning ; and is overhead in business again by 7 !"

Czarina Elizabeth's Funeral, as seen by Hordt (much abridged). 'At 10 in the morning all the bells in Petersburg broke-out; and 'tolled incessantly' (day or month not hinted at,—nor worth seeking; grim darkness of universal frost perceptible enough; clangour of bells; and procession seemingly of miles long,—on this extremely high errand !)—'Minute-guns were fired from the moment the procession set- 'out from the Castle till it arrived at the Citadel, a distance of two 'English miles and a half. Planks were laid all the way; forming a 'sort of bridge through the streets, and over the ice of the Neva. All 'the soldiers of the Garrison were ranked in espalier on each side. 'Three hundred grenadiers opened the march; after them, three hun- 'dred priests, in sacerdotal costume; walking two-and-two, singing 'hymns. All the Crowns and Orders, above mentioned by me, were 'carried by high Dignitaries of the Court, walking in single file, each 'a chamberlain behind him. Hearse was followed by the Czar, skirt 'of his black cloak held-up by Twelve Chamberlains, each a lighted 'taper in the *other* hand. Prince George of Holstein' (Czar's Uncle) 'came next, then Holstein-Beck' (Czar's Cousin). 'Czarina Catharine 'followed, also on foot, with a lighted taper; her cloak borne by all 'her Ladies. Three hundred grenadiers closed the procession. Bells 'tolling, minute-guns firing, seas of people crowding.'—Thus the Russians buried their Czarina. Day and its dusky frost-curtains sank; and Boötes, looking down from the starry deeps, found one Telluric Anomaly forever hidden from him. She had left of unworn Dresses, the richest procurable in Nature (five a day her usual allowance, and never or seldom worn twice), '15,000 and some hundreds.'[53]

[53] Hermann, v. 176.

Hordt is of the new Czarina Catharine's Evening Parties. 'The 'Czarina received company every morning. She received everybody 'with great affability and grace. But notwithstanding her efforts to 'appear gay, one could perceive a deep background of sadness in her. 'She knew better than anybody the violent (*ardente*) character of her 'husband; and perhaps she then already foresaw what would come. 'She also had her circle every evening, and always asked the company 'to stay supper. One evening, when I was of her party, a confiden-'tial Equerry of the Czar came in, and whispered me That I had been 'searched for all over Town, to come to supper at the *Countess's* (that 'was the usual designation of the Sultana,'—*das Fräulein*, spelt in Russian ways, is the more usual). 'I begged to be excused for this 'time, being engaged to sup with the Czarina, to whom I could not 'well state the reason for which I was to leave. The Equerry had 'not gone long, when suddenly a great noise was heard, the two wings 'of the door were flung open, and the Czar entered. He saluted 'politely the Czarina and her circle; called me with that smiling and 'gracious air which he always had; took me by the arm, and said to 'the Czarina: "Excuse me, Madam, if tonight I carry off one of your 'guests; it is this Prussian I had searched for all over the Town." 'The Czarina laughed; I made her a deep bow, and went away with 'my conductor. Next morning I went to the Czarina; who, without 'mentioning what had passed last night, said smiling, "Come and sup 'with me always when there is nothing to prevent it."'

February 21st, Hordt at Zarskoe-Zeloe. 'On occasion of the Czar's 'birthday' (which gives us a date, for once),[54] 'there were great fes-'tivities, lasting a week. It began with a grand *Te Deum*, at which 'the Czar was present, but not the Czarina. She had, that morning, 'in obedience to her husband's will, decorated "the Countess" with 'the cordon of the Order of St. Catharine. She was now detained in 'her Apartment "by indisposition;" and did not leave it during the 'eight days the festivities lasted.' This happened at the Country Palace, Zarskoe-Zeloe; and is a turning-point in poor Peter's History.[55] From that day, his Czarina saw that, by the medium of her Peter, it was not she that would ever come to be Autocrat; not she, but a pock-marked, unbeautiful Person, with Cordon of the Order of St. Catharine,—blessings on it! From that day the Czarina sat brooding her wrongs and her perils,—wrongs *done*, very many, and now wrongs to be *suf-fered*, who can say how many! She perceives clearly that the Czar is gone from her, fixedly sullen at her (not without cause);—and that Siberia, or worse, is possible by and by. The Czarina was helplessly wretched for some time; and by degrees entered on a Plot;—assisted by Princess Dashkof (Sister of the Snub-nosed), by Panin (our Son's Tutor, "a genuine Son, I will swear, whatever the Papa may think in his wild moments!"), by Gregory Orlof (one's present Lover), and

[54] Michaelis, ii. 627: 'Peter born, 21st February 1728.'
[55] Hermann, p. 253.

others of less mark;—and it ripened exquisitely within the next four months!—

Hordt hears the Praises of his King. 'Next day' (nobody can guess what *day*) 'I dined at Court. I sat opposite the Czar, who talked of 'nothing but of his "good friend the King of Prussia." He knew all 'the smallest details of his Campaigns; all his military arrangements; 'the dress and strength of all his Regiments; and he declared aloud 'that he would shortly put all his troops upon the same footing' (which he did shortly, to the great disgust of his troops).—'Rising from table, 'the Czar himself did me the honour to say, "Come tomorrow; dine "with me *en petit appartement*" (on the *snug*, where we often play high-jinks, and go to great lengths in liquor and tobacco); "I will show "you something curious, which you will like." I went at the accus-'tomed hour; I found—Lieutenant-General Werner' (hidden since his accident at Colberg last winter, whom a beneficent Czar has summoned again into the light of noon)! 'I made a great friendship with this dis-'tinguished General, who was a charming man; and went constantly 'about with him, till he left me here,'—Czarish kindness letting Werner home, and detaining me, to my regret.[56]

The Prussian Treaties, first of Peace (May 5th), with all our Conquests flung back, and then of Alliance, with yourself and ourselves, as it were, flung into the bargain,—were by no means so popular in Petersburg as in Berlin! From May 5th onwards, we can suppose Peter to be, perhaps rather rapidly, on the declining hand. Add the fatal element, "Church in Danger" (a Czar privately Apostate); his very Guardsmen indignant at their tight-fitting Prussian uniforms, and at their no less tight Prussian *drill* (which the Czar is uncommonly urgent with); and a Czarina Plot silently spreading on all sides, like subterranean mines filled with gunpowder!—

Herr Büsching sees the Catastrophe (Friday 9th July 1762). 'This 'being the day before Peter-and-Paul, which is a great Holiday in 'Petersburg, I drove out, between 9 and 10 in the morning, to visit 'the sick. On my way from the first house where I had called, I 'heard a distant noise like that of a rising thunder-storm, and asked 'my people what it was. They did not know; but it appeared to 'them like the Shouting of a Mob (*Volksgeschrei*), and there were all 'sorts of rumours afloat. Some said, "The Czar had suddenly re-'solved to get himself crowned at Petersburg, before setting out for 'the War on Denmark." Others said, "He had named the Czarina 'to be Regent during his absence, and that she was to be crowned for 'this purpose." These rumours were too silly: meanwhile the noise 'perceptibly drew nearer; and I ordered my coachman to proceed no 'farther, but to return home.

'On getting home, I called my Wife; and told her, That some-'thing extraordinary was then going on, but that I could not learn 'what; that it appeared to me like some popular Tumult, which was

[56] Hordt, ii. 133-145, 151.

'coming nearer to us every moment. We hurried to the corner room 'of our house; threw open the window, which looks to the Church 'of St. Mary of Casan' (where an Act of Thanksgiving has just been consummated, of a very peculiar kind !)—'and we then saw, near this 'Church, an innumerable crowd of people; dressed and half-dressed 'soldiers of the foot-regiments of the Guards mixed with the populace. 'We perceived that the crowd pressed round a common two-seated 'Hackney Coach drawn by two horses; in which, after a few minutes, 'a Lady dressed in black, and wearing the Order of St. Catharine, 'coming out of the Church, took a seat. Whereupon the church-bells 'began ringing, and the priests, with their assistants carrying crosses, 'got into procession, and walked before the Coach. We now recog- 'nised that it was the Czarina Catharine saluting the multitude to right 'and left, as she fared along.'[57]

Yes, Doctor, that Lady in black is the Czarina; and has come a drive of twenty miles this morning; and done a great deal of business in Town,—one day before the set time. In her remote Apartment at Peterhof, this morning, between 2 and 3, she awoke to see Alexei Orlof, called oftener *Scarred* Orlof (Lover *Gregory's* Brother), kneeling at her bedside, with the words, "Madam, you must come: there is not a moment to lose !"—who, seeing her awake, vanished to get the vehicles ready. About 7, she, with the Scarred and her maid and a valet or two, arrived at the Guards' Barracks here,—Gregory Orlof, and others concerned, waiting to receive her, in the fit temper for playing at sharps. She has spoken a little, wept a little, to the Guards (still only half-dressed, many of them): "Holy religion, Russian Empire thrown at the feet of Prussia; my poor Son to be disinherited: Alack, ohoo !" Whereupon the Guards (their Officers already gained by Orlof) have indignantly blazed up into the fit Hurra-hurra-ing:—and here, since about 9 A.M., we have just been in the 'Church of St. Mary of Casan' ("Oh, my friends, Orthodox Religion, first of all !") doing *Te-Deums* and the other Divine Offices, for the thrice-happy Revolution and Deliverance now vouchsafed us and you ! And the Herr Doctor, under outburst of the chimes of St. Mary, and of the jubilant Soldieries and Populations, sees the Czarina saluting to right and left; and Priests, with their assistants and crucifixes ("Behold them, ye Orthodox; is there anything equal to true Religion ?"), walking before her Hackney Coach.

'On the one step of her Coach,' continues the Herr Doctor, 'stood 'Grigorei Grigorjewitsh Orlow,' so he spells him, 'and in front of it, 'with drawn sword, rode the Field-marshal and Hetman Count Kirila 'Grigorjewitsh Rasomowski, Colonel of the Ismailow Guard. Lieu- 'tenant-General (soon to be General-Ordnance-Master) Villebois came 'galloping up; leapt from his horse under our windows, and placed 'himself on the other step of the Coach. The procession passed be- 'fore our house; going first to the New stone Palace, then to the Old

[57] *Beyträge*, vi. 465: compare *Rulhière*, p. 95; *Hermann*, v. 287.

'wooden Winter Palace. Common Russians shouted mockingly up to 'us, "Your god" (meaning the Czar) "is dead!" And others, "He 'is gone; we will have no more of him!"'

About this hour of the day, at Oranienbaum (*Orange-Tree*, some twenty miles from here, and from Peterhof guess ten or twelve), Czar Peter is drilling zealously his brave Holsteiners (2,000 or more, "the flower of all my troops"); and has not, for hours after, the least inkling of all this. Catharine had been across to visit him on Wednesday, no farther back; and had kindled Oranienbaum into opera, into illumination and what not. Thursday (yesterday), Czar and Czarina met at some Grandee's festivity, who lives between their two Residences. This day the Czar is appointed for Peterhof; tomorrow, July 10th (Peter-and-Paul's grand Holiday), Czar, Czarina and united Court were to have done the Festivities together there,—with Czarina's powder-mine of Plot laid under them; which latter has exploded one day sooner, in the present happy manner! The poor Czar, this day, on getting to Peterhof, and finding Czarina vanished, understood too well: he saw 'big smoke-clouds rise suddenly over Petersburg region,' withal,— "Ha, she has cannon going for her yonder; salvoing and homaging!" —and rushed back to Oranienbaum half mad. Old Münnich undertook to save him, by one, by two or even three different methods, "Only order me, and stand up to it with sword bare!"—but Peter's wits were all flying miscellaneously about, and he could resolve on nothing.

Peter and his Czarina never met more. Saturday (tomorrow), he abdicates; drives over to Peterhof, expecting, as per bargain, interview with his Wife; freedom to retire to Holstein, and "every sort of kindness compatible with his situation:" but is met there instead, on the staircase, by brutal people, who tear the orders off his coat, at length the very clothes off his back,—and pack him away to Ropscha, a quiet Villa some miles off, to sit silent there till Orlof and Company have considered. Consideration is: "To Holstein? He has an Anti-Danish Russian Army just now in that neighbourhood; he will not be safe in Holstein;—where will he be safe?" Saturday 17th, Peter's seventh day in Ropscha, the Orlofs (Scarred Orlof and Four other miscreants, one of them a Prince, one a Playactor) came over, and murdered poor Peter, in a treacherous, and even bungling and disgusting, and altogether hideous manner. "A glass of burgundy" (poisoned burgundy), "your Highness?" said they, at dinner with his poor Highness. On the back of which, the burgundy having failed and been found out, came grappling and hauling, trampling, shrieking, and at last strangulation. Surely the Devil will reward such a Five of his Elect?— — But we detain Herr Büsching: it is still only Friday morning, 9th of the month; and the Czarina's Hackney Coach, in the manner of a comet and tail, has just gone into other streets:

'After this terrible uproar had left our quarter, I hastened to the 'Danish Ambassador, Count Haxthausen, who lived near me, to bring

'him the important news that the Czar was said to be dead. The 'Count was just about to burn a mass of Papers, fearing the mob would 'plunder his house; but he did not proceed with it now, and thanked 'Heaven for saving his Country. His Secretary of Legation, my 'friend Schumacher, gave me all the money he had in his pockets, to 'distribute amongst the poor; and I returned home. Directly after, 'there passed our house, at a rate as if the horses were running away, 'a common two-horse coach, in which sat Head-Tutor (*Ober-Hof-'meister*) von Panin with the Grand Duke' (famous Czar Paul that is to be), 'who was still in his nightgown,' poor frightened little boy !—

'Not long after, I saw some of the Foot-guards, in the public street 'near the Winter Palace, selling, at rates dog-cheap, their new uni-'forms after the Prussian cut, which they had stript off; whilst others, 'singing merrily, carried about, stuck on the top of their muskets, or 'on their bayonets, their new grenadier caps of Prussian fashion.[58] I 'saw several soldiers, out on errand or otherwise, seizing the coaches 'they met in the streets, and driving-on in them. Others appropriated 'the eatables which hucksters carried about in baskets. But in all this 'wild tumult, nobody was killed; and only at Oranienbaum a few 'Holstein soldiers got wounded by some low Russians, in their 'wantonness.

'July 11th, the disorder amongst the soldiers was at its height; 'yet still much less than might have been expected. Many of them 'entered the houses of Foreigners, and demanded money. Seeing a 'number of them come into my house, I hastily put a quantity of 'roubles and half-roubles in my pocket, and went out with a servant, 'especially with a cheerful face, to meet them,'—and no harm was done.

'*Saturday July 17th* was the day of the Czar's death; on the same '17th, the Empress was informed of it; and next day, his body was 'brought from Ropscha to the Convent of St. Alexander Newski, near 'Petersburg. Here it lay in state three days; nay, an Imperial Mani-'festo even ordered that the last honours and duty be paid to it. July '20th, I drove thither with my Wife; and to be able to view the body 'more minutely, we passed twice through the room where it lay' (An uncommonly broad neckcloth on it, did you observe?) 'Owing to the 'rapid dissolution, it had to be interred on the following day:—and it 'was a touching circumstance, that this happened to be the very day 'on which the Czar had fixed to start from Petersburg on his Campaign 'against Denmark.'[59]

Catharine, one must own with a shudder, has not attained the Autocracy of All the Russias gratis. Let us hope she would once,—till driven upon a dire alternative,—have herself shuddered to purchase at such a price. A kind of horror haunts

[58] See in *Hermann* (v. 291) the Saxon Ambassador's Report.
[59] Büsching, vi. 464-467.

one's notion of her redhanded brazen-faced Orlofs and her, which all the cosmetics of the world will never quite cover. And yet, on the spot, in Petersburg at the moment—! Read this Clipping from Smelfungus, on a collateral topic:

'In *Büsching's Magazine* are some Love-letters from the old Marshal Münnich to Catharine just after this event, which are psychologically curious. Love-letters, for they partake of that character; though the man is 82, and has had such breakages and vicissitudes in this Earth. Alive yet, it would seem; and full of ambitions. Unspeakably beautiful is this young Woman to him; radiant as ox-eyed Juno, as Diana of the silver bow,—such a power in her to gratify the avarices, ambitions, cupidities of an insatiable old fellow: Oh divine young Empress, Aurora of bright Summer epochs, rosy-fingered daughter of the Sun,—grant me the governing of This, the administering of That: and see what a thing I will make of it (I, an inventive old gentleman), for your Majesty's honour and glory, and my own advantage![60]——Innumerable persons of less note than Münnich have their Biographies, and are known to the reading public and in all barbers'-shops, if that were an advantage to them. Very considerable, this Münnich, as a soldier, for one thing. And surely had very strange adventures; an original German character withal:—about the stature of Belleisle, for example; and not quite unlike Belleisle in some of his ways? Came originally from the swamps of Oldenburg, or Lower Weser Country,—son of a *Deichgräfe* (Ditch-Superintendent) there. *Requiescant* in oblivious silence, Belleisle and he; it is better than being lied of, and maundered of, and blotched and blundered of.

'Biographies were once rhythmic, earnest as death or as life, earnest as transcendent human Insight risen to the Singing pitch; some Homer, nay some Psalmist or Evangelist, spokesman of reverent Populations, was the Biographer. Rhythmic, *with* exactitude, investigation to the very marrow; this, or else oblivion, Biography should now, and at all times, be; but is not,—by any manner of means. With what results is visible enough, if you will look! Human Stupor, fallen into the dishonest, lazy and *un*flogged condition, is truly an awful thing.'

Catharine did not persist in her Anti-Prussian determination. July 9th, the Manifesto had been indignantly emphatic on Prussia; July 22d, in a Note to Goltz from the Czarina, it was all withdrawn again.[61] Looking into the deceased Czar's Papers, she found that Friedrich's Letters to him had contained nothing of wrong or offensive; always excellent advices, on the

[60] Büsching, *Magazin für die neue Historie und Geographie* (Halle, Year 1782), xvi. 413-477 (22 *Letters*, and only thrice or so a word of *Response* from "*ma Divinité*:" dates, 'Narva, 4th August 1762' . . . 'Petersburg, 3d October 1762').

[61] Rödenbeck, ii. 171.

contrary,—advice, among others, To be conciliatory to his clever-witted Wife, and to make her his ally, not his opponent, in living and reigning. In Königsberg (July 16th, seven days after July 9th), the Russian Governor, just on the point of quitting, emitted Proclamation, to everybody's horror: "No; altered, all that; under pain of death, your Oath to Russia still valid!" Which for the next ten days, or till his new Proclamation, made such a Königsberg of it as may be imagined. The sight of those Letters is understood to have turned the scale; which had hung wavering till July 22d in the Czarina's mind. "Can it be good," she might privately think withal, "to begin our reign by kindling a foolish War again?" How Friedrich received the news of July 9th, and into what a crisis it threw him, we shall soon see. His Campaign had begun July 1st; —and has been summoning us home, into *its* horizon, for some time.

CHAPTER XI.

SEVENTH CAMPAIGN OPENS.

FRIEDRICH'S plan of Campaign is settled long since: Recapture Schweidnitz; clear Silesia of the enemy; Silesia and all our own Dominions clear, we can then stand fencible against the Austrian perseverances. Peace, one day, they must grant us. The general tide of European things is changed by these occurrences in Petersburg and London. Peace is evidently near. France and England are again beginning to negotiate; no Pitt now to be rigorous. The tide of War has been wavering at its summit for two years past; and now, with this of Russia, and this of Bute instead of Pitt, there is ebb everywhere, and all Europe determining for peace. Steady at the helm, as heretofore, a Friedrich, with the world-current in his favour, may hope to get home after all.

Austrian Headquarters had been at Waldenburg, under Loudon or his Lieutenants, all Winter. Loudon returned thither from Vienna April 7th; but is not to command in chief, this Year,—Schweidnitz still sticking in some people's throats: "Dangerous; a man with such rash practices, rapidities and Pandour tendencies!" Daun is to command in Silesia; Loudon, under him, obscure to us henceforth, and inoffensive to Official people. Reichs Army shall take charge of Saxony;

nominally a Reichs Army, though there are 35,000 Austrians in it, as the soul of it, under some Serbelloni, some Stollberg as Chief—(the fact, I believe, is: Serbelloni got angrily displaced on that 'crossing of the Mulda by Prince Henri, May 13th;' Prince of Zweibrück had angrily abdicated a year before; and a Prince von Stollberg is now Generalissimo of Reich and Allies: but it is no kind of matter),—some Stollberg, with Serbelloni, Haddick, Maguire and suchlike in subaltern places. Cunctator Daun, in spite of his late sleepy ways, is to be Headman again: this surely is a cheering circumstance to Friedrich; Loudon, not Daun, being the only man he ever got much ill of hitherto.

Daun arrives in Waldenburg,* May 9th; and to show that he is not cunctatory, steps out within a week after. May 15th, he has descended from his Mountains; has swept round by the back and by the front of Schweidnitz, far and wide, into the Plain Country, and encamped himself crescent-wise, many miles in length, Headquarter near the Zobtenberg. Bent fondly round Schweidnitz; meaning, as is evident, to defend Schweidnitz against all comers,—his very position symbolically intimating: "I will fight for it, Prussian Majesty, if you like!"

Prussian Majesty, however, seemed to take no notice of him; and, what was very surprising, kept his old quarters: 'a 'Cantonment, or Chain of Posts, ten miles long; Schweidnitz 'Water on his right flank, Oder on his left;' perfectly safe, as he perceives, being able to assemble in four hours, if Daun try anything.[1] And, in fact, sat there, and did not come into the Field at all for five weeks or more;—waiting till Czernichef's 20,000 arrive, who are on march from Thorn since June 2d. Mere small-war goes on in the interim; world getting all greener and flowrier; the Glatz Highlands, to one's left yonder (Owl-Mountains, *Eulengebirge* so-called), lying magically blue and mysterious:—on the Plain in front of them, ten miles from the final peaks of them, is Schweidnitz Fortress, lying full in view, with a picked Garrison of 12,000 under a picked Captain, and all else of defence or impregnability; and Friedrich privately determined to take it, though by methods of his own choosing, and which cannot commence till Czernichef come. Daun, with his right wing, has hold of those Highland Regions, and cautiously guards them; can, when he pleases, wend back

* See Map, p. 222*a*.

[1] Tempelhof, vi. 66.

to Waldenburg Country; and at once, with his superior numbers, block all passages, and sit there impregnable. The methods of dislodging him are obscure to Friedrich himself; but methods there must be, dislodged he must be, and sent packing. Without that, all siege of Schweidnitz is flatly impossible.

June 27th, Friedrich's Headquarter is Tintz, Czernichef now nigh:[2] two days ago (June 25th), Czernichef's Cossacks 'crossed the Oder at Auras,'—with how different objects from those they used to have! *July 1st*, Czernichef himself is here, in full tale and equipment. Had encamped, a day ago, on the Field of Lissa; where Majesty reviewed him, inspected and manœuvred him, with great mutual satisfaction. "Field of Lissa;" it is where our poor Prussian people encamped on the night of Leuthen, with their "*Nun danket alle Gott*," five years ago, in memorable circumstances: to what various uses are Earth's Fields liable!

Friedrich, by degrees, has considerably changed his opinion, and bent towards the late Keith's, about Russian Soldiery: a Soldiery of most various kinds; from predatory Cossacks and Calmucks to those noble Grenadiers, whom we saw sit down on the Walls of Schweidnitz when their work was done. A perfectly steady obedience is in these men; at any and all times obedient, to the death if needful, and with a silence, with a steadfastness as of rocks and gravitation. Which is a superlative quality in soldiers. Good in Nations too, within limits; and much a distinction in the Russian Nation: rare, or almost unique, in these unruly Times. The Russians have privately had their admirations of Friedrich, all this while; and called him by I forget what unpronounceable vernacular epithet, signifying "Son of Lightning," or some such thing.[3] No doubt they are proud to have a stroke of service under such a one, since Father Peter Feodorowitsh graciously orders it: the very Cossacks show an alertness, a vivacity; and see cheery possibilities ahead, in Countries not yet plundered out. They stayed with Friedrich only Three Weeks,—Russia being an uncertain Country. As we have seen above; though Friedrich, who is vitally concerned, has not yet seen! But their junction with him, and review by him in the Field of Lissa, had its uses by

[2] Tempelhof, vi. 76.
[3] Buchholz, *Neueste Preussisch-Brandenburgische Geschichte* (1775), vol. ii. (page irrecoverable).

and by; and may be counted an epoch in Russian History, if nothing more. The poor Russian Nation, most pitiable of loyal Nations,—struggling patiently ahead, on those bad terms, under such *Catins* and foul Nightmares,—has it, shall we say, quite gone without conquest in this mad War? Perhaps, not quite. It has at least shown Europe that it possesses fighting qualities: a changed Nation, since Karl XII. beat them easily, at Narva, 8,000 to 80,000, in the snowy morning, long since!—

Czernichef once come, and in his place in the Camp of Tintz, business instantly begins,—business, and a press of it, in right earnest;—upon the hitherto idle Daun. July 1st, there is general complex Advance everywhere on Friedrich's part; general attempt towards the Mountains. Upon which Daun, well awake, at once rolls universally thitherward again; takes post in front of the Mountains,—on the Heights of Kunzendorf, to wit (Loudon's old post in Bunzelwitz time);—and elaborately spreads himself out in defence there. "Take him multifariously by the left flank, get between him and his Magazine at Braunau!" thinks Friedrich. Discovering which, Daun straightway hitches back into the Mountains altogether, leaving Kunzendorf to Friedrich's use as main camp. His outmost Austrians, on the edge of the Mountain Country, and back as far as suitable, Daun elaborately posts; and intrenches himself behind them in all the commanding points,—Schweidnitz still well in sight; and Braunau and the roads to it well capable of being guarded. Daun's Headquarter is Tannhausen; Burkersdorf, Ludwigsdorf, if readers can remember them, are frontward posts:—in his old imperturbable way Daun sits there waiting events.

And for near three weeks there ensues a very multiplex series of rapid movements, and alarming demonstrations, on Daun's front, on Daun's right flank; with serious extensive effort (masked in that way) to turn Daun's left flank, and push round by Landshut Country upon Bohemia and Braunau. Effort very serious indeed on that Landshut side: conducted at first by Friedrich in person, with General Wied (called also *Neu*wied, a man of mark since Liegnitz time) as second under him; latterly by Wied himself, as Friedrich found it growing dubious or hopeless. That was Friedrich's

first notion of the Daun problem. There are rapid marches here, there, round that western or left flank of Daun; sudden spurts of fierce fighting, oftenest with a stiff climb as preliminary: but not the least real success on Daun. Daun perfectly comprehends what is on foot; refuses to take shine for substance; stands massed, or grouped, at his own skilful judgment, in the proper points for Braunau, still more for Schweidnitz; and is very vigilant and imperturbable.

Kunzendorf Heights, which are not *of* the Hills, but in front of them, with a strip of flat still intervening;—these, we said, Daun had at once quitted: and these are now Friedrich's;—but yield him a very complex prospect at present. A line of opposing Heights, Burkersdorf, Ludwigsdorf, Leuthmannsdorf, bristling with abundant cannon; behind is the multiplex sea of Hills, rising higher and higher, to the ridge of the Eulenberg in Glatz Country 10 or 12 miles southward: Daun, with forces much superior, calmly lord of all that; infinitely needing to be ousted, could one but say how! Friedrich begins to perceive that Braunau will not do; that he must contrive some other plan. General Wied he still leaves to prosecute the Braunau scheme: perhaps there is still some chance in it; at lowest it will keep Daun's attention thitherward. And Wied perseveres upon Braunau; and Braunau proving impossible, pushes past it deeper into Bohemia, Daun loftily regardless of him. Wied's marches and attempts were of approved quality; though unsuccessful in the way of stirring Daun. Wied's Light troops went scouring almost as far as Prag,—especially a 500 Cossacks that were with him, following their old fashion, in a new Country. To the horror of Austria; who shrieked loudly, feeling them in her own bowels; though so quiet while they were in other people's on her score. This of the 500 Cossacks under Wied, if this were anything, was all of actual work that Friedrich had from his Czernichef Allies;—nothing more of real or actual while they stayed, though something of imaginary or ostensible which had its importance, as we shall see.

Friedrich, in the third week, recalls Wied; "Braunau clearly impossible; only let us still keep-up appearances!" July 18th, Wied is in Kunzendorf Country again; on an important new enterprise, or method with the Daun Problem, in which Wied is to bear a principal hand. That is to say, The dis-

comfiture and overturn of Daun's right wing, if we can,—since his left has proved impossible. This was the *Storming of Burkersdorf Heights;* Friedrich's new plan. Which did prove successful, and is still famous in the Annals of War: reckoned by all judges a beautiful plan, beautifully executed, and once more a wonderful achieving of what seemed the impossible, when it had become the indispensable. One of Friedrich's prettiest feats; and the last of his notable performances in this War. Readers ought not to be left without some shadowy authentic notion of it; though the real portraiture or image (which is achievable too, after long study) is for the professional soldier only,—for whom *Tempelhof*, good maps and plenty of patience are the recipe.

'The scene is the Wall of Heights, running east and west, paralle' 'to Friedrich's Position at Kunzendorf; which form the Face, or de-'cisive beginning, of that Mountain Glacis spreading up ten miles 'farther, towards Glatz Country. They, these Heights called of Bur-'kersdorf, are in effect Daun's right wing; vitally precious to Daun, 'who has taken every pains about them. Burkersdorf Height (or 'Heights, for there are two, divided by the Brook Weistritz; but we 'shall neglect the eastern or lower, which is ruled by the other, and 'stands or falls along with it), Burkersdorf Height is the principal: a 'Hill of some magnitude (short way south of the Village of Burkers-'dorf, which also is Daun's); Hill falling rather steep down, on two 'of its sides, namely on the north side, which is towards Friedrich and 'Kunzendorf, and on the east side, where Weistritz Water, as yet only 'a Brook, gushes out from the Mountains,—hastening towards Schweid-'nitz or Schweidnitz Water; towards Lissa and Leuthen Country, 'where we have seen it on an important night. Weistritz, at this part, 'has scarped the eastern flank of Burkersdorf Height; and made for 'itself a pleasant little Valley there: this is the one Pass into the 'Mountains. A Valley of level bottom; where Daun has a terrific 'trench and sunk battery level with the ground, capable of sweeping 'to destruction whoever enters there without leave.

'East from Burkersdorf Lesser Height (which we neglect for the 'present), and a little farther inwards or south, are Two other Heights: 'Ludwigsdorf and Leuthmannsdorf; which also need capture, as ad-'juncts of Burkersdorf, or second line to Burkersdorf; and are abun-'dantly difficult, though not so steep as Burkersdorf.

'The Enterprise, therefore, divides itself into two. Wied is to do 'the Ludwigsdorf-Leuthmannsdorf part; Möllendorf, the Burkersdorf. 'The strength of guns in these places, especially on Burkersdorf,—we 'know Daun's habit in that particular; and need say nothing. Man-'devouring batteries, abatis; battalions palisaded to the teeth, "the 'pales strong as masts, and room only for a musket-barrel between;"

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'nay, they are "furnished with a lath or cross-strap all along, for rest-
'ing your gun-barrel on and taking aim:"—so careful is Daun. The
'ground itself is intricate, in parts impracticably steep; everywhere
'full of bushes, gnarls and impediments. Seldom was there such a
'problem altogether! Friedrich's position, as we say, is Kunzendorf
'Heights, with Schweidnitz and his old ground of Bunzelwitz to rear,
'Czernichef and others lying there, and Würben and the old Villages
'and Heights again occupied as posts:—what a tale of Egyptian bricks
'has one to bake, your Majesty, on certain fields of this world; and
'with such insufficiency of raw-material sometimes!'

By the 16th of July, Friedrich's plans are complete. Contrived, I must say, with a veracity and opulent potency of intellect, flashing clear into the matter, and yet careful of the smallest practical detail. *Friday 17th*, Möllendorf, with men and furnitures complete, circles off north-westward by Würben (for the benefit of certain onlookers), but will have circled round to Burkersdorf neighbourhood two days hence; by which time also Wied will be quietly in his place thereabouts, with a view to business on the 20th and 21st. Möllendorf, Wied and everything, are prosperously under way in this manner,—when, on the afternoon of that same Friday 17th,[4] Czernichef steps over, most privately, to headquarters: with what a bit of news! "A Revolution in Petersburg" (*July 9th*, as we saw above, or as Herr Büsching saw); "Czar Peter, your Majesty's adorer, is dethroned, perhaps murdered; your Majesty's enemies, in the name of Czarina Catharine, order me instantly homeward with my 20,000!" This is true news, this of Czernichef. A most unexpected, overwhelming Revolution in those Northern Parts;—not needing to be farther touched upon in this place.

What here concerns us is, Friedrich's feelings on hearing of it; which no reader can now imagine. Horror, amazement, pity, very poignant; grief for one's hapless friend Peter, for one's still more hapless self! "The Sisyphus stone, which we had got dragged to the top, the chains all beautifully slack these three months past,—has it leapt away again? And on the eve of Burkersdorf, and our grand Daun problem!" Truly, the Destinies have been quite dramatic with this King, and have contrived the moment of hitting him to the heart. He passionately entreats Czernichef to be helpful to him,—which Czernichef would fain be, only how can he? To be

[4] Compare Tempelhof, vi. 99, and Rödenbeck, ii. 164.

helpful; at least to keep the matter absolutely secret yet for some hours: this the obliging Czernichef will do. And Friedrich remains, Czernichef having promised this, in the throes of desperate consideration and uncertainty, hour after hour, —how many hours I do not know. It is confidently said,[5] Friedrich had the thought of forcibly disarming Czernichef and his 20,000 :—in which case he must have given-up the Daun Enterprise; for without Czernichef as a positive quantity, much more with Czernichef as a negative, it is impossible. But, at any rate, most luckily for himself, he came upon a milder thought: "Stay with us yet three days, merely in the semblance of Allies, no service required of you, but keeping the matter a dead secret;—on the fourth day go, with my eternal thanks!" This is his milder proposal; urged with his best efforts upon the obliging Czernichef: who is in huge difficulty, and sees it to be at peril of his head, but generously consents. It is the same Czernichef who got lodged in Cüstrin cellars, on one occasion: know, O King,—the King, before this, does begin to know,—that Russians too can have something of heroic, and can recognise a hero when they see him! In this fine way does Friedrich get the frightful chasm, or sudden gap of the ground under him, bridged-over for the moment; and proceeds upon Burkersdorf all the same.

Of the Attack itself we propose to say almost nothing. It consists of Two Parts, Wied and Möllendorf, which are intensely Real; and of a great many more which are Scenic chiefly,—some of them Scenic to the degree of Drury-Lane itself, as we perceive;—all cunningly devised, and beautifully playing into one another, both the real and the scenic. *Evening of the 20th*, Friedrich is on his ground, according to Program. Friedrich,—who has now his Möllendorf and Wied beside him again, near this Village of Burkersdorf; and has his completely-scenic Czernichef, and partly-scenic Ziethen and others, all in their places behind him,—quietly crushes Daun's people out of Burkersdorf Village; and furthermore, so soon as Night has fallen, bursts up, for his own uses, Burkersdorf old Castle, and its obstinate handful of defenders, which was a noisier process. Which done, he diligently sets to trenching, building batteries in that part; will have forty formidable guns, howitzers a good few of them, ready before sunrise. And so,

[5] Retzow, ii. 415.

21st July 1762.

Wednesday 21st July 1762, All Prussians are in motion, far and wide; especially Möllendorf and Wied (*versus* O'Kelly and Prince de Ligne),—which Pair of Prussians may be defined rather as near and close; these Two being, in fact, the soul of the matter, and all else garniture and semblance. About 4 in the morning, Friedrich's battery of 40 has begun raging; the howitzers diligent upon O'Kelly and his Burkersdorf Height,—not much hurting O'Kelly or his Height, so high was it, but making a prodigious noise upon O'Kelly;—others of the cannon shearing home on those palisades and elaborations, in the Weistritz Valley in particular, and quite tearing-up a Cavalry Regiment which was drawn out there; so that O'Kelly had instantly to call it home, in a very wrecked condition. Why O'Kelly ever put it there,—except that he saw no place for it in his rugged localities, or no use for it anywhere,—is still a mystery to the intelligent mind.[6] The howitzers, their shells bursting mostly in the air, did O'Kelly little hurt, nor for hours yet was there any real attack on Burkersdorf or him; but the noise, the horrid death-blaze was prodigious, and kept O'Kelly, like some others, in an agitated, occupied condition, till their own turn came.

For it had been ordered that Wied and Möllendorf were not to attack together: not together, but successively,—for the following reasons. *Together;* suppose Möllendorf to prosper on O'Kelly (whom he is to storm, not by the steep front part as O'Kelly fancies, but to go round by the western flank and take him in rear); suppose Möllendorf to be near prospering on Burkersdorf Height,—unless Wied too have prospered, Ludwigsdorf batteries and forces will have Möllendorf by the right flank, and between two fires he will be ruined; he and everything! On the other hand, let Wied try first: if Wied *can* manage Ludwigsdorf, well: if Wied cannot, he comes home again with small damage; and the whole Enterprise is off for the present. That was Friedrich's wise arrangement, and the reason why he so bombards O'Kelly with thunder, blank mostly.

And indeed, from 4 this morning and till 4 in the afternoon, there is such an outburst and blazing series of Scenic Effect, and thunder mostly blank, going on far and near all over that District of Country: General This ostentatiously speeding off, as if for attack on some important place; General That, for at-

[6] Tempelhof, vi. 107.

tack on some other; all hands busy,—the 20,000 Russians not yet speeding, but seemingly just about to do it,—and blank thunder so mixed with not-blank, and scenic effect with bitter reality,[7]—as was seldom seen before. And no wisest Daun, not to speak of his O'Kellys and lieutenants, can, for the life of him, say where the real attack is to be, or on what hand to turn himself. Daun in person, I believe, is still at Tannhausen, near the centre of this astonishing scene; five or six miles from any practical part of it. And does order forward, hither, thither, masses of force to support the De Ligne, the O'Kelly, among others; but who can tell what to support? Daun's lieutenants were alert some of them, others less: General Guasco, for instance, who is in Schweidnitz, an alert Commandant, with 12,000 picked men, was drawing-out, of his own will, with certain regiments to try Friedrich's rear: but a check was put on him (some dangerous shake of the fist from afar), when he had to draw-in again. In general the O'Kelly supports sat gazing dubiously, and did nothing for O'Kelly but roll back along with him, when the time came. But let us first attend to Wied, and the Ludwigsdorf-Leuthmannsdorf part.

Wied, divided into Three, is diligently pushing-up on Ludwigsdorf by the slacker eastern ascents; meets firm enough battalions, potent, dangerous and resolute in their strong posts; but endeavours firmly to be more dangerous than they. Dislodges everything, on his right, on his left; comes in sight of the batteries and ranked masses atop, which seem to him difficult indeed; flatly impossible, if tried on front; but always some Colonel Lottum, or quick-eyed man, finds some little valley, little hollow; gets at the Enemy side-wise and rear-wise; rushes on with fixed bayonets, double-quick, to coöperate with the front: and, on the whole, there are the best news from Wied, and we perceive he sees his way through the affair.

Upon which, Möllendorf gets in motion, upon his specific errand. Möllendorf has been surveying his ground a little, during the leisure hour; especially examining what mode of passage there may be, and looking for some road up those slacker western parts: has found no road, but a kind of sheep-track, which he thinks will do. Möllendorf, with all energy, surmounting many difficulties, pushes up accordingly; gets into his sheep-track; finds, in the steeper part of this track, that horses

[7] Tempelhof, vi. 105-111.

cannot draw his cannon; sets his men to do it; pulls and pushes, he and they, with a right will;—sees over his left shoulder, at a certain point, the ranked Austrians waiting for him behind their cannon (which must have been an interesting glimpse of scenery for some moments); tugs along, till he is at a point for planting his cannon; and then, under help of these, rushes forward,—in two parts, perhaps in three, but with one impetus in all,—to seize the Austrian fruit set before him. Surely, if a precious, a very prickly pomegranate, to clutch hold of on different sides, after such a climb! The Austrians make stiff fight; have abatis, multiplex defences; and Möllendorf has a furious wrestle with this last remnant, holding out wonderfully, —till at length the abatis itself catches fire, in the musketry, and they have to surrender. This must be about noon, as I collect: and Feldmarschall Daun himself now orders everybody to fall back. And the tug of fight is over;—though Friedrich's scenic effects did not cease; and in particular his big battery raged till 5 in the afternoon, the more to confirm Daun's rearward resolutions and quicken his motions. On fall of night, Daun, everybody having had his orders, and been making his preparations for six hours past, ebbed totally away; in perfect order, bag and baggage. Well away to southward; and left Friedrich quit of him.[8]

Quit of Daun forevermore, as it turned out. Plainly free, at any rate, to begin upon Schweidnitz, whenever he sees good. Of the behaviour of Wied, Möllendorf, and their people, indeed of the Prussians one and all, what can be said, but that it was worthy of their Captain and of the Plannings he had made? Which is saying a great deal. 'We got above 14 big guns,' report they; 'above 1,000 prisoners, and perhaps twice as many that deserted to us in the days following.' Czernichef was full of admiration at the day's work: he marched early next morning,—I trust with lasting gratitude on the part of an obliged Friedrich.

Some three weeks before this of Burkersdorf, Duke Ferdinand, near a place called Wilhelmsthal, in the neighbourhood of Cassel, in woody broken country of Hill and Dale, favourable for strategic contrivances, had organised a beautiful move-

[8] Tempelhof, vi. 100-115: compare *Bericht von der bey Leutmannsdorf den 21sten Julius 1762 vorgefallenen Action* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 302-308); *Anderweiter Bericht von der &c.* (ib. 308-314); Archenholtz, &c. &c.

ment from many sides, hoping to overwhelm the too careless or too ignorant French, and gain a signal victory over them: *Battle*, so-called, *of Wilhelmsthal, June 24th*, 1762, being the result. Mauvillon never can forgive a certain stupid Hanoverian, who mistook his orders; and on getting to his Hill-top, which was the centre of all the rest,—formed himself with his *back* to the point of attack; and began shooting cannon at next to nothing, as if to warn the French, that they had better instantly make off! Which they instantly set about, with a will; and mainly succeeded in; nothing all day but mazes of intricate marching on both sides, with spurts of fight here and there, —ending in a truly stiff bout between Granby and a Comte de Stainville, who covered the retreat, and who could not be beaten without a great deal of trouble. The result a kind of victory to Ferdinand; but nothing like what he expected.[9]

Soubise leads the French this final Year; but he has a D'Estrées with him (our old D'Estrées of *Hastenbeck*), who much helps the account current; and though generally on the declining hand (obliged to give-up Göttingen, to edge away farther and farther out of Hessen itself, to give-up the Weser, and see no shift but the farther side of Fulda, with Frankfurt to rear),—is not often caught napping as here at Wilhelmsthal. There ensued about the banks of the Fulda, and the question, Shall we be driven across it sooner or not so soon? a great deal of fighting and pushing (Battle called of *Lutternberg*, Battle of *Johannisberg*, and others): but all readers will look forward rather to the *Cannonade of Amöneburg*, more precisely Cannonade of the *Brücken-Mühle* (September 21st), which finishes these wearisome death-wrestlings. Peace is coming; all the world can now count on that!

Bute is ravenous for Peace; has been privately taking the most unheard-of steps:—wrote to Kaunitz, "Peace at once, and we will vote for your *having* Silesia;" to which Kaunitz, suspecting trickery in artless Bute, answered, haughtily sneering, "No help needed from your Lordship in that matter!" After which repulse, or before it, Bute had applied to the Czar's Minister in London: "Czarish Majesty to have East Preussen guaranteed to him, if he will insist that the King of Prussia *dispense* with Silesia;" which the indignant Czar rejected with scorn, and at once made his Royal Friend aware of;—with

[9] Mauvillon, ii. 227-236; Tempelhof, vi. &c. &c.

what emotion on the Royal Friend's part we have transiently seen. "Horrors and perfidies!" ejaculated he, in our hearing lately; and regarded Bute, from that time, as a knave and an imbecile both in one; nor ever quite forgave Bute's Nation either, which was far from being Bute's accomplice in this unheard-of procedure. "No more Alliances with England!" counted he: "What Alliance can there be with that ever-fluctuating People? Today they have a thrice-noble Pitt; tomorrow a thrice-paltry Bute, and all goes heels-over-head on the sudden!"[10]

Bute, at this rate of going, will manage to get hold of Peace before long. To Friedrich himself, a Siege of Schweidnitz is now free; Schweidnitz his, the Austrians will have to quit Silesia. "Their cash is out: except prayer to the Virgin, what but Peace can they attempt farther? In Saxony things will have gone ill, if there be not enough left us to offer them in return for Glatz. And Peace and *As-you-were* must ensue!"—

Let us go upon Schweidnitz, therefore; pausing on none of these subsidiary things; and be brief upon Schweidnitz too.

CHAPTER XII.

SIEGE OF SCHWEIDNITZ: SEVENTH CAMPAIGN ENDS.

DAUN being now cleared away, Friedrich instantly proceeds upon Schweidnitz. Orders the necessary Siege Materials to get under way from Neisse; posts his Army in the proper places, between Daun and the Fortress,—King's headquarter Dittmannsdorf, Army spread in fine large crescent-shape, to southwest of Schweidnitz some ten miles, and as far between Daun and it;—orders home to him his Upper-Silesia Detachments, "Home, all of you, by Neisse Country, to make-up for Czernichef's departure; from Neisse onwards you can guard the Siege-Ammunition wagons!" Naturally he has blockaded Schweidnitz, from the first; he names Tauentzien Siege-Captain, with a 10 or 12,000 to do the Siege: "Ahead, all of you!" —and in short, *August 7th*, with the due adroitness and precautions, opens his first parallel; suffering little or nothing hitherto by a resistance which is rather vehement.[1] He expects to have the place in a couple of weeks—"one week (*huit jours*)"

[10] Preuss, ii. 308; Mitchell, ii. 286.

[1] Tempelhof, vi. 126.

he sometimes counts it, but was far out in his reckoning as to time.

The Siege of Schweidnitz occupied two most laborious, tedious months;—and would be wearisome to every reader now, as it was to Friedrich then, did we venture on more than the briefest outline. The resistance is vehement, very skilful:—Commandant is Guasco (the same who was so truculent to Schmettau in the Dresden time); his Garrison is near 12,000, picked from all regiments of the Austrian Army; his provisions, ammunitions, are of the amplest; and he has under him as chief Engineer a M. Gribeauval, who understands "countermining" like no other. After about a fortnight of trial, and one Event in the neighbourhood which shall be mentioned, this of Mining and Counter-mining,—though the External Sap went restlessly forward too, and the cannonading was incessant on both sides,—came to be regarded more and more as the real method, and for six or seven weeks longer, was persisted in, with wonderful tenacity of attempt and resistance. Friedrich's chief Mining Engineer is also a Frenchman, one Lefebvre; who is personally the rival of Gribeauval (his old class-fellow at College, I almost think); but is not his equal in subterranean work,—or perhaps rather has the harder task of it, that of Mining, instead of *Counter*-mining, or *spoiling* Mines. Tempelhof's account of these two people, and their underground wrestle here, is really curious reading;—clear as daylight to those that will study, but of endless expansion (as usual in Tempelhof), and fit only to be indicated here.[2]

The external Event I promised to mention is an attempt on Daun's part (August 16th) to break-in upon Friedrich's position, and interrupt the Siege, or render it still impossible. Event called the *Battle of Reichenbach*, though there was not much of battle in it;—in which our old friend the Duke of Brunswick-Bevern (whom we have seen in abeyance, and merely a Garrison Commandant, for years back, till the Russians left Stettin to itself) again played a shining part.

Daun,—at Tannhausen, 10 miles to south-west of Friedrich, and spread out among the Hills, with Loudons, Lacys, Becks, as lieutenants, and in plenty of force, could he resolve

[2] Tempelhof, vi. 122-219; *Bericht und Tagebuch von der Belagerung von Schweidnitz vom 7ten August bis 9 October 1762* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 376-479); Archenholtz, Retzow, &c.

on using it,—has at last, after a month's meditation, hit upon a plan. Plan of flowing round by the southern skirt of Friedrich, and seizing certain Heights to the south-eastern or open side of Schweidnitz,—Költschen Height the key one;* from which he may spread up at will, Height after Height, to the very Zobtenberg on that eastern side, and render Schweidnitz an impossibility. The plan, people say, was good; but required rapidity of execution,—a thing Daun is not strong in.

Bevern's behaviour, too, upon whom the edge of the matter fell, was very good. Bevern, coming on from Neisse and Upper Silesia, had been much manœuvred upon for various days by Beck; Beck, a dangerous, alert man, doing his utmost to seize post after post, and bar Bevern's way,—meaning especially, as ultimate thing, to get hold of a Height called Fischerberg, which lies near Reichenbach (in the southern Schweidnitz vicinities), and is preface to Költschen Height and to the whole Enterprise of Daun. In most of which attempts, especially in this last, Bevern, with great merit, not of dexterity alone (for the King's Orders had often to be *dis*obeyed in the letter, and only the spirit of them held in view), contrived to outmanœuvre Beck; and be found (August 13th) already firm on the Fischerberg, when Beck, in full confidence, came marching towards it. "The Fischerberg lost to us!" Beck had to report, in disappointment. "Must be recovered, and my grand Enterprise no longer put off!" thinks Daun to himself, in still more disappointment ("Laggard that I am!").—And on the third day following, the *Battle of Reichenbach* ensued. Lacy, as chief, with abundant force, and Beck and Brentano under him: these are to march, "Recover me that Fischerberg; it is the preface to Költschen and all else!"[3]

Monday August 16th, pretty early in the day, Lacy, with his Becks and Brentanos, appeared in great force on the western side of Fischerberg; planted themselves there, about the three Villages of Peilau (Upper, Nether and Middle Peilau, a little way to south of Reichenbach), within cannon-shot of Bevern; their purpose abundantly clear. Behind them, in the gorges of the Mountains, what is not so clear, lay Daun and most of his Army; intending to push through at once upon Költschen and seize the key, were this of Fischerberg had. Lacy, after reconnoitering a little, spreads his tents (which

* See Map, p. 222 *a*.

[3] Tempelhof, vi. 144.

it is observable Beck does not); and all Austrians proceed to cooking their dinner. "Nothing coming of them till tomorrow!" said Friedrich, who was here; and went his way home, on this symptom of the Austrian procedures;—hardly consenting to regard them farther, even when he heard their cannonade begin.

Lacy, the general composure being thus established, and dinner well done, suddenly drew-out about five in the evening, in long strong line, before these Hamlets of Peilau, on the western side of the Fischerberg; Beck privately pushing round by woods to take it on the eastern side: and there ensued abundant cannonading on the part of Lacy and Brentano, and some idle flourishing about of horse, responded to by Bevern; and, on the part of Lacy and Brentano, nothing else whatever. More like a theatre-fight than a real one, says Tempelhof. Beck, however, is in earnest; has a most difficult march through the tangled pathless woods; does arrive at length, and begin real fighting, very sharp for some time; which might have been productive, had Lacy given the least help to it, as he did *not*.[4] Beck did his fieriest; but got repulsed everywhere. Beck tries in various places; finds swamps, impediments, fierce resistance from the Bevern people;—finds, at length, that the King is awake, and that reinforcements, horse, foot, riding-artillery, are coming in at the gallop; and that he, Beck, cannot too soon get away.

None of the King's Foot people could get in for a stroke, though they came mostly running (distance five miles); but the Horse-charges were beautifully impressive on Lacy's theatrical performers, as was the Horse-Artillery to a still more surprising degree; and produced an immediate *Exeunt Omnes* on the Lacy part. All off; about 7 P.M.,—Sun just going down in the autumn sky;—and the Battle of Reichenbach a thing finished. Seeing which, Daun also immediately withdrew, through the gorges of the Mountains again. And for seven weeks thenceforth sat contemplative, without the least farther attempt at relief of Schweidnitz. It was during those seven weeks, some time after this, that poor Madam Daun, going to a Levee at Schönbrunn one day, had her carriage half-filled with symbolical nightcaps, successively flung in upon her by the Vienna people;—symbolical; in lieu of Slashing Articles, and Newspapers the best Instructors, which they as yet have not.

[4] Tempelhof, vi. 146-151.

Next day the Joy-fire of the Prussians taught Guasco what disaster had happened; and on the fifth day afterwards (August 22d), hearing nothing farther of Daun, Guasco offered to surrender, on the principle of Free Withdrawal. "No, never," answered Tauentzien, by the King's order: "As Prisoners of War it must be!" Upon which Guasco stood to his defences again; and maintained himself,—Gribeauval and he did,—with an admirable obstinacy: the details of which would be very wearisome to readers. Gribeauval and he, I said; for from this time, Engineer Lefebvre, though he tried (with bad skill, thinks Tempelhof) some bits of assault above ground, took mainly to mining, and a grand underground invention called *Globes de Compression;* which he reckoned to be the real sovereign method,—unlucky that he was! I may at least explain what *Globe de Compression* is; for it becomes famous on this occasion, and no name could be less descriptive of the thing. Not a *globe* at all, for that matter, nor intended to 'compress,' but to *ex*press, and shatter to pieces in a transcendent degree: it is, in fact, a huge cubical mine-chamber, filled by a wooden box (till Friedrich, in his hurry, taught Lefebvre that a sack would do as well), loaded with, say, five thousand-weight of powder. Sufficient to blow any horn-work, bastion, bulwark, into the air,—provided you plant it in the right place; which poor Lefebvre never can. He tried, with immense labour, successively some four or almost five of these "*Press Balls*" so-called (or Volcanoes in Little); mining on, many yards, 15 or 20 feet underground (tormented by Gribeauval all the way); then at last, exploding his five thousand-weight, —would produce a "Funnel," or crater, of perhaps '30 yards in diameter,' but, alas, '150 yards *off* any bastion.' Funnel of no use to him;—mere sign to him that he must go down into it, and begin there again; with better aim, if possible. And then Gribeauval's tormentings; never were the like! Gribeauval has, all round under the Glacis, mine-galleries, or main-roads for Countermining, ready to his hand (mine-galleries built by Friedrich while lately proprietor); there Gribeauval is hearkening the beat of Lefebvre's picks: "Ten yards from us, think you? Six yards? Get a 30 hundred-weight of chamber ready for him!" And will, at the right moment, blow Lefebvre's gallery about his ears;—sometimes bursts-in upon him bodily with pistol and cutlass, or still worse, with explosive sulphur-balls, choke-

pots and infinitudes of malodour instantaneously developed on Lefebvre,—which mean withal, "You will have to begin again, Monsieur!" Enough to drive a Lefebvre out of his wits. Twice, or oftener, Lefebvre, a zealous creature but a thin-skinned, flew out into open paroxysm; wept, invoked the gods, threatened suicide: so that Friedrich had to console him, "Courage, you will manage it; make chicanes on Gribeauval, as he does on you,"—and suggested that powder-*sack* instead of deal-box, which we just mentioned.

Friedrich's patience seems to have been great; but in the end he began to think the time long. He was in three successive headquarters, Dittmannsdorf, Peterswaldau, Bögendorf, nearer and nearer;* at length quite near (Bögendorf within a couple of miles); and wondering Gazetteers reported him on horseback, examining minutely the parallels and siege-works, —with a singular indifference to the cannon-balls flying about ("Not easy to hit a small object with cannon!"), and intent only on giving Tauentzien suggestions, admonitions and new orders. Here, prior to Bögendorf, are three snatches of writing, which successively have indications for us. *King to Prince Henri:*

Peterswaldau, August 13th, 1762 (King has just shifted hither, August 10th, on the Bevern-*Reichenbach* score; continues here till September 23d). * * "You are right to say, 'We ourselves are our "best Allies.' I am of the same opinion; nevertheless, it is a clear duty "and call of prudence to try and alleviate the burden as much as pos-"sible: and I own to you, that if, after all I have written, the thing "fails this time" (as it does), "I shall be obliged to grant that there "is nothing to be made of those Turks."——"We are now in the "press of our crisis as to Schweidnitz. The Siege advances beauti-"fully: but Beck is come hereabouts, Lacy masked behind him; and "I cannot yet tell you" (not till *Reichenbach* and the 16th) "whether "the Enemy intends some big adventure for disengaging Schweidnitz, "or will content himself with disturbing and annoying us."

Peterswaldau, 9th September. 'Springs, water-threads coming into 'our mines delay us a little: "by the 12th" (in 3-days time, little thinking it would be 30 days!) "I still hope to dispatch you a courier "with the news, All is over! Your Nephew" (Prince of Prussia) "is "out today assisting in a forage; he begins to kindle into fine action. "We are nothing but pygmies in comparison to him" (in point of physical stature); "imagine to yourself Prince Franz" (of Brunswick; killed, poor fellow, at Hochkirch), "only taller still; this is the figure "of him at present."

* See Map, p. 222 *a*.

BUNZELWITZ - BURKERSDORF - REICHENBACH COUNTRY.

24th Sept. 1762.

Peterswaldau, September 19th. * * "Our Siege wearies all the "world; people persecute me to know the end of it; I never get a "Berlin Letter without something on that head;—and I have no re- "source myself but patience. We do all we can: but I cannot hinder "the enemy from defending himself, and Gribeauval from being a clever "fellow:—soon, however, surely soon, soon, we shall see the end. "Our weather here is like December; the Seasons are as mad as the "Politics of Europe. Finally, my dear Brother, one must shove Time "on; day follows day, and at last we shall catch the one that ends "our labours. Adieu; *je vous embrasse.*"[5]—Here farther, from the Siege-ground itself, are some traceries, scratchings by a sure hand which yield us something of image. Date is still only '*Before* Schweidnitz,' far on in the eighth week:

September 23d. 'This morning, before 9, the King' (direct from Peterswaldau, where he has been lodging hitherto,—must have breakfasted rather early) 'came into the Lines here:—his quarter is now to 'be at Bögendorf near hand, in a Farmhouse there. The Prince of 'Prussia was riding with him, and Lieutenant-Colonel von Anhalt' (the Adjutant whom we have heard of): 'he looked at the Battery' lately ordered by him; 'looked at many things; rode along, a good 100 yards 'inside of the vedettes; so that the Enemy noticed him, and fired vio- 'lently,'—King decidedly ignoring. 'To Captain Beauvrye' (Captain of the Miners) 'he paid a gracious compliment; Major Lefebvre he rallied 'a little for losing heart, for bungling his business; but was not angry 'with him, consoled him rather; bantered him on the shabbiness of 'his equipments, and made him a gift of 400 thalers (60*l.*), to improve 'them. Lefebvre, Tauentzien and' another General 'dined with him 'at Bögendorf today.'[6]

September 24th, early. 'The King on horseback viewed the trenches, 'rode close behind the first parallel, along the midmost communication- 'line: the Enemy cannonaded at us horribly (*erschrecklich*); a ball 'struck-down the Page von Pirch's horse' (Pirch lay writhing, making moan,—plainly overmuch, thought the King): 'on Pirch's accident, 'too, the Prince of Prussia's horse made a wild plunge, and pitched 'its rider aloft out of the saddle; people thought the Prince was shot, 'and everybody was in horror: great was the commotion; only the 'King was heard calling with a clear voice, "*Pirch, vergiss Er seinen 'Sattel nicht,*—Pirch, bring your saddle with you!"'—

This of Pirch and the saddle is an Anecdote in wide circulation; taken sometimes as a proof of Royal thrift; but is mainly the Royal mode of rebuking Pirch for his weak behaviour in the accident that had befallen. Pirch, an ingenious handy kind of fellow, famed for his pranks and trickeries in those Page-days, had many adventures in the world;—was, for one while, something of a notability among the French;

[5] Schöning, iii. 403, 430, 446.

[6] 'Captain Götz's *Notebook*' (a conspicuous Captain here, Notebook still in manuscript, I think): cited in *Schöning*, iii. 453 et seq.

will "teach you the Prussian mode of drill," and actually got leave to try it "on the German Regiments in our service:"[7]—died, finally, as Colonel of one of these, at the Siege of Gibraltar, in 1783.

September 25th. 'Morning and noon, each time two hours, the 'King was in his new batteries; and, with great satisfaction, watched 'the working of them. This day there dined with him the Prince 'of Bernburg' (General of Brigade here), 'Tauentzien, Lefebvre and 'Dieskau' (head of the Artillery).

The King is always riding about; has now, virtually, taken charge of the Siege himself. 'In Bögendorf, the first night, he dismissed 'the Guard sent for him; would have nothing there but six chasers '(*jäger*):' an alarming case! 'After a night or two, there came al-'ways, without his knowledge, a dragoon party of 30 horse; took post 'behind Bögendorf Church, patrolled towards Kunzendorf, Giesdorf, 'and had three pickets.'

September 28th. 'Gribeauval has sprung a mine last night;' totally blown-up Lefebvre again! 'Engineer-Lieutenants Gerhard and Von 'Kleist were wounded by our own people; Captain Guyon was shot:' things all going wrong,—weather, I suspect also, bad. 'The King 'was in dreadful humour (*sehr ungnädig*); rated and rebuked to right 'and left: "If it should last till January, the Attack must go on. No-"body seems to be able for his business; Lefebvre a blockhead (*dum-"mer Teufel*), who knows nothing of mining: the Generals, too, where "are they? Every General henceforth is to take his place in the third "parallel, at the head of his Covering-party" (most exposed place of all), "and stay his whole twenty-four hours there" (Prince of Anhalt-Bernburg is Covering-Party today; I hope, in his post during this thunder!): "Taken the Place can and must be! We have the mis-"fortune, That a stupid Engineer who knows nothing of his art has "the direction; and a General without sense in Sieging has the com-"mand. Everybody is at a *nonplus*, it appears! Not all our Artillery "can silence that Front-fire; not in a single place can Thirty stupid "Miners get into the Fort." Today and yesterday the King spoke 'neither to General Tauentzien nor to Major Lefebvre; Lieutenant-'Colonel von Anhalt had to give all the Orders.' An electric kind of day!

The weather is becoming wet. In fact, there ensue whole weeks of rain,—the trenches swimming, service very hard. Guasco's guns are many of them dismounted; no Daun to be heard of. Guasco again and again proposes modified capitulations; answer always, "Prisoners of War on the common terms." Guasco is wearing low: *October 7th* (Lefebvre sweating and puffing at his last Globe of Expression, hoping to hit

[7] Voltaire's wondering Report of him ('Ferney, 7th December 1774'), and Friedrich's quiet Answer ('Berlin, 28th Dec. 1774'): in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 297, 301. Rödenbeck (ii. 198-200) has a slight "*Biography*" of Pirch.

the mark this last time), an accidental grenade from Tauentzien, above ground, rolled into one of Guasco's powder-vaults; blew it, and a good space of Wall along with it, into wreck; two days after which, Guasco had finished his Capitulating;—and we get done with this wearisome affair.[8] Guasco was invited to dine with the King; praised for his excellent defence. Prisoners of War his Garrison and he; about 9,000 of them still on their feet; their entire loss had been 3,552 killed and wounded; that of the Prussians 3,033. Poor Guasco died, in Königsberg, still prisoner, before the Peace came.

Of Austrian fighting in Silesia, this proved to be the last, in the present Controversy which has endured so long. No thought of fighting is in Daun; far the reverse. Daun is getting ill off for horse-forage in his Mountains; the weather is bad upon him; we hear 'he has had, for some time past, 12,000 labourers' palisading and fortifying at the Passes of Bohemia: "Truce for the Winter" is what he proposes. To which the King answers, "No; unless you retire wholly within Bohemia and Glatz Country:" this at present Daun grudged to do; but was forced to it, some weeks afterwards, by the sleets and the snows, had there been no other pressure. In about three weeks hence, Friedrich, leaving Bevern in command here, and a Silesia more or less adjusted, made for Saxony; whither important reinforcements had preceded him,—reinforcements under General Wied, the instant it was possible. Saxony he had long regarded as the grand point, were Schweidnitz over: "Recapture Dresden, and they will have to give us Peace this very Winter!" Daun, also with reinforcements, followed him to Saxony, as usual; but never quite arrived, or else found matters settled on arriving;—and will not require farther mention in this History. He died some three years hence, age 60;[9] an honourable, imperturbable, eupeptic kind of man, sufficiently known to readers by this time.

Friedrich did not recapture Dresden; far enough from that,—though Peace came all the same. Hardly a week after our recovery of Schweidnitz, Stollberg and his Reichsfolk, especially his Austrians, became unexpectedly pert upon Henri;

[8] Tempelhof, vi. 122-220; *Tagebuch von der Belagerung von Schweidnitz vom 7ten August bis 9ten October 1762* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 376-497); Tielcke, &c. &c.

[9] '5th February 1766;' 'born 24th September 1705' (Hormayr, *Œsterreichischer Plutarch*, ii. 80-111).

pressed forward (October 15th), in overpowering force, into his Posts about Freyberg, Pretschendorf and that south-western Reich-ward part: "No more invadings of Bohemia from you, Monseigneur; no more tormentings of the Reich; here is other work for you, my Prince!"—and in spite of all Prince Henri could do, drove him back, clear out of Freyberg; north-westward, towards Hülsen and his reserves.[10] Giving him, in this manner, what soldiers call a slap; slap which might have been more considerable, had those Stollberg people followed it up with emphasis. But they did not; so alert was Henri. Henri at once rallied beautifully from his slap (King's reinforcements coming too, as we have said); and, in ten-days time, without any reinforcement, paid Stollberg and Company by a stunning blow: *Battle of Freyberg* (October 29th),—which must not go without mention, were it only as Prince Henri's sole Battle, and the last of this War. Preparatory to which and its sequel, let us glance again at Duke Ferdinand and the English-French posture,—also for the last time.

Cannonade at Amöneburg (21st September 1762). 'The controversies about right or left bank of the Fulda have been settled long 'since in Ferdinand's favour; who proceeded next to blockade the 'various French strongholds in Hessen; Marburg, Ziegenhayn, especially Cassel; with an eye to besieging the same, and rooting the 'French permanently out. To prevent or delay which, what can 'Soubise and D'Estrées do but send for their secondary smaller Army, 'which is in the Lower-Rhine Country under a Prince de Condé, 'mostly idle at present, to come and join them in the critical regions 'here. Whereupon new Controversy shifting westward to the Mayn 'and Nidda-Lahn Country, to achieve said Junction and to hinder it. 'Junction was not to be hindered. The D'Estrées-Soubise people and 'young Condé made good manœuvring, handsome fight on occasion; 'so that in spite of all the Erbprinz could do, they got hands joined; 'far too strong for the Erbprinz thenceforth; and on the last night of 'August were all fairly together, headquarter Friedberg in Frankfurt 'Country (a thirty miles north of Frankfurt); and were earnestly con'sidering the now not hopeless question, "How, or by what routes 'and methods, push to north-westward, get through to those blockaded 'Hessian Strong-places, Cassel especially; and hinder Ferdinand's be'sieging them, and quite outrooting us there?"

'This is a difficult question, but a vital. "Sweep rapidly past 'Ferdinand,—cannot we? Well frontward or eastward of him, dex-

[10] *Bericht von dem Angriff so am 15ten October 1762 von der Reichs-Armee auf die Königlich-Preussischen unter dem Prinzen Heinrich geschehen* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 362-364). *Ausführlicher Bericht von der den 15ten October 1762 bey Brand vorgefallenen Action* (Ib. iii. 350-362). Tempelhof, vi. 238.

'trously across the Lahn and its Branches (our light people are to rear 'of him, on this side of the Fulda, between the Fulda and him): once 'joined with those light people by such methods, we have Cassel 'ahead, Ferdinand to rear, and will make short work with the blockades, '—the blockades will have to rise in a hurry!" This was the plan 'devised by D'Estrées; and rapidly set about; but it was seen into, at 'the first step, by Ferdinand, who proved still more rapid upon it. 'Campings, counter-campings, crossings of the Lahn by D'Estrées peo-'ple, then recrossings of it, ensued for above a fortnight; which are 'not for mention here: in fine, about the middle of September, the 'D'Estrées Enterprise had plainly become impossible, unless it could 'get across the Ohm,—an eastern, or wide-circling north-eastern Branch 'of the Lahn,—where, on the right or eastern bank of which, as bet-'ter for him than the Lahn itself in this part, Ferdinand now is. '"Across the Ohm: and that, how can that be done, the provident 'Ferdinand having laid hold of Ohm, and secured every pass of it, 'several days ago! Perhaps by a Surprisal; by extreme dispatch?"

'Amöneburg is a pleasant little Town, about thirty miles east of 'Marburg,—in which latter we have been, in very old times; looking 'after St. Elizabeth, Teutsch Ritters, Philip the Magnanimous and 'other objects. Amöneburg stands on the left or western bank of the 'Ohm, with an old Schloss in it, and a Bridge near by; both of which, 'Ferdinand, the left or southmost wing of whose Position on the other 'bank of Ohm is hereabouts, has made due seizure of. Seizure of the 'Bridge, first of all,—Bridge with a Mill at it (which, in consequence, 'is called *Brücken-Mühle*, Bridge-Mill),—at the eastern end of this 'there is a strong Redoubt, with the Bridge-way blocked and rammed 'ahead of it; there Ferdinand has put 200 men; 500 more are across 'in Amöneburg and its old Castle. Unless by surprisal and extreme 'dispatch, there is clearly no hope! Ferdinand's headquarter is seven or 'eight miles to north-west of this his Brücken-Mühle and extreme left; 'next to Brücken-Mühle is Zastrow's Division; next, again, is Granby's; 'several Divisions between Ferdinand and it: "Do it by surprisal, 'by utmost force of vehemency!" say the French. And accordingly,

'*September 21st*' (day of the Equinox 1762), 'An hour before sun-'rise, there began, quite on the sudden, a vivid attack on the Brücken-'Mühle and on Amöneburg, by cannon, by musketry, by all methods; 'and, in spite of the alert and completely obstinate resistance, would 'not cease; but, on the contrary, seemed to be on the increasing hand, 'new cannon, new musketries; and went on, hour after hour, ever the 'more vivid. So that, about 8 in the morning, after three hours of 'this, Zastrow, with his Division, had to intervene: to range himself 'on the Hill-top behind this Brücken-Mühle; replace the afflicted 200 '(many of them hurt, not a few killed) by a fresh 200 of his own; who 'again needed to be relieved before long. For the French, whom 'Zastrow had to imitate in that respect, kept bringing up more cannon, 'ever more, as if they would bring up all the cannon of their Army;

'and there rose between Zastrow and them such a cannonade, for 'length and loudness together, as had not been heard in this War. 'Most furious cannonading, musketading; and seemingly no end to it. 'Ferdinand himself came over to ascertain; found it a hot thing in-'deed. Zastrow had to relieve his 200 every hour: "Don't go down 'in rank, you new ones," ordered he;—"slide, leap, descend the hill-'face in scattered form: rank at the bottom!"—and generally about 'half of the old 200 were left dead or lamed by their hour's work. '"They intend to have this Bridge from us at any cost," thinks Fer-'dinand; "and at any cost they shall not!" And, in the end, orders 'Granby forward in room of Zastrow, who has had some eight hours 'of it now; and rides home to look after his main quarters.

'It was about 4 in the afternoon when Granby and his English 'came into the fire; and I rather think the French onslaught was, if 'anything, more furious than ever:—Despair striding visibly forward 'on it, or something too like Despair. Amöneburg they had battered 'to pieces, Wall and Schloss, so that the 500 had to ground arms: 'but not an inch of way had they made upon the Bridge, nor were like 'to make. Granby continued on the old plan, plying all his diligences 'and artilleries; needing them all. Fierce work to a degree: "200 'of you go down on wings" (in an hour about 100 will come back)! 'In English Families you will still hear some vague memory of Amöne-'burg, How we had built walls of the dead, and fired from behind 'them,—French more and more furious, we more and more obstinate. 'Granby had still four hours of it; sunset, twilight, dusk; about 8, 'the French, in what spirits I can guess, ceased, and went their ways. 'Bridge impossible; game up. They had lost, by their own account, '1,100 killed and wounded; Ferdinand probably not fewer.'[11]

And in this loud peal, what none could yet know, the French-English part of the Seven-Years War had ended. The French attempted nothing farther; hutted themselves where they were, and waited in the pouring rains: Ferdinand also hutted himself, in guard of the Ohm; while his people plied their Siege-batteries on Cassel, on Ziegenhayn, cannonading their best in the bad weather;—took Cassel, did not quite take Ziegenhayn, had it been of moment;—and for above six weeks coming (till November 7th-14th[12]), nothing more but skirmishings and small scuffles, not worth a word from us, fell out between the Two Parties there. That Cannonade of the Brücken-Mühle had been finis.

For supreme Bute, careless of the good news coming in on him from West and from East, or even rather embarrassed by

[11] Mauvillon, ii. 251: *Helden-Geschichte*, vii. 432-439.

[12] Preliminaries of Peace *signed*, 'Paris, November 3d;' known to French Generals 'November 7th;' not, *officially*, to Ferdinand till 'November 14th' (Mauvillon, ii. 257).

29th Oct. 1762.

them, had some time ago started decisively upon the Peace Negotiation. 'September 5th,' three weeks before that of Amöneburg, 'the Duke of Bedford, Bute's Plenipotentiary, set 'out towards Paris,—considerably hissed on the street here by 'a sulky population,' it would seem;—'but sure of success in 'Paris. Bute shared in none of the national triumphs of this 'Year. The transports of rejoicing which burst-out on the 'news of Havana' were a sorrow and distress to him.[13] "Havana, what shall we do with it?" thought he; and for his own share answered stiffly, "Nothing with it; fling it back to them!" —till some consort of his persuaded him Florida would look better.[14] Of Manilla and the Philippines he did not even hear till Peace was concluded; had made the Most Catholic Carlos a present of that Colony,—who would not even pay our soldiers their Manilla Ransom, as too disagreeable. Such is the Bute, such and no other, whom the satirical Fates have appointed to crown and finish-off the heroic Day's-work of such a Pitt. Let us, if we can help it, speak no more of him! Friedrich writes before leaving for Saxony: "The Peace between "the English and the French is much farther off than was "thought;—so many oppositions do the Spaniards raise, or "rather do the French,—busy duping this buzzard of an Eng- "lish Minister, who has not common sense."[15] Never fear, your Majesty: a man with Havanas and Manillas of that kind to fling about at random, is certain to bring Peace, if resolved on it!—

We said, Prince Henri rallied beautifully from his little slap and loss of Freyberg (October 15th), and that the King was sending Wied with reinforcements to him. In fact, Prince Henri of himself was all alertness, and instantly appeared on the Heights again; seemingly quite in sanguinary humour, and courting Battle, much more than was yet really the case. Which cowed Stollberg from meddling with him farther, as he might have done. Not for some ten days had Henri finished his arrangements; and then, under cloud of night (*28th-29th October* 1762), he did break forward on those Spittelwalds and Michael's Mounts, and multiplex impregnabilities about Freyberg, in what was thought a very shining manner. The *Battle of Freyberg*, I think, is five or six miles long, all on the west,

[13] Walpole's *George the Third*, ii. 191. [14] Thackeray, ii. 11.
[15] Schöning, iii. 480 (To Henri; 'Peterswaldau, 17th October 1762').

and finally on the south-west side of Freyberg (north and north-west sides, with so many batteries and fortified villages, are judged unattackable); and the main stress, very heavy for some time, lay in the abatis of the Spittelwald (where Seidlitz was sublime), and about the roots of St. Michael's Mount (the *top* of it Stollberg, or some foolish General of Stollberg's, had left empty; nobody there when we reached the top),—down from which, Freyberg now lying free ahead of us, and the Spittelwald on our left now also ours, we take Stollberg in rear, and turn him inside out. The Battle lasted only three hours, till Stollberg and his Maguires, Campitellis and Austrians (especially his Reichsfolk, who did no work at all, except at last running), were all under way; and the hopes of some Saxon Victory to balance one's disgraces in Silesia had altogether vanished.[16]

Of Austrians and Reichsfolk together I dimly count about 40,000 in this Action; Prince Henri seems to have been well under 30,000.[17] I will give Prince Henri's *Despatch* to his Brother (a most modest Piece); and cannot afford to say more of the matter,—except that 'Wegfurth,' where Henri gets on march the night before, lies 8 or more miles west-by-north of Freyberg and the Spittelwald, and is about as far straight south from Hainichen, Gellert's birthplace, who afterwards got the War-horse now coming into action,—I sometimes think, with what surprise to that quadruped!

Prince Henri to the King (Battle just done; King on the road from Silesia hither, Letter meets him at Löwenberg).

"Freyberg, 29th October 1762.

"My dearest Brother,—It is a happiness for me to send you the "agreeable news, That your Army has this day gained a considerable "advantage over the combined Austrian and Reichs Army. I marched "yesternight; I had got on through Wegfurth, leaving Spittelwald[18] "to my left, with intent to seize" (storm, if necessary) the Height of "St. Michael,—when I came upon the Enemy's Army. I made two "true attacks, and two false: the Enemy resisted obstinately; but the "sustained valour of your troops prevailed: and, after three hours in "fire, the Enemy was obliged to yield everywhere. I don't yet know "the number of Prisoners; but there must be above 4,000:—the

[16] *Beschreibung der am 29sten October 1762 bey Freyberg vorgefallenen Schlacht* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, iii. 365-376). Tempelhof, vi. 235-258; *Helden-Geschichte*, vii. 177-181.

[17] '29 battalions, 60 squadrons,' *versus* '49 battalions, 68 squadrons' (Schöning, iii. 499).

[18] Tempelhof, p. 237.

29th Oct.-4th Nov. 1762.

"Reichs Army has lost next to nothing; the stress of effort fell to the "Austrian share. We have got quantities of Cannon and Flags; "Lieutenant-General Roth of the Reichs Army is among our Prisoners. "I reckon we have lost from 2 to 3,000 men; among them no Officer "of mark. Lieutenant-General von Seidlitz rendered me the highest "services; in a place where the Cavalry could not act" (border of the Spittelwald, and its impassable entanglements and obstinacies), "he "put himself at the head of the Infantry, and did signal services" (his Battle mainly, scheming and all, say some ill-natured private accounts); "Generals Belling and Kleist" (renowned Colonels known to us, now become Major-Generals) "did their very best. All the Infantry was "admirable; not one battalion yielded ground. My Aide-de-Camp" (Kalkreuth, a famous man in the Napoleon times long after), "who "brings you this, had charge of assisting to conduct the attack through "the Spittelwald" (and did it well, we can suppose): "if, on that "ground, you pleased to have the goodness to advance him, I should "have my humble thanks to give you. There are a good many "Officers who have distinguished themselves and behaved with courage, "for whom I shall present similar requests. You will permit me to "pay those who have taken cannons and flags" (100 ducats per cannon, 50 per flag, or whatever the tariff was:—"By all manner of means!" his Majesty would answer).

"The Enemy is retiring towards Dresden and Dippoldiswalda. I "am sending at his heels this night, and shall hear the result. My "Aide-de-Camp is acquainted with all, and will be able to render you "account of everything you may wish to know in regard to our present "circumstances. General Wied, I believe, will cross Elbe tomorrow" (General Wied, with 10,000 to help us,—for whom it was too dangerous to wait, or perhaps there was a spur on one's own mind?); "his "arrival would be" (not 'would have been:' *cela viendrait*, not even *viendra*) "very opportune for me. I am, with all attachment, my dearest "Brother,—your most devoted Servant and Brother,—HENRI."[19]

Tomorrow, in cipher, goes the following Despatch:

"Freyberg, 30th October 1762.

"General Wied" (not yet come to hand, or even got across Elbe) "informs me, That Prince Albert of Saxony" (pushing hither with reinforcement, sent by Daun) "must have crossed Elbe yesterday at "Pirna" (did not show face here, with his large reinforcements to them, or what would have become of us!);—"and that for this reason "he, Wied, must himself cross; which he will tomorrow. The same "day I am to be joined by some battalions from General Hülsen; and "the day after tomorrow, when General Wied" (coming by Meissen Bridge, it appears) "shall have reached the Katzenhäuser, the whole of "General Hülsen's troops will join me. Directly thereupon I shall—"[20]

[19] Schöning, iii. 491, 492.

[20] Ib. p. 493.

Or no more of that second Despatch; Friedrich's *Letter in Response* is better worth giving:

"Löwenberg, 2d November 1762.

"My dear Brother,—The arrival of Kalkreuter" (so he persists in calling him), "and of your Letter, my dear Brother, has made me "twenty" (not to say forty) "years younger: yesterday I was sixty, "today hardly eighteen. I bless Heaven for preserving you in health "(*bonne santé*," so we term escape of lesion in fight); "and that things "have passed so happily! You took the good step of attacking those "who meant to attack you; and, by your good and solid measures "(*dispositions*), you have overcome all the difficulties of a strong Post "and a vigorous resistance. It is a service so important rendered by "you to the State, that I cannot enough express my gratitude, and "will wait to do it in person.

"Kalkreuter will explain what motions I"— * * "If Fortune "favour our views on Dresden" (which it cannot in the least, at this late season), "we shall indubitably have Peace this Winter or next "Spring,—and get honourably out of a difficult and perilous conjunc- "ture, where we have often seen ourselves within two steps of total "destruction. And, by this which you have now done, to you alone "will belong the honour of having given the final stroke to Austrian "Obstinacy, and laid the foundations of the Public Happiness, which "will be the consequence of Peace.—F."[21]

Two days after this, November 4th, Friedrich is in Meissen; November 9th, he comes across to Freyberg; has a pleasant day,—pleasant survey of the Battlefield, Henri and Seidlitz escorting as guides. Henri, in furtherance of the Dresden project, has Kleist out on the Bohemian Magazines,—"That is the one way to clear Dresden neighbourhood of Enemies!" thinks Henri always. Kleist burns the considerable magazine of Saatz; finds the grand one of Leitmeritz too well guarded for him:—upon which, in such snowdrifts and sleety deluges, is not Dresden plainly impossible, your Majesty? Impossible, Friedrich admits,—the rather as he now sees Peace to be coming without that. Freyberg has at last broken the back of Austrian Obstinacy. "Go in upon the Reich," Friedrich now orders Kleist, the instant Kleist is home from his Bohemian inroad: "In upon the Reich, with 6,000, in your old style! That will dispose the Reichs Principalities to Peace."

Kleist marched November 3d; kept the Reich in paroxysm till December 13th;—Plotho, meanwhile, proclaiming in the Reichs Diet: "Such Reichs Princes as wish for Peace with

[21] Schöning, iii. 495, 496.

my King can have it; those that prefer War, they too can have it!" Kleist, dividing himself in the due artistic way, flew over the Voigtland, on to Bamberg, on to Nürnberg itself (which he took, by sounding rams'-horns, as it were, having no gun heavier than a carbine, and held for a week);[22]—fluttering the Reichs Diet not a little, and disposing everybody for Peace. The Austrians saw it with pleasure, "We solemnly engaged to save these poor people harmless, on their joining us;—and, behold, it has become thrice and four times impossible. Let them fall off into Peace, like ripe pears, of themselves; we can then turn round and say, 'Save you harmless? Yes; if you hadn't fallen off!'"

November 24th, all Austrians make truce with Friedrich, Truce till March 1st;—all Austrians, and what is singular, with no mention of the Reich whatever. The Reich is defenceless, at the feet of Kleist and his 6,000. Stollberg is still in Prussian neighbourhood; and may be picked up any day! Stollberg hastens off to defend the Reich; finds the Reich quite empty of enemies before his arrival;—and at least saves his own skin. A month or two more, and Stollberg will lay-down his Command, and the last Reichs-Execution Army, playing Farce-Tragedy so long, make its exit from the Theatre of this World.

CHAPTER XIII.

PEACE OF HUBERTSBURG.

THE Prussian troops took Winter-quarters in the Meissen-Freyberg region, the old Saxon ground, familiar to them for the last three years: room enough this Winter,—'from Plauen and Zwickau, round by Langensalza again;' Truce with everybody, and nothing of disturbance till March 1st at soonest. The usual recruiting went on, or was preparing to go on,—a part of which took immediate effect, as we shall see. Recruiting, refitting, "Be ready for a new Campaign, in any case: the readier we are, the less our chance of having one!" Friedrich's headquarter is Leipzig; but till December 5th he does not get thither. "More business on me than ever!" complains he. At Leipzig he had his Nephews, his D'Argens;

[22] *Helden-Geschichte*, vii. 186-194.

for a week or two his Brother Henri; finally, his Berlin Ministers, especially Herzberg, when actual Peace came to be the matter in hand. Henri, before that, had gone home: "Peace being now the likelihood;—Home; and recruit one's poor health, at Berlin, among friends!"

Before getting to Leipzig, the King paid a flying Visit at Gotha;—probably now the one fraction of these manifold Winter movements and employments, in which readers could take interest. Of this, as there happens to be some record left of it, here is what will suffice. From Meissen, Friedrich writes to his bright Grand-Duchess, always a bright, high and noble creature in his eyes: "Authorised by your approval" (has politely inquired beforehand), "I shall have the infinite satis-"faction of paying my duties on December 3d" (four days hence), "and of reiterating to you, Madam, my liveliest and "sincerest assurances of esteem and friendship." * * 'Some 'of my Commissariat people have been misbehaving? Strict 'inquiry shall be had,'[1]—and we soon find *was*. But the Visit is our first thing.

The Visit took place accordingly; Seidlitz, a man known in Gotha ever since his fine scenic-military procedures there in 1757, accompanied the King. Of the lucent individualities invited to meet him, all are now lost to me, except one Putter, a really learned Göttingen Professor (deep in *Reichs-History* and the like), whom the Duchess has summoned over. By the dim lucency of Putter, faint to most of us as a rushlight in the act of going out, the available part of our imagination must try to figure, in a kind of Obliterated-Rembrandt way, this glorious Evening; for there was but one,—December 3d-4th,—Friedrich having to leave early on the 4th. Here is Putter's record, given in the third person:

'During dinner, Putter, honourably present among the 'spectators of this high business, was beckoned by the Duchess 'to step near the King' (right hand or left, Putter does not say); but 'the King graciously turned round, and conversed 'with Putter.' The King said:

King. "In German History much is still buried; many important "Documents lie hidden in Monasteries." Putter answered '*schicklich*—fitly;' that is all we know of Putter's answer.

[1] To the Grand-Duchess, 'Meissen, 29th November' (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 199).

6th Dec. 1762.

King (thereupon). "Of Books on Reichs-History I know only the "*Père Barri.*"[2]

Putter. * * "Foreigners have for most part known only, in re- "gard to our History, a Latin work written by Struve at Jena."[3]

King. "Struv, Struvius; him I don't know."

Putter. "It is a pity Barri had not known German."

King. "Barri was a Lorrainer; Barri must have known German!" —Then turning to the Duchess, on this hint about the German Language, he told her, 'in a ringing merry tone, How, at Leipzig once, 'he had talked with Gottsched' (talk known to us) 'on that subject, 'and had said to him, That the French had many advantages; among 'others, that a word could often be used in a complex signification, for 'which you had in German to scrape together several different expres- 'sions. Upon which Gottsched had said, "We will have that mended '(*Das wollen wir noch machen*)!" These words the King repeated twice 'or thrice, with such a tone that you could well see how the man's 'conceit had struck him;'—and in short, as we know already, what a gigantic entity, consisting of wind mainly, he took this elevated Gottsched to be.

Upon which, Putter retires into the honorary ranks again; silent, at least to us, and invisible; as the rest of this Royal Evening at Gotha is.[4] Here, however, is the Letter following on it two days after:

Friedrich to the Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha.

"Leipzig, 6th December 1762.

"Madam,—I should never have done, my adorable Duchess, if I "rendered you account of all the impressions which the friendship you "lavished on me has made on my heart. I could wish to answer it by "entering into everything that can be agreeable to you" (conduct of my Recruiters or Commissariat people first of all). "I take the "liberty of forwarding the *Answers* which have come in to the Two "*Mémoires* you sent me. I am mortified, Madam, if I have not been "able to fulfil completely your desires: but if you knew the situation "I am in, I flatter myself you would have some consideration for it.

"I have found myself here" (in Leipzig, as elsewhere) "over- "whelmed with business, and even to a degree I had not expected. "Meanwhile, if I ever can manage again to run over and pay you in "person the homage of a heart which is more attached to you than that "of your near relations, assuredly I will not neglect the first oppor- "tunity that shall present itself.

[2] *Barri de Beaumarchais*, 10 voll. 4to, Paris, 1748: I believe, an extremely feeble Pillar of Will-o'-Wisps by Night;—as I can expressly testify Pfeffel to be (Pfeffel, *Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire d'Allemagne*, 2 voll. 4to, Paris, 1776), who has succeeded Barri as Patent Guide through that vast *Sylva Sylvarum* and its pathless intricacies, for the inquiring French and English.

[3] Burkhard Gotthelf Struve, *Syntagma Historiæ Germanicæ* (1730, 2 voll. folio).

[4] 'Putter's *Selbstbiographie* (Autobiography), p. 406:' cited in Preuss, ii. 277 n.

"Messieurs the English" (Bute, Bedford and Company, with their Preliminaries signed, and all my Westphalian Provinces left in a condition we shall hear of) "continue to betray. Poor M. Mitchell has "had a stroke of apoplexy on hearing it. It is a hideous thing (*chose "affreuse*); but I will speak of it no more. May you, Madam, enjoy all "the prosperities that I wish for you, and not forget a Friend, who "will be till his death, with sentiments of the highest esteem and the "most perfect consideration,—Madam, your Highness's most faithful "Cousin and Servant,—FRIEDRICH."[5]

For a fortnight past, Friedrich has had no doubt that general Peace is now actually at hand. November 25th, ten days before this visit, a Saxon Privy-Councillor, Baron von Fritsch, who, by Order from his Court, had privately been at Vienna on the errand, came privately next, with all speed, to Friedrich (Meissen, November 25th):[6] "Austria willing for Treaty; is your Majesty willing?" "Thrice-willing, I; my terms well known!" Friedrich would answer,—gladdest of mankind to see general Pacification coming to this vexed Earth again. The Dance of the Furies, waltzing itself off, *home* out of this upper sunlight: the mad Bellona steeds plunging down, down, towards their Abysses again, for a season!—

This was a result which Friedrich had foreseen as nearly certain ever since the French and English signed their Preliminaries. And there was only one thing which gave him anxiety; that of his Rhine Provinces and Strong Places, especially Wesel, which have been in French hands for six years past, ever since Spring 1757. Bute stipulates That those places and countries shall be evacuated by his Choiseul, as soon as weather and possibility permit; but Bute, astonishing to say, has not made the least stipulation as to whom they are to be delivered to,—allies or enemies, it is all one to Bute. Truly rather a shameful omission, Pitt might indignantly think,—and call the whole business steadily, as he persisted to do, "a shameful Peace," had there been no other article in it but this;—as Friedrich, with at least equal emphasis, thought and felt. And, in fact, it had thrown him into very great embarrassment, on the first emergence of it.

For her Imperial Majesty began straightway to draw troops into those neighbourhoods: "*We* will take delivery, our Allies playing into our hand!" And Friedrich, who had no disposable troops, had to devise some rapid expedient; and did,

[5] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 201. [6] Rödenbeck, ii. 193.

24th Nov. 1762.

Set his Free-Corps agents and recruiters in motion: "Enlist me those Light people of Duke Ferdinand's, who are all getting discharged; especially that *Britannic Legion* so-called. All to be discharged; reënlist them, you; Ferdinand will keep them till you do it. Be swift!" And it is done;—a small bit of actual enlistment among the many prospective that were going on, as we noticed above. Precise date of it not given; must have been soon after November 3d. There were from 5 to 6,000 of them; and it was promptly done. Divided into various regiments; chief command of them given to a Colonel Bauer, under whom a Colonel Beckwith whose name we have heard: these, to the surprise of Imperial Majesty, and alarm of a pacific Versailles, suddenly appeared in the Cleve Countries, handy for Wesel, for Geldern; in such posts, and in such force and condition as intimated, "It shall be we, under favour, that take delivery!" Snatch Wesel from them, some night, sword in hand: that had been Bauer's notion; but nothing of that kind was found necessary; mere demonstration proved sufficient. To the French Garrisons the one thing needful was to get away in peace; Bauer with his brows gloomy is a dangerous neighbour. Perhaps the French Officers themselves rather favoured Friedrich than his enemies. Enough, a private agreement, or mutual understanding on word of honour, was come to: and, very publicly, at length, on the 11th and 12th days of March 1763 (Peace now settled everywhere), Wesel, in great gala, full of field-music, military salutations and mutual dining, saw the French all filing out, and Bauer and people filing in, to the joy of that poor Town.[7]

Soon after which, painful to relate, such the inexorable pressure of finance, Bauer and people were all paid off, flung loose again: ruthlessly paid off by a necessitous King! There were about 6,000 of those poor fellows,—specimens of the bastard heroic, under difficulties, from every country in the world; Beckwith and I know not what other English specimens of the lawless heroic; who were all cashiered, officer and man, on getting to Berlin. As were the earlier Free-Corps, and indeed the subsequent, all and sundry, 'except seven,' whose names will not be interesting to you. Paid off, with or without remorse, such the exhaustion of finance; Kleist, Icilius, Count Hordt and others vainly repugning and remonstrating;

[7] Preuss, ii. 342.

the King himself inexorable as Arithmetic. "Can maintain 138,000 of regular, 12,000 of other sorts; not a man more!" Zealous Icilius applied for some consideration to his Officers: "partial repayment of the money they have spent from their own pocket in enlistment of their people now discharged!" Not a doit. The King's answer is in autograph, still extant; not in good spelling, but with sense clear as light: "*Seine Officiers haben wie die Raben gestollen Sie Krigen nichts*, Your Officers stole like ravens;—they get Nothing."[8] Lessing's fine play of *Minna von Barnhelm* testifies to considerable public sympathy for these impoverished Ex-Military people. Pathetic truly, in a degree; but such things will happen. Irregular gentlemen, to whom the world's their oyster,—said oyster does suddenly snap-to on them, by a chance. And they have to try it on the other side, and say little!—But we are forgetting the Peace-Treaty itself, which still demands a few words.

Kleist's raid into the Reich had a fine effect on the Potentates there; and Plotho's Offer was greedily complied with; the Kaiser, such his generosity, giving "free permission." We spoke of Privy-Councillor von Fritsch, and his private little word with Friedrich at Meissen, on November 25th. The Electoral-Prince of Saxony, it seems, was author of that fine stroke; the history of it this. Since November 3d, the French and English have had their preliminaries signed; and all Nations are longing for the like. "Let us have a German Treaty for general Peace," said the Kurprinz of Saxony, that amiable Heir-Apparent whom we have seen sometimes, who is rather crooked of back, but has a sprightly Wife. "By all means," answered Polish Majesty: "and as I am in the distance, do you in every way further it, my Son!" Whereupon dispatch of Fritsch to Vienna, and thence to Meissen; with "Yes" to him from both parties. Plenipotentiaries are named: "Fritsch shall be ours: they shall have my Schloss of Hubertsburg for Place of Congress," said the Prince. And on Thursday December 30th, 1762, the Three Dignitaries met at Hubertsburg, and began business.

This is the Schloss in Torgau Country which Quintus Icilius's people, Saldern having refused the job, willingly undertook spoiling; and, as is well known, did it, January 22d, 1761;

[8] Preuss, ii. 320.

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a thing Quintus never heard the end of. What the amount of profit, or the degree of spoil and mischief, Quintus's people made of it, I could not learn; but infer from this new event that the wreck had not been so considerable as the noise was; at any rate, that the Schloss had soon been restored to its pristine state of brilliancy. The Plenipotentiaries,—for Saxony, Fritsch; for Austria, a Von Collenbach, unknown to us; for Prussia, one Hertzberg, a man experienced beyond his years, who is of great name in Prussian History subsequently,—sat here till February 15th, 1763, that is for six weeks and five days. Leaving their Protocols to better judges, who report them good, we will much prefer a word or two from Friedrich himself, while waiting the result they come to.

Friedrich to Prince Henri (home at Berlin).

"*Leipzig, 14th January* 1763. * * Am not surprised you find Ber-"lin changed for the worse: such a train of calamities must, in the "end, make itself felt in a poor and naturally barren Country, where "continual industry is needed to second its fecundity and keep up pro-"duction. However, I will do what I can to remedy this dearth (*la "disette*), at least as far as my small means permit." * *

"No fear of Geldern and Wesel: all that has been cared for by "Bauer and the new Free-Corps. By the end of February Peace will "be signed; at the beginning of April everybody will find himself at "home, as in 1756.

"The Circles are going to separate: indifferent to me, or nearly so; "but it is good to be plucking-out tiresome burning sticks, stick after "stick. I hope you amuse yourself at Berlin: at Leipzig nothing but "balls and redouts; my Nephews diverting themselves amazingly. "Madam Friedrich, lately Garden-maid at Seidlitz" (Village in the Neumark, with this Beauty plucking-weeds in it,—little prescient of such a fortune), "now Wife to an Officer of the Free Hussars, is the "principal heroine of these Festivities."[9]

Leipzig, 25th January 1763. "Thanks for your care about my ex-"istence. I am becoming very old, dear Brother; in a little while I "shall be useless to the world and a burden to myself: it is the lot of "all creatures to wear-down with age,—but one is not, for all that, to "abuse one's privilege of falling into dotage.

"You still speak without full confidence of our Negotiation busi-"ness" (going on at Hubertsburg yonder). "Mostly certainly the "chapter of accidents is inexhaustible; and it is still certain there may "happen quantities of things which the limited mind of man cannot "foresee: but, judging by the ordinary course, and such degrees of

[9] Schöning, iii. 528.

"probability as human creatures found their hopes on, I believe, be-
"fore the month of February entirely end, our Peace will be com-
"pleted. In a permanent Arrangement, many things need settling,
"which are easier to settle now than they ever will be again. Patience;
"haste *without* speed is a thriftless method."[10]

February 5th, the trio at Hubertsburg got their Preliminaries signed. On the tenth day thereafter, the Treaty itself was signed and sealed. All other Treaties on the same subject had been guided towards a contemporary finis: England and France, ready since the 3d of November last, signed and ended February 10th. February 11th, the Reich signed and ended; February 15th, Prussia, Austria, Saxony; and the *Third Silesian* or *Seven-Years War* was completely finished.[11]

It had cost, in loss of human lives first of all, nobody can say what: according to Friedrich's computation, there had perished of actual fighters, on the various fields, of all the nations, 853,000; of which above the fifth part, or 180,000, is his own share: and, by misery and ravage, the general Population of Prussia finds itself 500,000 fewer; nearly the ninth man missing. This is the expenditure of Life. Other items are not worth enumerating, in comparison; if statistically given, you can find the most approved guesses at them by the same Head, who ought to be an authority.[12] It was a War distinguished by—Archenholtz will tell you, with melodious emphasis, what a distinguished, great and thrice-greatest War it was. There have since been other far bigger Wars,—if size were a measure of greatness; which it by no means is! I believe there was excellent Heroism shown in this War, by persons I could name; by one person, Heroism really to be called superior, or, in its kind, almost of the rank of supreme;—and that in regard to the Military Arts and Virtues, it has as yet, for faculty and for performance, had no rival; nor is likely soon to have. The Prussians, as we once mentioned, still use it as their school-model in those respects. And we—Oh readers, do not at least you and I thank God to have now done with it!—

Of the Peace-Treaties at Hubertsburg, Paris and other places, it is not necessary that we say almost anything. They

[10] Schöning, iii. 529.
[11] Copy of the Treaty in *Helden-Geschichte*, vii. 624 et seq.; in Seyfarth, *Beyträgen*, iii. 479-495; in *Rousset*, in *Wenck*, in &c. &c.
[12] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 230-234; Preuss, iii. 349-351.

are to be found in innumerable Books, dreary to the mind; and of the 158 Articles to be counted there, not one could be interesting at present. The substance of the whole lies now in Three Points, not mentioned or contemplated at all in those Documents, though repeatedly alluded to and intimated by us here.

The issue, as between Austria and Prussia, strives to be, in all points, simply *As-you-were;* and, in all outward or tangible points, strictly is so. After such a tornado of strife as the civilised world had not witnessed since the Thirty-Years War. Tornado springing doubtless from the regions called Infernal; and darkening the upper world from south to north, and from east to west for Seven Years long;—issuing in general *As-you-were!* Yes truly, the tornado was Infernal; but Heaven too had silently its purposes in it. Nor is the mere expenditure of men's diabolic rages, in mutual clash as of opposite electricities, with reduction to equipoise, and restoration of zero and repose again after seven years, the one or the principal result arrived at. Inarticulately, little dreamt of at the time by any bystander, the results, on survey from this distance, are visible as Threefold. Let us name them one other time:

1°. There is no taking of Silesia from this man; no clipping of him down to the orthodox old limits; he and his Country have palpably outgrown these. Austria gives-up the Problem: "We have lost Silesia!" Yes; and, what you hardly yet know,—and what, I perceive, Friedrich himself still less knows, —Teutschland has found Prussia. Prussia, it seems, cannot be conquered by the whole world trying to do it; Prussia has gone through its Fire-Baptism, to the satisfaction of gods and men; and is a Nation henceforth. In and of poor dislocated Teutschland, there is one of the Great Powers of the World henceforth; an actual Nation. And a Nation *not* grounding itself on extinct Traditions, Wiggeries, Papistries, Immaculate Conceptions; no, but on living Facts,—Facts of Arithmetic, Geometry, Gravitation, Martin Luther's Reformation, and what it really can believe in:—to the infinite advantage of said Nation and of poor Teutschland henceforth. To be a Nation; and to believe as you are convinced, instead of pretending to believe as you are bribed or bullied by the devils about you; what an advantage to parties concerned! If Prussia follow its star—As it really tries to do, in spite of stumbling! For the

sake of Germany, one hopes always Prussia will; and that it may get through its various Child-Diseases, without death: though it has had sad plunges and crises,—and is perhaps just now in one of its worst Influenzas, the Parliamentary-Eloquence or Ballot-Box Influenza! One of the most dangerous Diseases of National Adolescence; extremely prevalent over the world at this time,—indeed unavoidable, for reasons obvious enough. "*Sic itur ad astra;*" all Nations certain that the way to Heaven is By voting, by eloquently wagging the tongue "within those walls"! Diseases, real or imaginary, await Nations like individuals; and are not to be resisted, but must be submitted to, and got through the best you can. Measles and mumps; you cannot prevent them in Nations either. Nay fashions even; fashion of Crinoline, for instance (how infinitely more, that of Ballot-Box and Fourth-Estate!),—are you able to prevent even that? You have to be patient under it, and keep hoping!

2°. In regard to England. Her *Jenkins's-Ear Controversy* is at last settled. Not only liberty of the Seas, but, if she were not wiser, dominion of them; guardianship of liberty for all others whatsoever: Dominion of the Seas for that wise object. America is to be English, not French; what a result is that, were there no other! Really a considerable Fact in the History of the World. Fact principally due to Pitt, as I believe, according to my best conjecture, and comparison of probabilities and circumstances. For which, after all, is not everybody thankful, less or more? O my English brothers, O my Yankee half-brothers, how oblivious are we of those that have done us benefit!—

These are the results for England. And in the rear of these, had these and the other elements once ripened for her, the poor Country is to get into such merchandisings, colonisings, foreign-settlings, gold-nuggetings, as lay beyond the drunkenest dreams of Jenkins (supposing Jenkins addicted to liquor);—and, in fact, to enter on a universal uproar of Machineries, Eldorados, "Unexampled Prosperities," which make a great noise for themselves in the very days now come. Prosperities evidently not of a sublime type: which, in the mean while, seem to be covering the at one time creditably clean and comely face of England with mud-blotches, soot-blotches, miscellaneous squalors and horrors; to be preaching into her amazed heart,

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which once knew better, the omnipotence of *shoddy;* filling her ears and soul with shriekery and metallic clangour, mad noises, mad hurries mostly nowhither;—and are awakening, I suppose, in such of her sons as still go into reflection at all, a deeper and more ominous set of Questions than have ever risen in England's History before. As in the foregoing case, we have to be patient and keep hoping.

3°. In regard to France. It appears, noble old Teutschland, with such pieties and unconquerable silent valours, such opulences human and divine, amid its wreck of new and old confusions, is not to be cut in Four, and made to dance to the piping of Versailles or another. Far the contrary! To Versailles itself there has gone forth, Versailles may read it or not, the writing on the wall: "Thou art weighed in the balance, and found wanting" (at last even "*found* wanting")! France, beaten, stript, humiliated; sinful, unrepentant, governed by mere sinners and, at best, clever fools (*fous pleins d'esprit*),—collapses, like a creature whose limbs fail it; sinks into bankrupt quiescence, into nameless fermentation, generally into *dry-rot.* Rotting, none guesses whitherward;—rotting towards that thrice-extraordinary Spontaneous-Combustion, which blazed-out in 1789. And has kindled, over the whole world, gradually or by explosion, this unexpected Outburst of all the chained Devilries (among other chained things), this roaring Conflagration of the Anarchies; under which it is the lot of these poor generations to live,—for I know not what length of Centuries yet. "Go into Combustion, my pretty child!" the Destinies had said to this *belle France,* who is always so fond of shining and outshining: "Self-Combustion;—in that way, won't you shine, as none of them yet could?" Shine; yes, truly,—till you are got to *caput mortuum,* my pretty child (unless you gain new wisdom!)—But not to wander farther:

Wednesday March 16th, Friedrich, all Saxon things being now settled,—among the rest, 'eight Saxon Schoolmasters' to be a model in Prussia,—quitted Leipzig, with the Seven-Years War safe in his pocket, as it were. Drove to Moritzburg, to dinner with the amiable Kurprinz and still more amiable Wife: "It was to your Highness that we owe this Treaty!" A dinner which readers may hear of again. At Moritzburg; where, with the Lacys, there was once such rattling and battling. After

which, rapidly on to Silesia, and an eight days of adjusting and inspecting there.

Wednesday March 30th, Friedrich arrives in Frankfurt-on-Oder, on the way homeward from Silesia: 'takes view of the Field of Kunersdorf' (reflections to be fancied); early in the afternoon speeds forward again; at one of the stages (place called Tassdorf) has a Dialogue, which we shall hear of; and between 8 and 9 in the evening, *not* through the solemn receptions and crowded streets, drives to the Schloss of Berlin. 'Goes straight to the Queen's Apartment,' Queen, Princesses and Court all home triumphantly some time ago; sups there with the Queen's Majesty and these bright creatures,—beautiful supper, had it consisted only of cresses and salt; and, behind it, sound sleep to us under our own roof-tree once more.[13] Next day, 'the King made gifts to,' as it were, to everybody; 'to the Queen about 5,000*l.*, to the Princess Amelia 1,000*l.*,' and so on; and saw true hearts all merry round him,—merrier, perhaps, than his own was.

[13] Rödenbeck, ii. 211, 212; Preuss, ii. 345, 346; &c. &c.

BOOK XXI.

AFTERNOON AND EVENING OF FRIEDRICH'S LIFE.

1763—1786.

CHAPTER I.

PREFATORY.

THE Twelve Hercules-labours of this King have ended here; what was required of him in World-History is accomplished. There remain to Friedrich Twenty-three Years more of Life, which to Prussian History are as full of importance as ever; but do not essentially concern European History, Europe having gone the road we now see it in. On the grand World-Theatre the curtain has fallen for a New Act; Friedrich's part, like everybody's for the present, is played out. In fact, there is, during the rest of his Reign, nothing of World-History to be dwelt on anywhere. America, it has been decided, shall be English; Prussia be a Nation. The French, as finis of their attempt to cut Germany in Four, find themselves sunk into torpor, abeyance and dry-rot; fermenting towards they know not what. Towards Spontaneous Combustion in the year 1789, and for long years onwards!

There, readers, there is the next mile-stone for you, in the History of Mankind! That universal Burning-up, as in hell-fire, of Human Shams. The oath of Twenty-five Million men, which has since become that of all men whatsoever, "Rather than live longer under lies, we will die!"—that is the New Act in World-History. New Act,—or, we may call it New *Part;* Drama of World-History, Part Third. If Part *Second* was 1,800 years ago, this I reckon will be Part *Third.* This is the truly celestial-infernal Event: the strangest we have seen for a thousand years. Celestial in one part; in the other, infernal. For

it is withal the breaking-out of universal mankind into Anarchy, into the faith and practice of *No*-Government,—that is to say (if you will be candid), into unappeasable Revolt against Sham-Governors and Sham-Teachers,—which I do charitably define to be a Search, most unconscious, yet in deadly earnest, for true Governors and Teachers. That is the one fact of World-History worth dwelling on at this day; and Friedrich cannot be said to have had much hand farther in that.

Nor is the progress of a French or European world, all silently ripening and rotting towards such issue, a thing one wishes to dwell on. Only when the Spontaneous Combustion breaks out; and, many-coloured, with loud noises, envelopes the whole world in anarchic flame for long hundreds of years: then has the Event come; there is the thing for all men to mark, and to study and scrutinise as the strangest thing they ever saw. Centuries of it yet lying ahead of us; several sad Centuries, sordidly tumultuous, and good for little! Say Two Centuries yet,—say even Ten of such a process: before the Old is completely burnt out, and the New in any state of sightliness? Millennium of Anarchies;—abridge it, spend your heart's-blood upon abridging it, ye Heroic Wise that are to come! For it is the consummation of All the Anarchies that are and were;—which I do trust always means the death (temporary death) of them! Death of the Anarchies: or a world once more built wholly on Fact better or worse; and the lying jargoning professor of Sham-Fact, whose name is Legion, who as yet (oftenest little conscious of himself) goes tumulting and swarming from shore to shore, become a species extinct, and well *known* to be gone down to Tophet!—

There were bits of Anarchies before, little and greater: but till that of France in 1789, there was none long memorable; all were pygmies in comparison, and not worth mentioning separately. In 1772 the Anarchy of Poland, which had been a considerable Anarchy for about three hundred years, got itself extinguished,—what we may call extinguished;—decisive surgery being then first exercised upon it: an Anarchy put in the sure way of extinction. In 1775, again, there began, over seas, another Anarchy much more considerable,—little dreaming that *it* could be called an Anarchy; on the contrary, calling itself Liberty, Rights of Man; and singing boundless Io-Pæans to itself, as is common in such cases; an Anarchy which

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has been challenging the Universe to show the like ever since. And which has, at last, flamed-up as an independent Phenomenon, unexampled in the hideously *suicidal* way;—and does need much to get burnt out, that matters may begin anew on truer conditions. But neither the *Partition of Poland* nor the *American War of Independence* have much general importance, or, except as precursors of 1789, are worth dwelling on in History. From us here, so far as Friedrich is concerned with them, they may deserve some transient mention, more or less: but World-History, eager to be at the general Funeral-pile and ultimate Burning-up of Shams in this poor World, will have less and less to say of small tragedies and premonitory symptoms.

Curious how the busy and continually watchful and speculating Friedrich, busied about his dangers from Austrian encroachments, from Russian-Turk Wars, Bavarian Successions, and other troubles and anarchies close by, saw nothing to dread in France; nothing to remark there, except carelessly, from time to time, its beggarly decaying condition, so strangely sunk in arts, in arms, in finance; oftenest an object of pity to him, for he still has a love for France;—and reads not the least sign of that immeasurable, all-engulfing *French Revolution* which was in the wind! Neither Voltaire nor he have the least anticipation of such a thing. Voltaire and he see, to their contentment, Superstition visibly declining: Friedrich rather disapproves the heat of Voltaire's procedures on the *Infâme*. "Why be in such heat? Other nonsense, quite equal to it, will be almost sure to follow. Take care of your own skin!" Voltaire and he are deeply alive, especially Voltaire is, to the horrors and miseries which have issued on mankind from a Fanatic Popish Superstition, or Creed of Incredibilities,—which (except from the throat outwards, from the bewildered tongue outwards) the orthodox themselves cannot believe, but only pretend and struggle to believe. This Voltaire calls "*The Infamous;*" and this—what name can any of us give it? The man who believes in falsities is very miserable. The man who cannot believe them, but only struggles and pretends to believe; and yet, being armed with the power of the sword, industriously keeps menacing and slashing all round, to compel every neighbour to do like him: what is to be done with such a man? Human Nature calls him a Social Nuisance; needing to be handcuffed,

gagged and abated. Human Nature, if it be in a terrified and imperilled state, with the sword of this fellow swashing round it, calls him "Infamous," and a Monster of Chaos. He is indeed the select Monster of that region; the Patriarch of all the Monsters, little as he dreams of being such. An Angel of Heaven the poor caitiff dreams himself rather, and in cheery moments is conscious of being:—Bedlam holds in it no madder article. And I often think he will again need to be tied up (feeble as he now is in comparison, disinclined though men are to manacling and tying); so many helpless infirm souls are wandering about, not knowing their right-hand from their left, who fall a prey to him. "*L'Infâme*" I also name him,—knowing well enough how little he, in his poor muddled, drugged and stupefied mind, is conscious of deserving that name. More signal enemy to God, and friend of the Other Party, walks not the Earth in our day.

Anarchy in the shape of religious slavery was what Voltaire and Friedrich saw all round them. Anarchy in the shape of Revolt against Authorities was what Friedrich and Voltaire had never dreamed of as possible, and had not in their minds the least idea of. In one, or perhaps two places you may find in Voltaire a grim and rather glad forethought, not given out as prophecy, but felt as interior assurance in a moment of hope, How these Priestly Sham Hierarchies will be pulled to pieces, probably on the sudden, once people are awake to them. Yes, my much-suffering M. de Voltaire, be pulled to pieces; or go aloft, like the awakening of Vesuvius, one day,—Vesuvius awakening after ten centuries of slumber, when his crater is all grown grassy, bushy, copiously 'tenanted by wolves' I am told; which, after premonitory grumblings, heeded by no wolf or bush, he will hurl bodily aloft, ten acres at a time, in a very tremendous manner![1] A thought like this, about the Priestly Sham-Hierarchies, I have found somewhere in Voltaire: but of the Social and Civic Sham-Hierarchies (which are likewise accursed, if they knew it, and indeed are junior copartners of the Priestly; and, in a sense, sons and products of them, and cannot escape being partakers of their plagues), there is no hint in Voltaire, though Voltaire stood at last only fifteen years from the Fact (1778-1793); nor in Friedrich, though he lived almost to see the Fact beginning.

[1] First modern Eruption of Vesuvius, A.D. 1631, after long interval of rest.

1763.

Friedrich's History being henceforth that of a Prussian King, is interesting to Prussia chiefly, and to us little otherwise than as the Biography of a distinguished fellow-man. Friedrich's Biography, his Physiognomy as he grows old, quietly on his own harvest-field, among his own People: this has still an interest, and for any feature of this we shall be eager enough; but this withal is the most of what we now want. And not very much even of this; Friedrich the unique King not having as a man any such depth and singularity, tragic, humorous, devotionally pious, or other, as to authorise much painting in that aspect. Extreme brevity beseems us in these circumstances: and indeed there are,—as has already happened in different parts of this Enterprise (Nature herself, in her silent way, being always something of an Artist in such things),—other circumstances, which leave us no choice as to that of detail. Available details, if we wished to give them, of Friedrich's later Life, are not forthcoming: masses of incondite marine-stores, tumbled out on you, dry-rubbish shot with uncommon diligence for a hundred years, till, for Rubbish-Pelion piled on Rubbish-Ossa, you lose sight of the stars and azimuths; whole mountain continents, seemingly all of cinders and sweepings (though fragments and remnants do lie hidden, could you find them again): —these are not details that will be available! Anecdotes there are in quantity; but of uncertain quality; of doubtful authenticity, above all. One recollects hardly any Anecdote whatever that seems completely credible, or renders to us the Physiognomy of Friedrich in a convincing manner. So remiss a creature has the Prussian Clio been,—employed on all kinds of loose errands over the Earth and the Air; and as good as altogether negligent of this most pressing errand in her own House. Peace be with her, poor slut; why should we say one other hard word on taking leave of her to all eternity!—

The practical fact is, what we have henceforth to produce is more of the nature of a loose Appendix of Papers, than of a finished Narrative. Loose Papers,—which, we will hope, the reader can, by industry, be made to understand and tolerate: more we cannot do for him. No continuous Narrative is henceforth possible to us. For the sake of Friedrich's closing Epoch, we will visit, for the last time, that dreary imbroglio under which the memory of Friedrich, which ought to have been, in all the epochs of it, bright and legible, lies buried; and will try to

gather, as heretofore, and put under labels. What dwells with oneself as human may have some chance to be humanly interesting. In the wildest chaos of marine-stores and editorial shortcomings (provided only the editors speak truth, as these poor fellows do), *this* can be done. Part the living from the dead; pick out what has some meaning, leave carefully what has none; you will in some small measure pluck up the memory of a hero, like drowned honour by the locks, and rescue it into visibility.

That Friedrich, on reaching home, made haste to get out of the bustle of joyances and exclamations on the streets; proceeded straight to his music-chapel in Charlottenburg, summoning the Artists, or having them already summoned; and had there, all alone, sitting invisible wrapt in his cloak, Graun's or somebody's grand *Te-Deum* pealed out to him, in seas of melody,—soothing and salutary to the altered soul, revolving many things,—is a popular myth, of pretty and appropriate character; but a myth only, with no real foundation, though it has some loose and apparent.[2] No doubt, Friedrich had his own thoughts on entering Berlin again, after such a voyage through the deeps; himself, his Country still here, though solitary and in a world of wild shipwrecks. He was not without piety; but it did not take the devotional form, and his habits had nothing of the clerical.

What is perfectly known, and much better worth knowing, is the instantaneous practical alacrity with which he set about repairing that immense miscellany of ruin; and the surprising success he had in dealing with it. His methods, his rapid inventions and procedures, in this matter, are still memorable to Prussia; and perhaps might with advantage be better known than they are in some other Countries. To us, what is all we can do with them here, they will indicate that this is still the old Friedrich, with his old activities and promptitudes; which indeed continue unabated, lively in Peace as in War, to the end of his life and reign.

The speed with which Prussia recovered was extraordinary. Within little more than a year (June 1st, 1764), the Coin was all in order again; in 1765, the King had rebuilt, not to mention other things, 'in Silesia 8,000 Houses, in Pommern 6,500.'[3]

[2] In *Preuss*, ii. 46, all the details of it.

[3] Rödenbeck, ii. 234, 261.

1763.

Prussia has been a meritorious Nation; and, however cut and ruined, is and was in a healthy state, capable of recovering soon. Prussia has defended itself against overwhelming odds, —brave Prussia; but the real soul of its merit was that of having merited such a King to command it. Without this King, all its valours, disciplines, resources of war, would have availed Prussia little. No wonder Prussia has still a loyalty to its great Friedrich, to its Hohenzollern Sovereigns generally. Without these Hohenzollerns, Prussia had been, what we long ago saw it, the unluckiest of German Provinces; and could never have had the pretension to exist as a Nation at all. Without this particular Hohenzollern, it had been trampled out again, after apparently succeeding. To have achieved a Friedrich the Second for King over it, was Prussia's grand merit.

An accidental merit, thinks the reader? No, reader, you may believe me, it is by no means altogether such. Nay, I rather think, could we look into the Account-Books of the Recording Angel for a course of centuries, no part of it is such! There are Nations in which a Friedrich is, or can be, possible; and again there are Nations in which he is not and cannot. To be practically reverent of Human Worth to the due extent, and abhorrent of Human Want of Worth in the like proportion, do you understand that art at all? I fear, not,—or that you are much forgetting it again! Human Merit, do you really love it *enough*, think you;—human Scoundrelism (brought to the dock for you, and branded as scoundrel), do you even abhor it enough? Without that reverence and its corresponding opposite-pole of abhorrence, there is simply no possibility left. That, my friend, is the outcome and summary of all virtues in this world, for a man or for a Nation of men. It is the supreme strength and glory of a Nation;—without which, indeed, all other strengths, and enormities of bullion and arsenals and warehouses, are no strength. None, I should say;—and are oftenest even the *reverse*.

Nations who have lost this quality, or who never had it, what Friedrich can they hope to be possible among them? Age after age they grind-down their Friedrichs contentedly under the hoofs of cattle on their highways; and even find it an excellent practice, and pride themselves on Liberty and Equality. Most certain it is, there will no Friedrich come to rule there; by and by, there will none be born there. Such Nations cannot have

a King to command them; can only have this or the other scandalous swindling Copper Captain, constitutional Gilt Mountebank, or other the like unsalutary entity by way of King; and the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children in a frightful and tragical manner, little noticed in the Penny Newspapers and Periodical Literatures of this generation. Oh my friends—! —But there is plain Business waiting us at hand.

CHAPTER II.

REPAIRING OF A RUINED PRUSSIA.

THAT of Friedrich's sitting wrapt in a cloud of reflections Olympian-Abysmal, in the music-chapel at Charlottenburg, while he had the Ambrosian Song executed for him there, as the preliminary step, was a loose myth; but the fact lying under it is abundantly certain. Few Sons of Adam had more reason for a piously-thankful feeling towards the Past, a piously-valiant towards the Future. What king or man had seen himself delivered from such strangling imbroglios of destruction, such devouring rages of a hostile world? And the ruin worked by them lay monstrous and appalling all round. Friedrich is now Fifty-one gone; unusually old for his age; feels himself an old man, broken with years and toils; and here lies his Kingdom in haggard slashed condition, worn to skin and bone: How is the King, resourceless, to remedy it? That is now the seemingly impossible problem. "Begin it,—thereby alone will it ever cease to be impossible!" Friedrich begins, we may say, on the first morrow morning. Labours at his problem, as he did in the march to Leuthen; finds it to become more possible, day after day, month after month, the farther he strives with it.

"Why not leave it to Nature?" think many, with the Dismal Science at their elbow. Well; that was the easiest plan, but it was not Friedrich's. His remaining moneys, 25 million thalers ready for a Campaign which has not come, he distributes to the most necessitous: 'all his artillery-horses' are parted into plough-teams, and given to those who can otherwise get none: think what a fine figure of rye and barley, instead of mere windle-straws, beggary and desolation, was realised by that act alone. Nature is ready to do much; will of herself cover, with some veil of grass and lichen, the nakedness of ruin: but her victori-

ous act, when she can accomplish it, is that of getting *you* to go with her handsomely, and change disaster itself into new wealth. Into new wisdom and valour, which are wealth in all kinds; California mere zero to them, zero, or even a frightful *minus* quantity! Friedrich's procedures in this matter I believe to be little less didactic than those other, which are so celebrated in War: but no Dryasdust, not even a Dryasdust of the Dismal Science, has gone into them, rendered men familiar with them in their details and results. His Silesian Land-Bank (joint-stock Moneys, lent on security of Land) was of itself, had I room to explain it, an immense furtherance.[1] Friedrich, many tell us, was as great in Peace as in War: and truly, in the economic and material provinces, my own impression, gathered painfully in darkness, and contradiction of the Dismal-Science Doctors, is much to that effect. A first-rate Husbandman (as his Father had been); who not only defended his Nation, but made it rich beyond what seemed possible; and diligently sowed annuals into it, and perennials which flourish aloft at this day.

Mirabeau's *Monarchie Prussienne*, in 8 thick Volumes 8vo, —composed, or hastily cobbled together, some Twenty years after this period,—contains the best tabular view one anywhere gets of Friedrich's economics, military and other practical methods and resources:—solid exact Tables these are, and intelligent intelligible descriptions, done by Mauvillon *Fils*, the same punctual Major Mauvillon who used to attend us in Duke Ferdinand's War;—and so far as Mirabeau is concerned, the Work consists farther of a certain small Essay done in big type, shoved into the belly of each Volume, and eloquently recommending, with respectful censures and regrets over Friedrich, the Gospel of Free Trade, dear to Papa Mirabeau. The Son is himself a convert; far above lying, even to please Papa: but one can see, the thought of Papa gives him new fire of expression. They are eloquent, ruggedly strong Essays, those of Mirabeau Junior upon Free Trade:—they contain, in condensed shape, everything we were privileged to hear, seventy years later, from all organs, coach-horns, jews-harps and scrannel-pipes, *pro* and *contra*, on the same sublime subject: 'God is great, and Plugson of Under-'shot is his Prophet. Thus saith the Lord, Buy in the cheapest 'market, sell in the dearest!' To which the afflicted human mind listens what it can;—and after seventy years, mournfully

[1] Preuss, iii. 75; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi 81.

asks itself and Mirabeau, "M. le Comte, would there have been in Prussia, for example, any Trade at all, any Nation at all, had it always been left 'Free'? There would have been mere sand and quagmire, and a community of wolves and bisons, M. le Comte. Have the goodness to terminate that Litany, and take up another!"—

We said, Friedrich began his problem on the first morrow morning; and that is literally true, that or even *more*. Here is how Friedrich takes his stand amid the wreck, speedy enough to begin: this view of our old friend Nüssler and him is one of the Pieces we can give,—thanks to Herr Büsching and his *Beyträge* for the last time! Nüssler is now something of a Country Gentleman, so to speak; has a pleasant place out to east of Berlin; is *Landrath* (County Chairman) there, "Landrath of Nether-Barnim Circle;" where we heard of the Cossacks spoiling him: he, as who not, has suffered dreadfully in these tumults. Here is Büsching's welcome Account.

Landrath Nüssler and the King (30th March—3d April 1763).

'*March 30th*, 1763, Friedrich, on his return to Berlin, 'came by the route of Tassdorf,'—Tassdorf, in Nether-Barnim Circle (40 odd miles from Frankfurt, and above 15 from Berlin);—'and changed horses there. During this little 'pause, among a crowd assembled to see him, he was ad- 'dressed by Nüssler, Landrath of the Circle, who had a very 'piteous story to tell. Nüssler wished the King joy of his 'noble victories, and of the glorious Peace at last achieved: '"May your Majesty reign in health and happiness over us 'many years, to the blessing of us all!"—and recommended 'to his gracious care the extremely ruined, and, especially 'by the Russians, uncommonly devastated Circle, for which' (continues Büsching) 'this industrious Landrath had not 'hitherto been able to extract any effective help.' Generally for the Provinces wasted by the Russians there had already some poor 300,000 thalers (45,000*l.*) been allowed by a helpful Majesty, not over-rich himself at the moment; and of this, Nether-Barnim no doubt gets its share: but what is this to such ruin as there is? A mere preliminary drop, in-

stead of the bucket and buckets we need!—Büsching, a dull, though solid accurate kind of man, heavy-footed, and yet always in a hurry, always slipshod, has nothing of dramatic here; far from it; but the facts themselves fall naturally into that form,—in Three Scenes:

I. *Tassdorf* (still two hours from Berlin), *King, Nüssler and a Crowd of People,* Nüssler *alone daring to speak.*

King (from his Carriage, ostlers making dispatch). "What is your "Circle most short of?"

Landrath Nüssler. "Of horses for ploughing the seed-fields, of rye "to sow them, and of bread till the crops come."

King. "Rye for bread, and to sow with, I will give; with horses "I cannot assist."

Nüssler. "On representation of Privy-Councillor von Brenkenhof" (the Minister concerned with such things), "your Majesty has been "pleased to give the Neumark and Pommern an allowance of Artillery "and Commissariat Horses: but poor Nether-Barnim, nobody will "speak for it; and unless your Majesty's gracious self please to take "pity on it, Nether-Barnim is lost!"—('A great many things more he 'said, in presence of a large crowd of men who had gathered round the 'King's Carriage as the horses were being changed; and spoke with 'such force and frankness that the King was surprised, and asked:)—

King. "Who are you?" (has forgotten the long-serviceable man!)

Nüssler. "I am the Nüssler who was lucky enough to manage the "Fixing of the Silesian Boundaries for your Majesty!"

King. "*Ja, ja,* now I know you again! Bring me all the Land-"raths of the Kurmark" (Mark of Brandenburg Proper, *Electoral* Mark) "in a body; I will speak with them."

Nüssler. "All of them but two are in Berlin already."

King. "Send off estafettes for those two to come at once to Ber-"lin; and on Thursday," day after tomorrow, "come yourself, with "all the others, to the Schloss to me: I will then have some closer "conversation, and say what I can and will do for helping of the coun-"try" (King's Carriage rolls away, with low bows and blessings from Nüssler and everybody).

II. *Thursday April 1st, Nüssler and assembled Landraths at the Schloss of Berlin.* To them, enter *King.* * *

Nüssler (whom they have appointed spokesman). * * "Your "Majesty has given us Peace; you will also give us Well-being in the "Land again: we leave it to Highest-the-Same's gracious judgment" (no limit to Highest-the-Same's *power,* it would seem) "what you will "vouchsafe to us as indemnification for the Russian plunderings."

King. "Be you quiet; let me speak. Have you got a pencil (*Hat "Er crayon*)? Yes! Well then, write, and these Gentlemen shall "dictate to you:

"How much rye for bread; How much for seed; How many "Horses, Oxen, Cows, their Circles do in an entirely pressing way "require?

"Consider all that to the bottom; and come to me again the day "after tomorrow. But see that you fix everything with the utmost "exactitude, for I cannot give much." (*Exit* King.)

Nüssler (to the Landraths). "*Meine Herren*, have the goodness to "accompany me to our Landschaft House" (we have a kind of County Hall, it seems); "there we will consider everything."

'And Nüssler, guiding the deliberations, which are glad to follow 'him on every point, and writing as *Pro-tempore* Secretary, has all 'things brought to luminous Protocol in the course of this day and 'next.'

III. *Saturday April 3d, in the Schloss again: Nüssler and Landraths.* To them, the *King*.

Nüssler. "We deliver to your Majesty the written Specification "you were graciously pleased to command of us. It contains only the "indispensablest things that the Circles are in need of. Moreover, it "regards only the *Stände*" (richer Nobility), "who pay contribution; "the Gentry" (*Adel*), "and other poor people, who have been utterly "plundered-out by the Russians, are not included in it:—the Gentry "too have suffered very much by the War and the Plundering."

King. "What *Edelleute* that are members of *Stände* have you" (*Er*) "got in your Circle?"

Nüssler (names them; and, as finis of the list, adds): * * "I "myself, too, your Majesty, I have suffered more than anybody: I "absolutely could not furnish those 4,000 bushels of meal ordered of "me by the Russians; upon which they—"

King. "I cannot give to all: but if you have poor Nobles in your "Circle, who can in no way help themselves, I will give them some-"thing."

Nüssler ('has not any in Nether-Barnim who are altogether in that 'extreme predicament; but knows several in Lebus Circle, names them 'to the King;—and turning to the Landrath of Lebus, and to another 'who is mute): "Herr, you can name some more in Lebus; and you, "in Teltow Circle, Herr Landrath, since his Majesty permits." * * In a word, 'the King having informed himself and declared his inten-'tion, Nüssler leads the Landraths to their old County Hall, and brings 'to Protocol what had taken place.

'Next day, the Kammer President' (Exchequer President), 'Von 'der Gröben, had Nüssler, with other Landraths, to dinner. During 'dinner, there came from Head-Secretary Eichel' (Majesty's unwearied Clerk of the *Pells*, Sheepskins, or *Papers*) 'an earnest request to Von 'der Gröben for help,—Eichel not being able to remember, with the 'requisite precision, everything his Majesty had bid him put down on 'this matter. "You will go, Herr von Nüssler; be so kind, won't 'you?" And Nüssler went, and fully illuminated Eichel.' * *

6th-13th June 1763.

To the poorest of the Nobility, Büsching tells us, what is otherwise well known, the King gave considerable sums: to one Circle 12,000*l.*, to another 9,000*l.*, 6,000*l.*, and so on. 'By help of which bounties, 'and of Nüssler labouring incessantly with all his strength, Nieder-'Barnim Circle got on its feet again, no subject having been entirely 'ruined, but all proving able to recover.'[2]

This Büsching Fragment is not in the style of the Elder Dramatists, or for the Bankside Theatre; but this represents a Fact which befell in God's Creation, and may have an interest of its own to the Practical Soul, especially in anarchic Countries, far advanced in the "Gold-nugget and Nothing to Buy with it" Career of unexampled Prosperities.

On these same errands the King is soon going on an Inspection Journey, where we mean to accompany. But first, one word, and one will suffice, on the debased Coin. The Peace was no sooner signed, than Friedrich proceeded on the Coin. The third week after his arrival home, there came out a salutary Edict on it, April 21st; King eager to do it without loss of time, yet with the deliberation requisite. Not at one big leap, which might shake, to danger of oversetting, much commercial arrangement; but at two leaps, with a halfway station intervening. Halfway station, with a new coinage ready, much purer of alloy (and marked *how* much, for the benefit of parties with accounts to settle), is to commence on *Trinitatis* (Whitsunday) instant; from and after Whitsunday the improved new coin to be sole legal tender, till farther notice. Farther notice comes accordingly, within a year, March 29th, 1764: "Pure money of the standard of 1750" (honest silver coinage: readers may remember Linsenbarth, the *Candidatus Theologiæ*, and his sack of Batzen, confiscated at the Packhof) "shall be ready on the 1st of June instant;"[3] —from and after which day we hear no more of that sad matter. Finished off in about fourteen months. Here, meanwhile, is the Inspection Journey.

Kriegsrath Roden and the King (6th-13th June 1763).

June 2d, 1763, Friedrich left Potsdam for Westphalia; got as far as Magdeburg that day. Intends seeing into matters with his own eyes in that region, as in others, after so

[2] Büsching, *Beyträge* (& Nüssler), i. 401-405.
[3] Rödenbeck, ii. 214, 234.

long and sad an absence. There are with him Friedrich Wilhelm Prince of Prussia, a tall young fellow of nineteen; General-Adjutant von Anhalt; and one or two Prussian military people. From Magdeburg and onwards the great Duke Ferdinand accompanies,—who is now again Governor of Magdeburg, and a quiet Prussian Officer as heretofore, though with excellent Pensions from England, and glory from all the world.

The Royal Party goes by Halberstadt, which suffered greatly in the War; thence by *Minden* (June 4th); and the first thing next day, Friedrich takes view of the *Battlefield* there,—under Ferdinand's own guidance, doubtless; and an interesting thing to both Friedrich and him, though left silent to us. This done, they start for Lippstadt, are received there under joyous clangorous outburst of all the bells and all the honours, that same afternoon; and towards sunset, Hamm being the Night-quarter ahead, are crossing *Vellinghausen Battle-ground*,—where doubtless Ferdinand again, like a dutiful apprentice, will explain matters to his old master, so far as needful or permissible. The conversation, I suppose, may have been lively and miscellaneous: Ferdinand mentions a clever business-person of the name of Roden, whom he has known in these parts; "Roden?" the King carefully makes note;—and, in fact, we shall see Roden presently; and his bit of *Dialogue* with the King (recorded by his own hand) is our chief errand on this Journey. From Hamm, next morning (June 6th), they get to Wesel by 11 A.M. (only sixty miles); Wesel all in gala, as Lippstadt was, or still more than Lippstadt; and for four days farther, they continue there very busy. As Roden is our chief errand, let us attend to Roden.

Wesel, Monday June 6th, 'Dinner being done,' says an authentic Third-Party,[4] 'the King had Kammer-Director Meyen 'summoned to him with his Register-Books, Schedules and 'Reports' (what they call *États*); 'and was but indifferently 'contented with Meyen and them.' And in short, 'ordering 'Meyen to remodel these into a more distinct condition,' —we may now introduce the Herr Kriegsrath Roden, a subaltern in rank, but who has perhaps a better head than Meyen, to judge of these *États*. Roden himself shall now report. This is the Royal Dialogue with Roden; accurately preserved for us by him;—I wish it had been better worth

[4] Rödenbeck, ii. 217.

the reader's trouble; but its perfect credibility in every point will be some recommendation to it.

'*Monday 6th June* 1763, about 11 A.M., his Majesty arrived in 'Wesel,' says Roden (confirming to us the authentic Third-Party); 'I 'waited on Adjutant-General Colonel von Anhalt to announce myself; 'who referred me to Kriegsrath Cöper' ("*mein Segreter Köper*" is a name we have heard before), 'who told me to be ready so soon as 'Dinner should be over. Dinner was no sooner over' (2 P.M. or so), 'than the Herr Kammer-Director Meyen with his *Etats* was called in. 'His Majesty was not content with these, Herr Meyen was told; and 'they were to be remodelled into a more distinct condition. The in- 'stant Herr Meyen stept out, I was called in. His Majesty was stand- 'ing with his back to the fire; and said:

King. "Come nearer" (Roden comes nearer). "Prince Ferdinand" (of Brunswick, whom we generally call *Duke* and great, to distinguish him from a little Prussian Prince Ferdinand) "has told me much good "of you: where do you come from?"

Roden. "From Soest" (venerable 'stone-old' Town, in Vellinghausen region).

King. "Did you get my Letter?"

Roden. "Yea, *Ihro Majestät.*"

King. "I will give you some employment. Have you got a "pencil?"

Roden. "Yea" (and took out his Notebook and tools, which he had 'bought in a shop a quarter of an hour before').

King. "Listen. By the War many Houses have got ruined: I "mean that they shall be put in order again; for which end,—to those "that cannot themselves help, particularly to Soest, Hamm, Lünen "and in part Wesel, as places that have suffered most,—I intend to "give the moneys. Now you must make me an exact List of what is "to be done in those places. Thus" (King, lifting his finger, let us fancy, dictates; Roden, with brand-new pencil and tablets, writes):

'1°. In each of those Towns, how many ruined Houses there are 'which the proprietors themselves can manage to rebuild. 2°. How 'many which the proprietors cannot. 3°. The vacant grounds or 'steadings of such proprietors as are perhaps dead, or gone elsewhither, 'must be given to others that are willing to build: but, in regard to 'this, Law also must do its part, and the absent and the heirs must be 'cited to say, Whether they will themselves build? and in case they 'won't, the steadings can then be given to others.' Roden having written,—

King. "In the course of six days you must be ready" (what an expeditious King! Is to be at Cleve the sixth day hence: Meet me there, then),—"longer I cannot give you."

Roden (considering a moment). "If your Majesty will permit me "to use *estafettes*" (express messengers) "for the Towns farthest off,—

"as I cannot myself, within the time, travel over all the Towns,—I "hope to be ready."

King. "That I permit; and will repay you the *estafette* moneys. —"Tell me, How comes the decrease of population in these parts? Re- "cruits I got none."

Roden. "Under favour of your Majesty, Regiment Schenkendorf "got, every year, for recompletion, what recruits were wanted, from "its Canton in the Grafschaft Mark here."

King. "There you may be right: but from Cleve Country we had "no recruits; not we, though the Austrians had" (with a slight sarcasm of tone).

Roden. "Out of Cleve, so far as I know, there were no recruits "delivered to the Austrians."

King. "You could not know; you were with the Allied Army" (Duke Ferdinand's, commissariating and the like, where Duke Ferdinand recognised you to have a head).

Roden. "There have been many epidemic diseases too; especially "in Soest;—after the Battle of Vellinghausen all the wounded were "brought thither, and the hospitals were established there."

King. "Epidemic diseases they might have got without a Battle" (dislikes hearing ill of the soldier-trade). "I will have Order sent to "the Cleve Kammer, Not to lay hindrance in your way, but the con- "trary. Now God keep you (*Gott bewahre Ihn*)."—*Exit* Roden;—'*darauf retirirte mich*,' says he;—but will reappear shortly.

Sunday 12th June is the sixth day hence; later than the end of Sunday is not permissible to swift Roden; nor does he need it.

Friday 10th, Friedrich left Wesel; crossed the Rhine, intending for Cleve; went by *Crefeld*,—at Crefeld had view of another *Battlefield*, under good ciceroneship; remarks or circumstances otherwise not given: —and, next day, Saturday 11th, picked up D'Alembert, who, by appointment, is proceeding towards Potsdam, at a more leisurely rate. That same Saturday, after much business done, the King was at Kempen, thence at Geldern; speeding for Cleve itself, due there that night. At Geldern, we say, he picked up D'Alembert;—concerning whom, more by and by. And finally, 'on Saturday night, about half-past 8, the King entered Cleve,' amid joyances extraordinary, but did not alight; drove direct through by the Nassau Gate, and took quarter 'in the neighbouring Country-house of Bellevue, with the Dutch General 'von Spaen there,'—an obliging acquaintance once, while *Lieutenant* Spaen, in our old Crown-Prince times of trouble! Had his year in Spandau for us there, while poor Katte lost his head! To whom, I have heard, the King talked charmingly on this occasion, but was silent as to old Potsdam matters.[5]—

By his set day, Roden is also in Cleve, punctual man, finished or just finishing; and ready for summons by his Majesty. And accordingly:

[5] Suprà, iv. 18.

'*Cleve, Monday June 13th*, At 9 in the morning,' records he, 'I 'had audience of the King's Majesty:'—(In Spaen's Villa of Bellevue, shall we still suppose? Duke Ferdinand, Prince of Prussia and the rest, have bestowed themselves in other fit houses; D'Alembert too,—who is to make direct for Potsdam henceforth, by his own route; and will meet us on arriving).—'I handed him my Report, with the 'Tabular Schedule. His Majesty read it carefully through, in my 'presence; and examined all of it with strictness. Was pleased to 'signify his satisfaction with my work. Resolved to allow 250,000 'thalers (37,500*l.*) for this business of Rebuilding; gave out the due 'Orders to his Kammer, in consequence, and commanded me to 'arrange with the Kammer what was necessary. This done his 'Majesty said:

King. "What you were described to me, I find you to be. You "are a diligent laborious man; I must have you nearer to me;—in "the Berlin Kammer you ought to be. You shall have a good, a "right good Salary; your Patent I will give you gratis; also a '*Vors-*"*pann-Pass*' (Standing Order available at all Prussian Post-Stations) "for two carriages" (rapid Program of the thing, though yet distant, rising in the Royal fancy!). "Now serve on as faithfully as you have "hitherto done."

Roden. "That is the object of all my endeavours." (*Exit:*—I did not hear specially whitherward just now; but he comes to be supreme Kammer-President in those parts by and by.)

'The Herr Kriegsrath Cöper was present, and noted all the Orders 'to be expedited.'[6]

These snatches of notice at first-hand, and what the reader's fancy may make of these, are all we can bestow on this Section of Friedrich's Labours; which is naturally more interesting to Prussian readers than to English. He has himself given lucid and eloquent account of it,—Two ample Chapters, '*Des Finances*;' '*Du Militaire*,'[7]—altogether pleasant reading, should there still be curiosity upon it. There is something of flowingly eloquent in Friedrich's account of this Battle waged against the inanimate Chaos; something of exultant and triumphant, not noticeable of him in regard to his other Victories. On the Leuthens, Rossbachs, he is always cold as water, and nobody could gather that he had the least pleasure in recording them. Not so here. And indeed here he is as beautiful as anywhere; and the reader, as a general son of Adam,—proud to see human intellect and heroism slaying that kind of lions, and doing what in certain sad epochs is

[6] Preuss, ii. 442; Rödenbeck, ii. 217, 218: in regard to D'Alembert, see *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiv. 190.

[7] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vii. 73-90, 91-109.

unanimously voted to be impossible and unattemptable,—exults along with him; and perhaps whispers to his own poor heart, nearly choked by the immeasurable imbroglio of Blue-books and Parliamentary Eloquences which for the present encumber Heaven and Earth, "*Meliora spero.*" To Mirabeau, the following details, from first-hand, but already of twenty-three years distance, were not known,[8] while he sat penning those robust Essays on the Duty of *Leave-Alone*.

'To form an idea of the general subversion,' says the King, in regard to 1763, 'and how great were the desolation and discouragement, you must represent to yourself Countries entirely ravaged, the very traces of the old habitations hardly discoverable; Towns, some ruined from top to bottom, others half-destroyed by fire;—13,000 Houses, of which the very vestiges were gone. No field in seed; no grain for the food of the inhabitants; 60,000 horses needed, if there was to be ploughing carried on: in the Provinces generally Half-a-million Population (500,000) less than in 1756,—that is to say, upon only Four Millions and a Half, the ninth man was wanting. Noble and Peasant had been pillaged, ransomed, foraged, eaten-out by so many different Armies; nothing now left them but life and miserable rags.

'There was no credit by trading people, even for the daily necessaries of life.' And furthermore, what we were not prepared for, 'No police in the Towns: to habits of equity and order had succeeded a vile greed of gain and an anarchic disorder. The Colleges of Justice and of Finance had, by these frequent invasions of so many enemies, been reduced to inaction:' no Judge, in many places, not even a Taxgatherer: 'the silence of the Laws had produced in the people a taste for license; boundless appetite for gain was their main rule of action: the noble, the merchant, the farmer, the labourer, raising emulously each the price of his commodity, seemed to endeavour only for their mutual ruin. Such, when the War ended, was the fatal spectacle over these Provinces, which had once been so flourishing: however pathetic the description may be, it will never approach the touching and sorrowful impression which the sight of it produced.'

Friedrich found that it would never do to trust to the mere aid of Time in such circumstances: at the end of the Thirty-Years War, "Time" had, owing to absolute want of money, been the one recipe of the Great Elector in a similar case; and Time was then found to mean "about a hundred Years." Friedrich found that he must at once step in with active remedies, and on all hands strive to make the impossible possible. Luckily he had in readiness, as usual, the funds for an Eighth Campaign, had such been needed. Out of these moneys he proceeded to rebuild the Towns and Villages; 'from the Corn-

[8] Appeared first in Tome v. of '*Œuvres Posthumes de Frédéric II*' (are in Tome vi. of Preuss's Edition of *Œuvres*), 'Berlin, 1788;'—above a year after Mirabeau had left.

'Stores (*granaries d'abondance*,' Government establishments gathered from plentiful harvests against scarce, according to old rule) 'were 'taken the supplies for food of the people and sowing of the ground: 'the horses intended for the artillery, baggage and commissariat,' 60,000 horses we have heard, 'were distributed among those who 'had none, to be employed in tillage of the land. Silesia was dis-'charged from all taxes for six months; Pommern and the Neumark 'for two years. A sum of about Three Million sterling' (in *thalers* 20,389,000) 'was given for relief of the Provinces, and as acquittance 'of the impositions the Enemy had wrung from them.

'Great as was this expense, it was necessary and indispensable. 'The condition of these Provinces after the Peace of Hubertsburg re-'called what we know of them when the Peace of Münster closed the 'famous Thirty-Years War. On that occasion the State failed of help 'from want of means; which put it out of the Great Elector's power 'to assist his people: and what happened? That a whole century 'elapsed before his Successors could restore the Towns and Champaigns 'to what they were. This impressive example was admonitory to the 'King: that to repair the Public Calamities, assistance must be prompt 'and effective. Repeated gifts (*largesses*) restored courage to the poor 'Husbandmen, who began to despair of their lot; by the helps given, 'hope in all classes sprang up anew: encouragement of labour pro-'duced activity; love of Country rose again with fresh life: in a word' (within the second year in a markedly hopeful manner, and within seven years altogether), 'the fields were cultivated again, manufacturers 'had resumed their work; and the Police, once more in vigour, cor-'rected by degrees the vices that had taken root during the time of 'anarchy.'[9]

To Friedrich's difficulties, which were not inconsiderable, mark only this last additament: 'During this War, the elder 'of the Councillors, and all the Ministers of the Grand Di-'rectorium' (centre of Prussian Administration), 'had succes-'sively died: and in such time of trouble it had been impos-'sible to replace them. The embarrassment was, To find 'persons capable of filling these different employments' (some would have very soon done it, your Majesty; but their haste would not have tended to speed!)—'We searched the Pro-'vinces (*on fouilla*, sifted), where good heads were found as 'rare as in the Capital: at length five Chief Ministers were 'pitched upon,'—who prove to be tolerable, and even good. Three of them were, the *Vons* Blumenthal, Massow, Hagen, unknown to readers here: fourth and fifth were, the Von Wedell as War-Minister, once Dictator at Züllichau; and a Von

[9] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 74, 75.

der Horst, who had what we might partially call the Home Department, and who may by accident once or so be namable again.

Nor was War all, says the King: 'accidental Fires in 'different places,' while we struggled to repair the ravagings of War, 'were of unexampled frequency, and did immense 'farther damage. From 1765 to 1769, here is the list of 'places burnt: In East Preussen, the City of Königsberg 'twice over; in Silesia, the Towns of Freystadt, Ober-Glogau' (do readers recollect Manteuffel of Foot and "*Wir wollen ihm was*"!), 'Parchwitz, Naumburg-on-Queiss, and Goldberg; in 'the Mark, Nauen; in the Neumark, Calies and a part of 'Lansberg; in Pommern, Belgard and Tempelburg. These 'accidents required incessantly new expenditures to repair 'them.'

Friedrich was not the least of a Free Trader, except where it suited him: and his continual subventions and donations, guidances, encouragements, commandings and prohibitions, wise supervision and impulsion,—are a thing I should like to hear an intelligent Mirabeau (Junior or Senior) discourse upon, after he had well studied them! For example: '*On rendit les* '*Prêtres utiles*, The Priests, Catholic Priests, were turned to 'use by obliging all the rich Abbeys to establish manufactures: 'here it was weavers making damasks and table-cloths; there 'oil-mills' (oil from linseed); 'or workers in copper, wire-'drawers; as suited the localities and the natural products,— 'the flaxes and the metals, with water-power, markets, and so 'on.' What a charming resuscitation of the rich Abbeys from their dormant condition!

I should like still better to explain how, in Lower Silesia, 'we (*on*) managed to increase the number of Husbandmen 'by 4,000 families. You will be surprised how it was possible 'to multiply to this extent the people living by Agriculture in 'a Country where already not a field was waste. The reason 'was this. Many Lords of Land, to increase their Domain, 'had imperceptibly appropriated to themselves the holdings '(*terres*) of their vassals. Had this abuse been suffered to go 'on, in time a great'— But the commentary needed would be too lengthy; we will give only the result: 'In the long-run, 'every Village would have had its Lord, but there would have 'been no tax-paying Farmers left.' The Landlord, ruler of these

Landless, might himself (as Majesty well knows) have been made to *pay*, had that been all; but it was not. 'To possess 'something; that is what makes the citizen attached to his 'Country; those who have no property, and have nothing to 'lose, what tie have they?' A weak one, in comparison! 'All 'these things being represented to the Landlord Class, their 'own advantage made them consent to replace their Peasants 'on the old footing.' * *

'To make head against so many extraordinary demands,' adds the King (looking over to a new Chapter, that of the *Military*, which Department, to his eyes, was not less shockingly dilapidated than the *Civil*, and equally or more needed instant repair), 'new resources had to be devised. For, besides 'what was needed for reëstablishment of the Provinces, new 'Fortifications were necessary; and all our Cannon, *évasés* '(worn too wide in the bore), needed to be refounded; which 'occasioned considerable new expense. This led us to im-'provement of the Excises,'—concerning which there will have to be a Section by itself.

Of Friedrich's new Excise System.

In his late Inspection-Journey to Cleve Country, D'Alembert, from Paris, by appointment waited for the King;[10]—picked up at Geldern (June 11th), as we saw above. D'Alembert got to Potsdam June 22d; stayed till middle of August. He had met the King once before, in 1755; who found him "a *bon garçon*," as we then saw. D'Alembert was always, since that time, an agreeable, estimable little man to Friedrich. Age now about forty-six; has lately refused the fine Russian post of 'Tutor to the Czarowitsh' (Czarowitsh Paul, poor little Boy of eight or nine, whom we, or Herr Büsching for us, saw galloping about, not long since, 'in his dressing-gown,' under Panin's Tutorage); refuses now, in a delicate gradual manner, the fine Prussian post of Perpetual President, or Successor to Maupertuis;—definitely preferring his frugal pensions at Paris, and garret all his own there. Continues, especially after this two-months visit of 1763, one of the King's chief correspondents for the next twenty years.[11] A man of much clear intel-

[10] In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiv. 377-380 (D'Alembert's fine bits of Letters in prospect of Potsdam, 'Paris, 7th March—29th April 1763;' and two small Notes while there, 'Sans-Souci, 6th July—15th August 1763').

[11] '29th October 1783,' D'Alembert died: 'born 16th November 1717;'—a Found-

lect; a thought *shrieky* in his ways sometimes; but always prudent, rational, polite, and loyally recognising Friedrich as a precious article in this world. Here is a word of D'Alembert's to Madame du Deffand, at Paris, some ten or twelve days after the Cleve meeting, and the third day after his arrival here:

'*Potsdam, 25th June* 1763. Madame,—* * I will not go into 'the praises of this Prince,' King Friedrich, my now Host; 'in my 'mouth it might be suspicious: I will merely send you two traits of 'him, which will indicate his way of thinking and feeling. When I 'spoke to him' (at Geldern, probably, on our first meeting) 'of the 'glory he had acquired, he answered, with the greatest simplicity, 'That there was a furious discount to be deducted from said glory; 'that chance came in for almost the whole of it; and that he would 'far rather have done Racine's *Athalie* than all this War:—*Athalie* is 'the work he likes, and re-reads oftenest; I believe you won't disap-'prove his taste there. The other trait I have to give you is, That 'on the day' (15th February last) 'of concluding this Peace, which is 'so glorious to him, some one saying, "It is the finest day of your 'Majesty's life:" "The finest day of life," answered he, "is the day 'on which one quits it." * * —Adieu, Madame.'[12]

The meeting in Cleve Country was, no doubt, a very pretty passage, with Two pretty Months following;—and if it be true that *Helvetius* was a consequence, the 11th of June 1763 may almost claim to be a kind of epoch in Friedrich's later history. The opulent and ingenious M. Helvetius, who wrote *De l'Esprit*, and has got banished for that feat (lost in the gloom of London in those months), had been a mighty Tax-gatherer as well; D'Alembert, as Brother Philosophe, was familiar with Helvetius. It is certain, also, King Friedrich, at this time, found he would require annually two million thalers more;—where to get them, seemed the impossibility. A General Krockow, who had long been in French Service, and is much about the King, was often recommending the French Excise system;—he is the Krockow of *Domstädtl*, and that *Siege of Olmütz*, memorable to some of us:—"A wonderful Excise system," Krockow is often saying, in this time of straits. "Who completely understands it?" the King might ask. "Helvetius, against the world!" D'Alembert could justly answer. "Invite

ling, as is well known; 'Mother a Sister of Cardinal Tencin's; Father,' accidental, 'an Officer in the Artillery.'

[12] '*Œuvres Posthumes de D'Alembert* (Paris, 1799), i. 197:' cited in *Preuss*, ii. 348.

1766.
Helvetius to leave his London exile, and accept an asylum here, where he may be of vital use to me!" concludes Friedrich.

Helvetius came in March 1765; stayed till June 1766:[13] —within which time a French Excise system, which he had been devising and putting together, had just got in gear, and been in action for a month, to Helvetius's satisfaction. Who thereupon went his way, and never returned;—taking with him, as man and tax-gatherer, the King's lasting gratitude; but by no means that of the Prussian Nation, in his tax-gathering capacity! All Prussia, or all of it that fell under this Helvetius Excise system, united to condemn it, in all manner of dialects, louder and louder: here, for instance, is the utterance of Herr Hamann, himself a kind of Custom-house Clerk (at Königsberg, in East Preussen), and on modest terms a Literary man of real merit and originality, who may be supposed to understand this subject: "And so," says Hamann, "the State has declared its "own subjects incapable of managing its Finance system; and "in this way has intrusted its heart, that is the purse of its "subjects, to a company of Foreign Scoundrels, ignorant of "everything relating to it!"[14]

This lasted all Friedrich's lifetime; and gave rise to not a little buzzing, especially in its primary or incipient stages. It seems to have been one of the unsuccessfulest Finance adventures Friedrich ever engaged in. It cost his subjects infinite small trouble; awakened very great complaining; and, for the first time, real discontent,—skin-deep but sincere and universal,—against the misguided Vater Fritz. Much noisy absurdity there was upon it, at home, and especially abroad: "Griping miser," "greedy tyrant," and so forth! Deducting all which, everybody now admits that Friedrich's aim was excellent and proper; but nobody denies withal that the means were inconsiderate, of no profit in proportion to the trouble they gave, and improper to adopt unless the necessity compelled.

Friedrich is forbidden, or forbids himself, as we have often mentioned, to impose new taxes: and nevertheless now, on calculations deep, minute and no doubt exact, he judges That for meeting new attacks of War (or being ready to meet, which will oftenest mean averting them),—a thing which, as he has

[13] Rödenbeck, ii. 254; Preuss, iii. 11.
[14] 'Hamann to Jacobi' (see Preuss, iii. 1-35), 'Königsberg, 18th January 1786.'

just seen, may concern the very existence of the State,—it is necessary that there should be on foot such and such quotities and kinds of Soldiery and War-furniture, visible to all neighbours; and privately in the Treasury never less than such and such a sum. To which end Arithmetic declares that there is required about Two Million thalers more of yearly revenue than we now have. And where, in these circumstances, are the means of raising such a sum?

Friedrich imposes no new taxes; but there may be stricter methods of levying the old;—there may, and in fact there must, be means found! Friedrich has consulted his Finance Ministers; put the question *seriatim* to these wise heads: they answer with one voice, "There are no means."[15] Friedrich, therefore, has recourse to Helvetius; who, on due consideration, and after survey of much documentary and tabulary raw-material, is of opinion, That the Prussian Excises would, if levied with the punctuality, precision and vigilant exactitude of French methods, actually yield the required overplus. "Organise me the methods, then; get them put in action here; under French hands, if that be indispensable." Helvetius bethought him of what fittest French hands there were to his knowledge,—in France there are a great many hands flung idle in the present downbreak of finance there:—Helvetius appears to have selected, arranged and contrived in this matter with his best diligence. De Launay, the Head-engineer of the thing, was admitted by all Prussia, after Twenty-two years unfriendly experience of him, to have been a suitable and estimable person; a man of judicious ways, of no small intelligence, prudence, and of very great skill in administering business.

Head-engineer De Launay, one may guess, would be consulted by Helvetius in choice of the subaltern Officials, the stokers and steerers in this new Steam-Machinery, which had all to be manned from France. There were Four heads of departments immediately under De Launay, or scarcely under him, junior brothers rather:—who chose these I did not hear; but these latter, it is evident, were not a superior quality of people. Of these Four,—all at very high salaries, from De Launay downwards; "higher than a Prussian Minister of State!" murmured the public,—two, within the first year, got into quarrel; fought a duel, fatal to one of them; so that there

[15] Rödenbeck, ii. 256.

were now only Three left. "Three, with De Launay, will do," opined Friedrich; and divided the vacant salary among the survivors: in which form they had at least no more duelling.

As to the subaltern working-parties, the *Visitateurs*, *Controlleurs*, *Jaugeurs* (Gaugers), *Plombeurs* (Lead-stampers), or the strangest kind of all, called 'Cellar-Rats (*Commis Rats-de-Cave*),' they were so detested and exclaimed against, by a Public impatient of the work itself, there is no knowing what their degree of scoundrelism was, nor even, within amazingly wide limits, what the arithmetical number of them was. About 500 in the whole of Prussia, says a quiet Prussian, who has made some inquiry;[16] 1,500 says Mirabeau; 3,000 say other exaggerative persons, or even 5,000; De Launay's account is, Not at any time above 200. But we can all imagine how vexatious they and their business were. Nobody now is privileged with exemption: from one and all of you, Nobles, Clergy, People, strict account is required, about your beers and liquors; your coffee, salt; your consumptions and your purchases of all excisable articles:—nay, I think in coffee and salt, in salt for certain, what you will require, according to your station and domestic numbers, is computed for you, to save trouble; such and such quantities you will please to buy in our presence, or to pay duty for, whether you buy them or not. Into all houses, at any hour of the day or of the night, these cellar-rats had liberty,—(on warrant from some higher rat of their own type, I know not how much higher; and no sure appeal for you, except to the King; tolerably sure there, if you be *innocent*, but evidently perilous if you be only *not-convicted!*)—had liberty, I say, to search for contraband; all your presses, drawers, repositories, you must open to these beautiful creatures; watch in nightcap, and candle in hand, while your things get all tumbled hither and thither, in the search for what perhaps is not there; nay, it was said and suspected, but I never knew it for certain, that these poisonous French are capable of slipping-in something contraband, on purpose to have you fined whether or not.

Readers can conceive, though apparently Friedrich did not, what a world of vexation all this occasioned; and how, in the continual annoyance to all mankind, the irritation, provocation and querulous eloquence spread among high and low. Of

[16] 'Beguelin, *Accise- und Zoll-Verfassung*, s. 138' (Preuss, iii. 18).

which the King knew something; but far from the whole. His object was one of vital importance; and his plan once fixed, he went on with it, according to his custom, regardless of little rubs. The Anecdote Books are full of details, comic mostly, on this subject: How the French rats pounced down upon good harmless people, innocent frugal parsonages, farmhouses; and were comically flung prostrate by native ready wit, or by direct appeal to the King. Details, never so authentic, could not be advisable in this place. Perhaps there are not more than Two authentic Passages, known to me, which can now have the least interest, even of a momentary sort, to English readers. The first is, Of King Friedrich caricatured as a Miser grinding Coffee. I give it, without essential alteration of any kind, in Herr Preuss's words, copied from those of one who saw it:—the second, which relates to a Princess or Ex-Princess of the Royal House, I must reserve for a little while. Herr Preuss says:

'Once during the time of the "Régie"' (which lasted from 1766 to 1786 and the King's death: no other date assignable, though 1768, or so, may be imaginable for our purpose), 'as 'the King came riding along the Jäger Strasse, there was 'visible near what is called the Fürstenhaus,' kind of Berlin *Somerset-House*,[17] 'a great crowd of people. "See what it is!" 'the King sent his one attendant, a heiduc or groom, into it, 'to learn what it was. "They have something posted up 'about your Majesty," reported the groom; and Friedrich, 'who by this time had ridden forward, took a look at the thing; 'which was a Caricature figure of himself: King in a very 'melancholy guise, seated on a Stool, a Coffee-mill between 'his knees; diligently grinding with the one hand, and with 'the other picking up any bean that might have fallen. "Hang 'it lower," said the King, beckoning his groom with a wave of 'the finger: "Lower, that they may not have to hurt their 'necks about it!" No sooner were the words spoken, which 'spread instantly, than there rose from the whole crowd one 'universal huzzah of joy. They tore the Caricature into a thou-'sand pieces, and rolled after the King with loud "*Lebe hoch*, 'Our Friedrich forever!" as he rode slowly away.'[18] That is their Friedrich's method with the Caricature Department.

[17] Nicolai, i. 155.
[18] Preuss, iii. 275 ('from *Berlin Conversationsblatt* &c. of 1827, No. 253').

1766.

Heffner, Kapellmeister in Upsala, reports this bit of memorability; he was then of the King's Music-Chapel in Berlin, and saw this with his eyes.

The King's tendency at all times, and his practice generally, when we hear of it, was to take the people's side; so that gradually these French procedures were a great deal mitigated; and *die Regie*,—so they called this hateful new-fangled system of Excise machinery,—became much more supportable, 'the sorrows of it nothing but a tradition to the younger sort,' reports Dohm, who is extremely ample on this subject.[19] De Launay was honourably dismissed, and the whole Regie abolished, a month or two after Friedrich's death.

With a splenetic satisfaction authentic Dohm, who sufficiently condemns the *Regie*, adds that it was not even successful; and shows by evidence, and computation to the uttermost farthing, that instead of two million thalers annually, it yielded on the average rather less than one. The desired overplus of two millions, and a good deal more did indeed come in, says he: but it was owing to the great prosperity of Prussia at large, after the Seven-Years War; to the manifold industries awakening, which have gone on progressive ever since. Dohm declares farther, that the very object was in a sort fanciful, nugatory; arguing that nobody did attack Friedrich;—but omitting to prove that nobody would have done so, had Friedrich *not* stood ready to receive him. We will remark only, what is very indisputable, that Friedrich, owing to the Regie, or to other causes, did get the humble overplus necessary for him; and did stand ready for any war which might have come (and which did in a sort come); that he more and more relaxed the Regie, as it became less indispensable to him; and was willing, if he found the Caricatures and Opposition Placards too high posted, to save the poor reading people any trouble that was possible.

A French eyewitness testifies: 'They had no talent, these 'Regie fellows, but that of writing and ciphering; extremely 'conceited too, and were capable of the most ridiculous follies. 'Once, for instance, they condemned a common soldier, who 'had hidden some pounds of tobacco, to a fine of 200 thalers. 'The King, on reviewing it for confirmation, wrote on the 'margin: "Before confirming this sentence, I should wish to

[19] Christian Wilhelm von Dohm, *Denkwürdigkeiten meiner Zeit* (Lemgo und Hanover, 1819), iv. 500 et seq.

'know where the Soldier, who gets 8 groschen" (ninepence 'halfpenny) "in the 5 days, will find the 200 crowns for pay- 'ing this Fine!" '[20] Innumerable instances of a constant disposition that way, on the King's part, stand on record. "A "crown a head on the import of fat cattle, Tax on butcher's- "meat?" writes he once to De Launay: "No, that would fall "on the poorer classes; to that I must say No. I am, by "office, Procurator of the Poor (*l'Avocat du pauvre*)." Elsewhere it is "*Avocat du pauvre et du soldat* (of the working- "man and of the soldier); and have to plead their cause."[21]

We will now give our Second Anecdote; which has less of memorability to us strangers at present, though doubtless it was then, in Berlin society, the more celebrated of the two; relating, as it did, to a high Court-Lady, almost the highest, and who was herself only too celebrated in those years. The heroine is Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick, King's own Niece and a pretty woman; who for four years (14th July 1765—18th April 1769) of her long life was Princess Royal of Prussia,—Wife of that tall young Gentleman whom we used to see dancing about, whom we last saw at Schweidnitz getting flung from his horse, on the day of Pirch's saddle there:—his Wife for four years, but in the fourth year ceased to be so[22] (for excellent reasons, on both sides), and lived thenceforth in a divorced eclipsed state at Stettin, where is laid the scene of our Anecdote. I understand it to be perfectly true; but cannot ascertain from any of the witnesses in what year the thing happened; or whether it was at Stettin or Berlin,—though my author has guessed, 'Stettin, in the Lady's divorced state,' as appears.

'This Princess had commissioned, direct from Lyon, a very beau- 'tiful dress; which arrived duly, addressed to her at Stettin. As this 'kind of stuffs is charged with very heavy dues, the *Douanier*, head 'Customhouse Personage of the Town, had the impertinence to detain 'the dress till payment were made. The Princess, in a lofty indigna- 'tion, sent word to this person, To bring the dress instantly, and she 'would pay the dues on it. He obeyed: but,'—mark the result,— 'scarcely had the Princess got eye on him, when she seized her Lyon 'Dress; and, giving the Douanier a couple of good slaps on the face, 'ordered him out of her apartment and house.

[20] Laveaux (2d edition), iii. 228.
[21] Preuss, iii. 20.
[22] Rödenbeck, ii. 241, 257.

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'The Douanier, thinking himself one and somewhat, withdrew in 'high choler; had a long *Procès-verbal* of the thing drawn-out; and 'sent it to the King with eloquent complaint, "That he had been dis-'honoured in doing the function appointed him." Friedrich replied 'as follows: *To the Douanier at Stettin:* "The loss of the Excise-'dues shall fall to my score; the Dress shall remain with the Princess; 'the slaps to him who has received them. As to the pretended Dis-'honour, I entirely relieve the complainant from that: never can the 'appliance of a beautiful hand dishonour the face of an Officer of Cus-'toms.—F." [23]

Northern Tourists, Wraxall and others, passing that way, speak of this Princess, down to recent times, as a phenomenon of the place. Apparently a high and peremptory kind of Lady, disdaining to be bowed too low by her disgraces. She survived all her generation, and the next and the next, and indeed into our own. Died 18th February 1840: at the age of ninety-six. Threescore and eleven years of that eclipsed Stettin Existence; this of the Lyon gown, and caitiff of a Customhouser slapped on the face, her one adventure put on record for us!—

She was signally blamable in that of the Divorce; but not she alone, nor first of the Two. Her Crown-Prince, Friedrich Wilhelm, called afterwards, as King, "*der Dicke* (the Fat, or the Big)," and held in little esteem by Posterity,—a headlong, rather dark and physical kind of creature, though not ill-meaning or dishonest,—was himself a dreadful sinner in that department of things; and had *begun* the bad game against his poor Cousin and Spouse! Readers of discursive turn are perhaps acquainted with a certain "Gräfin von Lichtenau," and her *Memoirs* so-called:—not willingly, but driven, I fish-up one specimen, and one only, from that record of human puddles and perversities:

'From the first year of our attachment,' says this precious Gräfin, 'I was already the confidant of his,' the Prince of Prussia's, 'most 'secret thoughts. One day' (in 1767, second year of his married life, I then fifteen, slim Daughter of a Player on the French Horn, in his Majesty's pay), 'the Prince happened to be very serious; and was 'owning to me with frankness that he had some wrongs towards my 'sex to reproach himself with,'—alas, yes, some few:—'and he swore 'that he would never forsake *me;* and that if Heaven disposed of my 'life before his, none but he should close my eyes. He was fingering 'with a penknife at the time; he struck the point of it into the palm

[23] Laveaux (abridged), iii. 229.

'of his left hand, and wrote with his blood' (the unclean creature), 'on 'a little bit of paper, the Oath which his lips had just pronounced in 'so solemn a tone. Vainly should I undertake to paint my emotion 'on this action of his! The Prince saw what I felt; and took ad- 'vantage of it to beg that I would follow his example. I hastened to 'satisfy him; and traced, as he had done, with my blood, the pro- 'mise to remain his friend to the tomb, and never to forsake him. 'This Promise must have been found among his Papers after his death' (still in the Archives? we will hope not!)—'Both of us stood faithful 'to this Oath. The tie of love, it is true, we broke: but that was by 'mutual consent, and the better to fix ourselves in the bonds of an in- 'violable friendship. Other mistresses reigned over his senses; but 'I'—*Ach Gott*, no more of that.[24]

The King's own account of the affair is sufficiently explicit. His words are: 'Not long ago' (about two years before this of the penknife), 'we mentioned the Prince of Prussia's marriage 'with Elizabeth of Brunswick' (his Cousin twice over, her Mother, Princess Charlotte of Prussia, being his Father's Sister and mine, and her Father *his* Mother's Brother,—if you like to count it). 'This engagement, from which everybody 'had expected happy consequences, did not correspond to the 'wishes of the Royal House.' Only one Princess could be realised (subsequently Wife to the late Duke of York),—she came this same year of the penknife,—and bad outlooks for more. 'The Husband, young and dissolute (*sans mœurs*), given-up 'to a crapulous life, from which his relatives could not correct 'him, was continually committing infidelities to his Wife. The 'Princess, who was in the flower of her beauty, felt outraged 'by such neglect of her charms; her vivacity, and the good 'opinion she had of herself, brought her upon the thought of 'avenging her wrongs by retaliation. Speedily she gave-in to 'excesses, scarcely inferior to those of her Husband. Family 'quarrels broke out, and were soon publicly known. The an- 'tipathy that ensued took away all hope of succession' (had it been desirable in these sad circumstances!). 'Prince Henri' (*Junior*, this hopeful Prince of Prussia's Brother), 'who was 'gifted with all the qualities to be wished in a young man' (witness my tears for him), 'had been carried off by small- 'pox.[25] The King's Brothers, Princes Henri and Ferdinand, 'avowed frankly that they would never consent to have, by

[24] *Mémoires de la Comtesse de Lichtenau* (à Londres, chez Colburn Libraire, Conduit-street, Bond-street, 2 tomes, small 8vo, 1809), i. 129.

[25] '26th May 1767,' age 19 gone; *éloge* of him by Friedrich ('*Ms.* still stained with tears'), in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vii. 37 et seq.

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'some accidental bastard, their rights of succession to the 'crown carried off. In the end, there was nothing for it but 'proceeding to a divorce.'[26]

Divorce was done in a beautiful private manner; case tried with strictly-shut doors; all the five judges under oath to carry into the grave whatever they came to know of it:[27] divorce completed 18th April 1769; and, within three months, a new marriage was accomplished, Princess Frederika Luisa of Hessen-Darmstadt the happy woman. By means of whom there was duly realised a Friedrich Wilhelm, who became "King Friedrich Wilhelm III." (a much-enduring, excellent, though inarticulate man), as well as various other Princes and Princesses, in spite of interruptions from the Lichtenau Sisterhood. High-souled Elizabeth was relegated to Stettin; her amount of Pension is not mentioned; her Family, after the unhappy proofs communicated to them, had given their consent and sanction; —and she stayed there, idle, or her own mistress of work, for the next seventy-one years.—Enough of *her* Lyon Dress, surely, and of the Excise system altogether!—

The Neue Palais, in Sans-Souci Neighbourhood, is founded and finished (1763-1770).

If D'Alembert's Visit was the germ of the Excise system, it will be curious to note,—and indeed whether or not, it will be chronologically serviceable to us here, and worth noting,—that there went on a small synchronous affair, still visible to everybody: namely, That in the very hours while Friedrich and D'Alembert were saluting mutually at Geldern (11th June 1763), there was laid the foundation of what they call the *Neue Palais;* New Palace of Sans-Souci:[28] a sumptuous Edifice, in the curious *Louis-Quinze* or what is called "Rococo" style of the time; Palace never much inhabited by Friedrich or his successors, which still stands in those ornamental Potsdam regions. Why built, especially in the then down-pressed financial circumstances, some have had their difficulties to imagine. It appears, this New Palace had been determined on before the War broke out; and Friedrich said to himself: "We will build it now, to help the mechanical classes in Berlin,—perhaps also, in part" (think some, and why should not they, a little?) "to show man-

[26] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 23. [27] Preuss, iv. 180-186. [28] Rödenbeck, ii. 219.

kind that we have still ready-money; and are nothing like so ruined as they fancy."

'This *Neue Palais*,' says one recent Tourist, 'is a pleasant 'quaint object, nowadays, to the stranger. It has the air *dégagé*, '*pococurante;* pleasantly fine in aspect and in posture;—spa-'cious expanses round it, not in a waste, but still less in a 'strict condition; and (in its deserted state) has a silence, es-'pecially a total absence of needless flunkies and of gaping 'fellow-loungers, which is charming. Stands mute there, in 'its solitude, in its stately silence and negligence, like some 'Tadmor of the Wilderness in small. The big square of 'Stables, Coach-houses, near by, was locked up,—probably 'one sleeping groom in it. The very *Custos* of the grand Edi-'fice (such the rarity of fees to him) I could not awaken with-'out difficulty. In the gray autumn zephyrs, no sound what-'ever about this New Palace of King Friedrich's, except the 'rustle of the crisp brown leaves, and of any faded or fading 'memories you may have.

'I should say,' continues he, 'it somehow reminds you of 'the City of Bath. It has the cut of a battered Beau of old 'date; Beau still extant, though in strangely other circum-'stances; something in him of pathetic dignity in that kind. 'It shows excellent sound masonries; which have an over-'tendency to jerk themselves into pinnacles, curvatures and 'graciosities; many statues atop,—three there are, in a kind 'of grouped or partnership attitude; "These," said diligent 'scandal, "note them; these mean Maria Theresa, Pompadour 'and *Catin du Nord*" (mere Muses, I believe, or of the Nymph 'or Hamadryad kind, nothing of harm in them). In short, 'you may call it the stone Apotheosis of an old French Beau. 'Considerably weatherbeaten (the brown of lichens spreading 'visibly here and there, the firm-set ashlar telling you, "I 'have stood a hundred years"); — Beau old and weather-'beaten, with his cocked-hat not in the fresh condition, all 'his gold-laces tarnished; and generally looking strange, 'and in a sort tragical, to find himself, fleeting creature, be-'come a denizen of the Architectural Fixities and earnest 'Eternities!'—

From Potsdam Palace to the New Palace of Sans-Souci may be a mile distance; flat ground, parallel to the foot of Hills; all through arbours, parterres, water-works, and orna-

mental gardenings and cottagings or villa-ings,—Cottage-Villa for Lord Marischal is one of them. This mile of distance, taking the *Cottage* Royal of Sans-Souci on its hill-top as vertex, will be the base of an isosceles or nearly isosceles triangle, flatter than equilateral. To the Cottage Royal of Sans-Souci may be about three-quarters of a mile north-east from this New Palace, and from Potsdam Palace to it rather less. And the whole square-mile or so of space is continuously a Garden, not in the English sense, though it has its own beauties of the more artificial kind; and, at any rate, has memories for you, and footsteps of persons still unforgotten by mankind.—Here is a Notice of Lord Marischal; which readers will not grudge; the chronology of the worthy man, in these his later epochs, being in so hazy a state:

Lord Marischal, we know well and Pitt knows, was in England in 1761,—ostensibly on the Kintore Heritage; and in part, perhaps, really on that errand. But he went and came, at dates now uncertain; was back in Spain after that, had difficult voyagings about;[29]—and did not get to rest again, in his Government of Neufchâtel, till April 1762. There is a Letter of the King's, which at least fixes that point:

"*Breslau*, 10*th April* 1762. My nose is the most impertinent nose "in the universe, *mon cher Mylord*" (Queen-Dowager snuff, *Spaniol* from the fountain-head, of Marischal's providing; quality exquisite, but difficult to get transmitted in the Storms of War); "I am ashamed "of the trouble it costs you! I beg many pardons;—and should be "quite abashed, did I not know how you compassionate the weak "points of your friends, and that, for a long time past, you have a "singular indulgence for my nose. I am very glad to know you "happily returned to your Government, safe at Colombier (*Dove-cote*) "in Neufchâtel again." This is 10th April 1762. There, as I gather, quiet in his Dove-cote, Marischal continued, though rather weary of the business, for about a year more; or till the King got home,—who delights in companionship, and is willing to let an old man demit for good.

It was in Summer 1762 (about three months after the above Letter from the King), that Rousseau made his celebrated exodus into Neufchâtel Country, and found the old Governor so good to him,—glad to be allowed to shelter the poor skinless creature. And, mark as curious, it must have been on two of those mornings, towards the end of the Siege of Schweidnitz, when things were getting so intolerable, and at times breaking-out into electricity, into 'rebuke all round,' that Friedrich received that singular pair of Laconic Notes from Rousseau in Neufchâtel: forwarded, successively, by Lord Marischal; *Note First*, of date, 'Motier-Travers, Neufchâtel, September,' nobody can guess

[29] King's Letters to him, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 282-285.

what day, '1762:' "I have said much ill of you, and don't repent it. "Now everybody has banished me; and it is on your threshold that I "sit down. Kill me, if you have a mind!" And then (after, not death, but the gift of 100 crowns), *Note Second*, 'October 1762:' * * "Take "out of my sight that sword, which dazzles and pains me; *it* has only "too well done its duty, while the sceptre is abandoned:" Make Peace, can't you![30]—What curious reading for a King in such posture, among the miscellaneous arrivals overnight! Above six weeks before either of these *Notes*, Friedrich, hearing of him from Lord Marischal, had answered: "An asylum? Yes, by all means: the unlucky cynic!" It is on September 1st, that he sends, by the same channel, 100 crowns for his use, with advice to "give them *in naturâ*, lest he refuse otherwise;" as Friedrich knows to be possible. In words, the Rousseau Notes got nothing of Answer. "A *garçon singulier*," says Friedrich: odd fellow, yes indeed, your Majesty;—and has such a pungency of flattery in him too, presented in the way of snarl! His Majesty might take him, I suppose, with a kind of relish, like Queen-Dowager snuff.

There was still another shift of place, shift which proved temporary, in old Marischal's life: Home to native Aberdeenshire. The two childless Brothers, Earls of Kintore, had died successively, the last of them November 22d, 1761: title and heritage, not considerable the latter, fell duly, by what preparatives we know, to old Marischal; but his Keith kinsfolk, furthermore, would have him personally among them, —nay, after that, would have him to wed and produce new Keiths. At the age of 78; decidedly an inconvenient thing! Old Marischal left Potsdam 'August 1763,'[31]—*New-Palace* scaffoldings and big stone blocks conspicuous in those localities; pleasant D'Alembert now just about leaving in the other direction;—much to Friedrich's regret, the old Marischal especially, as is still finely evident.

Friedrich to Lord Marischal (in Scotland for the last six months).

"Sans-Souci, 16th February 1764.

"I am not surprised that the Scotch fight to have you among "them; and wish to have progeny of yours, and to preserve your "bones. You have in your lifetime the lot of Homer after death: "Cities arguing which is your birthplace;—I myself would dispute it "with Edinburgh to possess you. If I had ships, I would make a de- "scent on Scotland, to steal off my *cher Mylord*, and bring him hither. "Alas, our Elbe Boats can't do it. But you give me hopes;—which I "seize with avidity! I was your late Brother's friend, and had obli- "gations to him; I am yours with heart and soul. These are my

[30] *Œuvres complètes de Rousseau* (à Genève, 1782-1789), xxxiii. 64, 65.

[31] Letter of his to the King ('*Londres*, 14 *Août* 1763'), in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 293.—In *Letters of Eminent Persons to David Hume* (Edinburgh, 1849), pp. 57-71, are some Nine from the Old Marischal; in curiously mixed dialect, cheerful, but indistinct; the two chief dates of which are: 'Touch' (guttural Tu*ch*, in Aberdeenshire), '28 October 1763,' and 'Potsdam, 20 February 1765.'

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"titles, these are my rights:—you sha'n't be forced in the matter of "progeny here (*faire l'étalon ici*), neither priests nor attorneys shall "meddle with you; you shall live here in the bosom of friendship, "liberty and philosophy." Come to me! * *—F.[32]

Old Marischal did come; and before long. I know not the precise month: but 'his Villa-Cottage was built for him,' the Books say, 'in 1764.' He had left D'Alembert just going; next year he will find Helvetius coming. He lived here, a great treasure to Friedrich, till his death, 25th May 1778, age 92.

The New Palace was not finished till 1770;—in which year, also, Friedrich reckons that the general Problem of Repairing Prussia was victoriously over. New Palace, growing or complete, looks down on all these operations and occurrences. In its cradle, it sees D'Alembert go, Lord Marischal go; Helvetius come, Lord Marischal come; in its boyhood or maturity, the Excise, and French *Rats-de-Cave*, spring up; Crown-Prince Friedrich Wilhelm prick his hand for a fit kind of ink; Friedrich Wilhelm's Divorced Wife give her Douanier two slaps in the face, by way of payment. Nay, the same Friedrich Wilhelm, become "Friedrich Wilhelm II., or *der Dicke*," died in it,—his Lichtenau *and* his second Wife, jewel of women, nursing him in his last sickness there.[33]

The violent stress of effort for repairing Prussia, Friedrich intimates, was mostly over in 1766: till which date specifically, and in a looser sense till 1770, that may be considered as his main business. But it was not at any time his sole business; nor latterly at all equal in interest to some others that had risen on him, as the next Chapter will now show. Here, first, is a little Fraction of *Necrology*, which may be worth taking with us. Readers can spread these fateful specialities over the Period in question; and know that each of them came with a kind of knell upon Friedrich's heart, whatever he might be employed about. Hour striking after hour on the Horologe of Time; intimating how the Afternoon wore, and that Night was coming. Various meanings there would be to Friedrich in these footfalls of departing guests, the dear, the less dear, and the indifferent or hostile; but each of them would mean: "Gone, then, gone; thus we all go!"

[32] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 295.

[33] 'Died 16th November 1797.'

'Obituary in Friedrich's Circle till 1771.'

Of Polish Majesty's death (5th October 1763), and then (2d December following) of his Kurprinz or Successor's, with whom we dined at Moritzburg so recently, there will be mention by and by. November 28th, 1763, in the interval between these two, the wretched Brühl had died. April 14th, 1764, died the wretched Pompadour;—"To us not known, *Je ne la connais pas :*"—hapless Butterfly, she had been twenty years in the winged condition; age now forty-four: dull Louis, they say, looked out of window as her hearse departed, "*froidement,*" without emotion of any visible kind. These little concern Friedrich or us; we will restrict ourselves to Friends.

'*Died in* 1764. At Pisa, Algarotti (23d May 1764, age fifty-two); 'with whom Friedrich has always had some correspondence hitherto '(to himself interesting, though not to us), and will never henceforth 'have more. Friedrich raised a Monument to him; Monument still 'to be seen in the Campo-Santo of Pisa: "*Hic jacet Ovidii æmulus et 'Neutoni discipulus ;*" friends have added "*Fredericus Magnus poni 'fecit ;*" and on another part of the Monument, "*Algarottus non 'omnis.*"[34]

'—*in* 1765. At the age of eighty, November 18th, Gräfin Camas, '"*Ma bonne Maman*" (widow since 1741); excellent old Lady,— 'once brilliantly young, German by birth, her name Brandt;—to whom 'the King's *Letters* used to be so pretty.' This same year, too, Kaiser Franz died; but him we will reserve, as not belonging to this Select List.

'—*in* 1766. At Nanci, 23d February, age eighty-six, King Stanis- 'laus Leczinsky: "his clothes caught fire" (accidental spark or sput- 'ter on some damask dressing-gown or the like); and the much-en- 'during innocent old soul ended painfully his Titular career.

'—*in* 1767. October 22d, the Grand-Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha, 'age fifty-seven; a sad stroke this also, among one's narrowing List 'of Friends.—I doubt if Friedrich ever saw this high Lady after the 'Visit we lately witnessed. His *Letters* to her are still in the Archives 'of Gotha: not hers to him; all lost, these latter, but an accidental 'Two, which are still beautiful in their kind.[35]

'—*in* 1770. Bielfeld, the fantastic individual of old days. Had 'long been out of Friedrich's circle,—in Altenburg Country, I think; '—without importance to Friedrich or us: the *year* of him will do, 'without search for day or month.

'—*in* 1771. Two heavy deaths come this year. January 28th, '1771, at Berlin, dies our valuable old friend Excellency Mitchell,— 'still here on the part of England, in cordial esteem as a man and 'companion; though as Minister, I suppose, with function more and 'more imaginary. This painfully ushers-in the year. To usher it out, 'there is still worse: faithful D'Argens dies, 26th December 1771, on

[34] Preuss, iv. 188. [35] Given in *Œuvres de Frédéric,* xviii. 165, 256.

'a visit in his native Provence,—leaving, as is still visible,[36] a big and 'sad blank behind him at Potsdam.' But we need not continue; at least not at present.

Long before all these, Friedrich had lost friends; with a sad but quiet emotion he often alludes to this tragic fact, that all the souls he loved most are gone. His Winterfelds, his Keiths, many loved faces, the War has snatched: at Montbijou, at Baireuth, it was not War; but they too are gone. Is the world becoming all a Mausoleum, then; nothing of divine in it but the Tombs of vanished loved ones? Friedrich makes no noise on such subjects: loved and unloved alike must go.

We have still to mark Kaiser Franz's sudden death; a thing politically interesting, if not otherwise. August 1765, at Innspruck, during the Marriage-festivities of his Second Son, Leopold (Duke of Florence, who afterwards, on Joseph's death, was Kaiser),—Kaiser Franz, sauntering about in the evening gala, '18th August, about 9 P.M.,' suddenly tottered, staggered as falling; fell into Son Joseph's arms; and was dead. Above a year before, this same Joseph, his Eldest Son, had been made King of the Romans: 'elected 26th March; crowned 3d April 1764;'—Friedrich furthering it, wishful to be friendly with his late enemies.[37]

On this Innspruck Tragedy, Joseph naturally became Kaiser,—Part-Kaiser; his Dowager-Mother, on whom alone it depends, having decided that way. The poor Lady was at first quite overwhelmed with her grief. She had the death-room of her Husband made into a Chapel; she founded furthermore a Monastery in Innspruck, 'Twelve Canonesses to pray there for the repose of Franz;' was herself about to become Abbess there, and quit the secular world; but in the end was got persuaded to continue, and take Son Joseph as Coadjutor.[38] In which capacity we shall meet the young man again.

CHAPTER III.

TROUBLES IN POLAND.

APRIL 11th, 1764, one year after his Seven-Years labour of Hercules, Friedrich made Treaty of Alliance with the new Czarina Catharine. England had deserted him; France was his enemy, especially Pompadour and Choiseul, and refused reconcilement, though privately solicited: he was without an Ally anywhere. The Russians had done him frightful damage in the last War, and were most of all to be dreaded in the case of any new one. The Treaty was a matter of necessity as well

[36] Friedrich's two Letters to the Widow (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 427-429).
[37] Rödenbeck, ii. 234.
[38] Hormayr, *Œsterreichischer Plutarch* (§ Maria Theresa), iv. (2tes Bändchen) 6-124; *Maria Theresiens Leben*, p. 30.

as choice. Agreement for mutual good neighbourhood and friendly offices; guarantee of each other against intrusive third parties: should either get engaged in war with any neighbour, practical aid to the length of 12,000 men, or else money in lieu. Treaty was for eight years from day of date.

As Friedrich did not get into war, and Catharine did, with the Turks and certain loose Polacks, the burden of fulfilment happened to fall wholly on Friedrich; and he was extremely punctual in performance,—eager now, and all his life after, to keep well with such a Country under such a Czarina. Which proved to be the whole rule of his policy on that Russian side. "Good that Country cannot bring me by any quarrel with it; evil it can, to a frightful extent, in case of my quarrelling with others! Be wary, be punctual, magnanimously polite, with that grandiose Czarina and her huge territories and notions:" this was Friedrich's constant rule in public and in private. Nor is it thought his *Correspondence with the Empress Catharine*, when future generations see it in print, will disclose the least ground of offence to that high-flying Female Potentate of the North. Nor will it ever be known what the silently observant Friedrich thought of her, except indeed what we already know, or as good as know, That he, if anybody did, saw her clearly enough for what she was; and found good to repress into absolute zero whatever had no bearing upon business, and might by possibility give offence in that quarter. For we are an old King, and have learned by bitter experiences! No more nicknames, biting verses, or words which a bird of the air could carry; though this poor Lady too has her liabilities, were not we old and prudent;—and is entirely as weak on certain points (deducting the devotions and the brandy-and-water) as some others were! The Treaty was renewed when necessary; and continued valid and vital in every particular, so long as Friedrich ruled.

By the end of the first eight years, by strictly following this passive rule, Friedrich, in counterbalance of his losses, unexpectedly found himself invested with a very singular bit of gain,—"unjust gain!" cried all men, making it of the nature of gain and loss to him,—which is still practically his, and which has made, and makes to this day, an immense noise in the world. Everybody knows we mean West-Preussen; Partition of Poland; bloodiest picture in the Book of Time, Sar-

matia's fall unwept without a crime;—and that we have come upon a very intricate part of our poor History.

No prudent man,—especially if to himself, as is my own poor case in regard to it, the subject have long been altogether dead and indifferent,—would wish to write of the Polish Question. For almost a hundred years the Polish Question has been very loud in the world; and ever and anon rises again into vocality among Able Editors, as a thing pretending not to be dead and buried, but capable of rising again, and setting itself right, by good effort at home and abroad. Not advisable, beyond the strict limits of compulsion, to write of it at present! The rather as the History of it, any History we have, is not an intelligible series of events, but a series of vociferous execrations, filling all Nature, with nothing left to the reader but darkness, and such remedies against despair as he himself can summon or contrive.

'Rulhière's on that subject,' says a Note which I may cite, 'is the 'only articulate-speaking Book to which mankind as yet can apply;[1] 'and they will by no means find that a sufficient one. Rulhière's Book 'has its considerable merits; but it absolutely wants those of a His- 'tory; and can be recognised by no mind as an intelligible cosmic 'Portraiture of that chaotic Mass of Occurrences; chronology, topo- 'graphy, precision of detail by time and place; scene, and actors on 'scene, remain unintelligible. Rulhière himself knew Poland, at least 'had looked on it from Warsaw outwards, year after year, and knew 'of it what an inquiring Secretary of Legation could pick-up on those 'terms, which perhaps, after all, is not very much. His Narrative is 'drowned in beautiful seas of description and reflection; has neither 'dates nor references; and advances at an intolerable rate of slowness; 'in fact, rather turns on its axis than advances; produces on you the 'effect of a melodious Sonata, not of a lucid and comfortably instruc- 'tive History.

'I forget for how long Rulhière had been in Poland, as Ambassa- 'dor's Assistant: but the Country, the King and leading Personages 'were personally known to him, more or less; Events with all details 'of them were known: "Why not write a History of the Anarchy and 'Wreck they fell into?" said the Official people to him, on his return 'home: "For behoof of the Dauphin" (who is to be Louis XVI. 'shortly); "may not he perhaps draw profit from it? At the top of 'the Universe, experience is sometimes wanted. Here are the Ar- 'chives, here is Salary, here are what appliances you like to name: 'Write!" It is well known he was appointed, on a Pension of 250*l.* 'a year, with access to all archives, documents and appliances in pos-

[1] Cl. Rulhière, *Histoire de l'Anarchie de Pologne* (Paris, 1807), 4 voll. 12mo.

'session of the French Government, and express charge to delineate 'this subject for benefit of the Dauphin's young mind. Nor can I 'wonder, considering everything, that the process on Rulhière's part, 'being so full of difficulties, was extremely deliberate; that his Book 'did not grow so steadily or fast as the Dauphin did; and that in fact 'the poor Dauphin never got the least benefit from it,—being guillo- 'tined, he, in 1793, and the Book intended for him never coming to 'light for fourteen years afterwards, it too in a posthumous and still 'unfinished condition.

'Rulhière has heard the voices of rumour, knows an infinitude of 'events that were talked of; but has not discriminated which were the 'vital, which were the insignificant; treats the vital and the insignifi- 'cant alike; seldom with satisfactory precision; mournfully seldom 'giving any date, and by no chance any voucher or authority;—and 'instead of practical terrestrial scene of action, with distances, mile- 'stones, definite sequence of occurrences, and of causes and effects, 'paints us a rosy cloudland, which if true at all, as he well intends it 'to be, is little more than symbolically or allegorically so; and can 'satisfy no clear-headed Dauphin or man. Rulhière strives to be au- 'thentic, too; gives you no suspicion of his fairness. There is really 'fine high-coloured painting in Rulhière; and you hope always he will 'let you into the secret of the matter: but the sad fact is, he never 'does. He merely loses himself in picturesque details, philosophic 'eloquences, elegancies; takes you to a Castle of Choczim, a Monastery 'of Czenstochow, a Bay of Tschesme, and lets-off extensive fireworks 'that contain little or no shot; leads you on trackless marches, inroads 'or outroads, through the Lithuanian Peat-bogs, on daring adventures 'and hairbreadth escapes of mere Pulawski, Potocki and the like;— 'had not got to understand the matter himself, you perceive: how hope- 'less to make you understand it!'

English readers, however, have no other shift; the rest of the Books I have seen,—*Histoire des Révolutions de Pologne*;[2] *Histoire des Trois Démembremens de la Pologne*;[3] *Letters on Poland*;[4] and many more,—are not worth mentioning at all. Comfortable in the mad dance of these is Hermann's recent dull volume;[5]—commonplace, dull, but steady and faithful; yielding us at least dates, and an immunity from noise. By help of Hermann and the others, distilled to *caput mortuum*, a few dated facts (cardinal we dare not call them) may be

[2] 1778 (*à Warsovie, et se trouve à Paris*), 2 voll. 8vo.

[3] Anonymous (by one *Ferrand*, otherwise unknown to me), Paris, 1820, 3 voll. 8vo.

[4] Anonymous (by a 'Reverend Mr. Lindsey,' it would seem), *Letters concerning the Present State of Poland, together with* &c. (London, 1773; 1 vol. 8vo): of these *Letters*, or at least of Reverend Lindsey, Author of them, 'Tutor to King Stanislaus's Nephew,' and a man of painfully loud loose tongue, there may perhaps be mention afterwards.

[5] Hermann, *Geschichte des Russischen Staats*, vol. v. (already cited in regard to the Peter-Catharine tragedy); seems to be compiled mainly from the Saxon Archives, from *Despatches* written on the spot and at the time.

extracted;—dimly out of these, to the meditating mind, some outline of the phenomenon may begin to become conceivable.

King of Poland dies; and there ensue huge Anarchies in that Country.

The poor old King of Poland,—whom we saw, on that fall of the curtain at Pirna seven years ago, rush off for Warsaw with his Brühl, with expressive speed and expressive silence, and who has been waiting there ever since, sublimely confident that his powerful terrestrial friends, Austria, Russia, France, not to speak of Heaven's justice at all, would exact due penalty, of signal and tremendous nature, on the Prussian Aggressor,—has again been disappointed. The poor old Gentleman got no compensation for his manifold losses and woes at Pirna or elsewhere; not the least mention of such a thing, on the final winding-up of that War of Seven Years, in which his share had been so tragical; no alleviation was provided for him in this world. His sorrows in Poland had been manifold; nothing but anarchies, confusions and contradictions had been his Royal portion there: in about Forty different Diets he had tried to get some business done,—no use asking what; for the Diets, one and all, exploded in *Nie pozwalam;* and could do no business, good, bad or indifferent, for him or anybody. An unwise, most idle Country; following as chief employment perpetual discrepancy with its idle unwise King and self; Russia the virtual head of it this long while, so far as it has any head.

February—August 1763, just while the Treaty of Hubertsburg was blessing everybody with the return of Peace, and for long months after Peace had returned to everybody, Polish Majesty was in sore trouble. Trouble in regard to Courland, to his poor Son Karl, who fancied himself elected, under favour and permission of the late Czarina, our gracious Protectress and Ally, to the difficult post of Duke in Courland; and had proceeded, three or four years ago, to take possession,—but was now interrupted by Russian encroachments and violences. Not at all well disposed to him, these new Peters, new Catharines. They have recalled their Bieren from Siberia; declare that old Bieren is again Duke, or at least that young Bieren is, and not Saxon Karl at all; and have proceeded, Czarina Catharine has, to instal him forcibly

with Russian soldiers. Karl declares, "You shall kill *me* before you or he get into this Palace of Mietau!"—and by Domestics merely, and armed private Gentlemen, he does maintain himself in said Palatial Mansion; valiantly indignant, for about six months; the Russian Battalions girdling him on all sides, minatory more and more, but loath to begin actual bloodshed.[6] A transaction very famed in those parts, and still giving loud voice in the Polish Books, which indeed get ever noisier from this point onward, till they end in inarticulate shrieks, as we shall too well hear.

Empress Catharine, after the lapse of six months, sends an Ambassador to Warsaw (Kayserling by name), who declares, in tone altogether imperative, that Czarish Majesty feels herself weary of such contumacy, weary generally of Polish Majesty's and Polish Republic's multifarious contumacies; and, in fine, cruelest of all, that she has troops on the frontier; that Courland is not the only place where she has troops. What a stab to the poor old man! 'Contumacies?' Has not he been Russia's patient stepping-stone, all along; his anarchic Poland and he accordant in that, if in nothing else? "Let us to Saxony," decides he passionately, "and leave all this." In Saxony his poor old Queen is dead long since; much is dead: Saxony and Life generally, what a Golgotha! He immediately sends word to Karl, "Give up Courland; I am going home!"—and did hastily make his packages, and bid adieu to Warsaw, and, in a few weeks after, to this anarchic world altogether. Died at Dresden 5th October 1763.

Polish Majesty had been elected 5th October 1733; died, you observe, 5th October 1763;—was King of Poland ("King," save the mark!) for 30 years to a day. Was elected —do readers still remember how? Leaves a ruined Saxony lying round him; a ruined life mutely asking him, "Couldst thou have done no better, then?" Wretched Brühl followed him in four or five weeks. Nay, in about two months, his Son and Successor, "Friedrich Christian" (with whom we dined at Moritzburg), had followed him;[7] leaving a small Boy, age 13, as new Kurfürst, "Friedrich August" the name of him, with guardians to manage the Minority; especially with

[6] Rulhière, ii. (livre v.) 81 et antea; Hermann, v. 348 et seq.
[7] Prince died 17th December (Brühl, 18th November) 1763.

his Mother as chief guardian,—of whom, for two reasons, we are now to say something. Reason *first* is, That she is really a rather brilliant, distinguished creature, distinguished more especially in Friedrich's world; whose *Letters* to her are numerous, and, in their kind, among the notablest he wrote;—of which we would gladly give some specimen, better or worse: and reason *second*, That in so doing, we may contrive to look, for a moment or two, into the preliminary Polish Anarchies at first-hand; and, transiently and far off, see something of them as if with our own eyes.

Marie-Antoine, or Marie-Antoinette, Electress of Saxony, is still a bright Lady, and among the busiest living; now in her 40th year; 'born 17th July 1724; second child of Kaiser Karl VII.;'—a living memento to us of those old times of trouble. Papa, when she came to him, was in his 27th year; this was his second daughter; three years afterwards he had a son (born 1727; died 1777), who made the "Peace of Füssen," to Friedrich's disgust, in 1745, if readers recollect;—and who, dying childless, will give rise to another War (the "Potato War" so-called), for Friedrich's behoof and ours. This little creature would be in her teens during that fatal Kaisership (1742-1745, her age then 18-21),—during those triumphs, flights and furnished-lodging intricacies. Her Mamma, whom we have seen, a little fat bullet given to devotion, was fours years younger than Papa. Mamma died '11th December 1756,' Germany all blazing out in War again; she had been a Widow eleven years.

Marie-Antoine was wedded to Friedrich Christian, Saxon Kurprinz, '20th June 1747;' her age 23, his 25:—Chronology itself is something, if one will attend to it, in the absence of all else! The young pair were Cousins, their Mothers being Sisters; Polish Majesty one's Uncle, age now 51,—who was very fond of us, poor indolent soul, and glad of our company on an afternoon, 'being always in his dressing-gown by 2 o'clock.' Concerning which the tongue of Court scandal was not entirely idle,—Hanbury chronicling, as we once noticed. All which I believe to be mere lying wind. The young Princess was beautiful; extremely clever, graceful and lively, we can still see for ourselves: no wonder poor Polish Majesty, always in his dressing-gown by 2, was charmed to have her

company,—the rather as I hope she permitted him a little smoking withal.

Her husband was crook-backed; and, except those slight, always perfectly polite little passages, in Schmettau's Siege (1759), in the Hubertsburg Treaty affair, in the dinner at Moritzburg, I never heard much history of him. He became Elector 5th October 1763; but enjoyed the dignity little more than two months. Our Princess had born him seven children,—three boys, four girls,—the eldest about 13, a Boy, who succeeded; the youngest a girl, hardly 3. The Boy is he who sent Gellert the caparisoned Horse, and had estafettes on the road while Gellert lay dying. This Boy lived to be 77, and saw strange things in the world; had seen Napoleon and the French Revolution; was the first "King of Saxony" so-called; saw Jena, retreat of Moscow; saw the "Battle of the Nations" (Leipzig, 15th-18th October 1813), and his great Napoleon terminate in bankruptcy. He left no Son. A Brother, age 72, succeeded him as King for a few years; whom again a Brother would have succeeded, had not he (this third Brother, age now 66) renounced, in favour of *his* Son, the present King of Saxony. Enough, enough!—

August 28th, 1763, while afflicted Polish Majesty is making his packages at Warsaw, far away,—Marie-Antoinette, in Dresden, had sent Friedrich an Opera of her composing, just brought-out by her on her Court-theatre there. Here is Friedrich's Answer,—to what kind of *Opera* I know not, but to a Letter accompanying it which is extremely pretty.

Friedrich to the Electoral Princess (at Dresden).

"Potsdam, 5th September 1763.

"Madam my Sister,—The remembrance your Royal Highness "sends is the more flattering to me, as I regret infinitely not to "have been spectator and hearer of the fine things" (Opera *Thalestris*, words and music entirely lost to us) "which I have admired for myself "in the silent state.

"I wish I could send you things as pleasant out of these parts: "but, Madam, I am obliged to give you a hint, which may be useful "if you can have it followed. In Saxony, however, my Letters get "opened;—which obliges me to send this by a special Messenger; "and him, that he may cause no suspicion, I have charged with fruits "from my garden. You will have the goodness to say" (if anybody is eavesdropping) "that you asked them of me at Moritzburg, when I was

"happy enough to see you there" (six months ago, coming home from the Seven-Years War). "The hint I had to give was this:

"In Petersburg people's minds are getting angry at the stubborn-"ness your friends show in refusing to recognise Duke Bieren" (home from Siberia, again Duke of Courland, by Russian appointment, as if Russia had that right; Polish Majesty and his Prince Karl resisting to the uttermost). "I counsel you to induce the powerful in your circle "to have this condescension" (they have had it, been obliged to have it, though Friedrich does not yet know); "for it will turn-out ill to "them, it they persist in being obstinately stiff. It begins already to "be said That there are more than a million Russian subjects at this "time refugees in Poland; whom, by I forget what cartel, the Republic "was bound to deliver up. Orders have been given to Detachments "of Military to enter certain places, and bring away these Russians by "force. In a word, you will ruin your affairs forever, unless you find "means to produce a change of conduct on the part of him they com-"plain of. Take, Madam, what I now say as a mark of the esteem "and profound regard with which—"—F.[8]

This hint, if the King knew, had been given, in a less kind shape, by Necessity itself; and had sent Polish Majesty, and his Brühls and 'powerful people,' bodily home, and out of that Polish-Russian welter, in a headlong and tragically passionate condition. Electoral Princess, next time she writes, is become Electress all at once.

Electress Marie-Antoine to Friedrich.

"Dresden, 5th October 1763.

"Sire,—Your Majesty has given me such assurance of your good-"ness and your friendship, that I will now appeal to that promise. "You have assured us, too, that you would with pleasure contribute "to secure Poland for us. The moment is come for accomplishing "that promise. The King is dead" (died this very day; see if *I* lose time in sentimental lamentations!)—"with him these grievances of "Russia" (our stiffness on Courland and the like) "must be extinct; "the rather as we" (the now reigning) "will lend ourselves willingly "to everything that can be required of us for perfect reconcilement "with that Power.

"You can do all, if you will it; you can contribute to this recon-"cilement. You can render it favourable to us. You will give me "that proof of the flattering sentiments I have been so proud of hither-"to,"—won't you, now? "Russia cannot disapprove the mediation you "might deign to offer on that behalf;—our intentions being so honestly "amicable, and all ground of controversy having died with the late "King. Russia reconciled, our views on the Polish Crown might at "once be declared (*éclater*)." Oh, do it, your Majesty;—"my grati-"tude shall only end with life!—M. A."[9]

Friedrich, who is busy negotiating his Treaty with Russia (perfected

[8] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiv. 46. [9] Ibid. xxiv. 47.

11th April next), and understands that they will mean *not* to have a Saxon, but to have a Piast, and perhaps dimly even what Piast (Stanislaus Poniatowski, the *emeritus* Lover), who will be their own, and not Saxony's at all,—must have been a little embarrassed by such an appeal from his fair friend at this moment. "Wait a little; don't answer yet," would have occurred to the common mind. But that was not Friedrich's resource: he answers by return of post, as always in such cases;—and in the following adroit manner brushes off, without hurt to it, with kisses to it rather, the beautiful hand that has him by the button:

To the Electress Marie-Antoine (at Dresden).

"Berlin, 8th October 1763.

"Madam my Sister,—I begin by making my condolences and my "congratulations to your Electoral Highness on the death of the King "your Father-in-law, and on your Accession to the Electorate.

"Your Electoral Highness will remember what I wrote, not long "since, on the affairs of Poland. I am afraid, Madam, that Russia "will be more contrary to you than you think. M. de Woronzow" (famous Grand-Chancellor of Russia; saved himself dextrously in the late Peter-Catharine overturn; has since fallen into disfavour for his notions about our Gregory Orlof, and is now on his way to Italy, 'for health's sake,' in consequence), "who is just arrived here,[14] told me, "too, of some things which raise an ill augury of this affair. If you do "not disapprove of my speaking frankly to you, it seems to me that it "would be suitable in you to send some discreet Diplomatist to that "Court to notify the King's death; and you would learn by him what "you have to expect from her Czarish Majesty" (the Empress, he always calls her, knowing she prefers that title). "It seems to me, Madam, "that it would be precipitate procedure should I wish to engage you in "an Enterprise, which appears to myself absolutely dubious (*hasardée*), "unless approved by that Princess. As to me, Madam, I have not "the ascendant there which you suppose: I act under rule of all the "delicacies and discretions with a Court which separated itself from "my Enemies when all Europe wished to crush me: but I am far "from being able to regulate the Empress's way of thinking.

"It is the same with the quarrels about the Duke of Courland; "one cannot attempt mediation except by consent of both parties. I "believe I am not mistaken in supposing that the Court of Russia "does not mean to terminate that business by foreign mediation. What "I have heard about it (what, however, is founded only on vague "news) is, That the Empress might prevail upon herself (*pourrait se "résoudre*) to purchase from Brühl the Principality of Zips" (Zips, on the edge of Hungary; let readers take note of that Principality, at present in the hand of Brühl,—who has much disgusted Poland by

[14] 'Had his audience 7th October' (yesterday): Rödenbeck, ii. 224.

his voracity for Lands; and is disgorging them all again, poor soul!), "to give it to Prince Karl in compensation: but that would lead to a "negotiation with the Court of Vienna, which might involve the affair "in other contentions.

"I conjure you, Madam, I repeat it, Be not precipitate in any-"thing; lest, as my fear is, you replunge Europe into the troubles it "has only just escaped from! As to me, I have found, since the "Peace, so much to do within my own borders, that I have not, I as-"sure you, had time, Madam, to think of going abroad. I confine "myself to forming a thousand wishes for the prosperity of your "Electoral Highness, assuring you of the high esteem with which I "am,—F."[11]

After some farther Letters, of eloquently pressing solicitation on the part of the Lady, and earnest advising, as well as polite fencing, on the part of Friedrich, the latter writes:

Friedrich to Electress.

"Potsdam, 3d November 1763.

"Madam my Sister,—At this moment I receive a Letter from the "Empress of Russia, the contents of which do not appear to me favour-"able, Madam, to your hopes. She requires (*exige*) that I should in-"struct my Minister in Poland to act entirely in concert with the "Count Kayserling; and she adds these very words: 'I expect, from "the friendship of your Majesty, that you will not allow a passage "through your territory, nor the entry into Poland, to Saxon troops, "who are to be regarded there absolutely as strangers.'

"Unless your Letters, Madam" (Madam had said that she had written to the Empress, assuring her &c.) "change the sentiments of "the Empress, I do not see in what way the Elector could arrive at "the throne of Poland; and consequently, whether I deferred to the "wishes of the Empress in this point, or refused to do so, you would "not the more become Queen; and I might commit myself against a "Power which I ought to keep well with (*ménager*). I am persuaded, "Madam, that your Electoral Highness enters into my embarrassment; "and that, unless you find yourself successful in changing the Empress's "own ideas on this matter, you will not require of me that I should "embroil myself fruitlessly with a neighbour who deserves the greatest "consideration from me.

"All this is one consequence of the course which Count Brühl in-"duced his late Polish Majesty to take with regard to the interests of "Prince Karl in Courland; and your Electoral Highness will remem-"ber, that I often represented to you the injury which would arise to "him from it.

"I will wish, Madam, that other opportunities may occur, where "it may be in my power to prove to your Electoral Highness the pro-"found esteem and consideration with which I am—"—F.[12]

[11] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiv. 48. [12] Ib. xxiv. 52.

Electress to Friedrich.

"Dresden, 11th November 1763.

"Sire,—I am not yet disheartened. I love to flatter myself with "your friendship, Sire, and I will not easily renounce the hope that "you will give me a real mark of it in an affair which interests me so "strongly. Nobody has greater ascendency over the mind of the "Empress of Russia than your Majesty; use it, Sire, to incline it to "our favour. Our obligation will be infinite." * * "Why should "she be absolutely against us? What has she to fear from us? The "Courland business, if that sticks with her, could be terminated in a "suitable manner."—'Troops into Poland, Sire?' "My Husband so "little thinks of sending troops thither, that he has given orders for "the return of those already there. He does not wish the Crown ex- "cept from the free suffrages of the Nation: if the Empress absolutely "refuse to help him with her good offices, let her, at least, not be "against him. Do try, Sire."[13]—Friedrich answers, after four days, or by return of post—But we will give the rest in the form of Dialogue.

Friedrich (after four days). * * "If, Madam, I had Crowns to give "away, I would place the first on your head, as most worthy to bear "it. But I am far from such a position. I have just got out of a "horrible War, which my enemies made upon me with a rage almost "beyond example; I endeavour to cultivate friendship with all my "neighbours, and to get embroiled with nobody. With regard to the "affairs of Poland, an Empress whom I ought to be well with, and to "whom I owe great obligations, requires me to enter into her mea- "sures; you, Madam, whom I would fain please if I could, you want "me to change the sentiments of this Empress. Do but enter into "my embarrassment!" * * "According to all I hear from Russia, it "appears to me that every resolution is taken there; and that the "Empress is resolved even to sustain the party of her partisans in "Poland with the forces she has all in readiness at the borders. As "for me, Madam, I wish, if possible, not to meddle at all with this "business, which hitherto is not complicated, but which may, any "day, become so by the neighbours of Poland taking a too lively part "in it. Ready, otherwise, on all occasions, to give to your Electoral "Highness proofs of my—"[14]

Electress (after ten days). * * "Why should the Empress be so "much against us? We have not deserved her hatred. On the con- "trary, we seek her friendship. She declares, however, that she will "uphold the freedom of the Poles in the election of their King. You, "Sire"—[15]—But we must cut short, though it lasts long months after this. Great is the Electress's persistence, —"My poor Husband "being dead, cannot our poor Boy, cannot his Uncle Prince Xavier

[13] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiv. 53.
[14] Ib, xxiv. 54: 'Potsdam, 16th November 1763.'
[15] Ib. xxiv. 55: 'Dresden, 26th November 1763.'

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"try? O Sire!" Our last word shall be this of Friedrich's; actual Election-time now drawing nigh:

Friedrich. "I am doing like the dogs who have fought bitterly "till they are worn down: I sit licking my wounds. I notice most "European Powers doing the same; too happy if, whilst Kings are "are being manufactured to right and left, public tranquillity is not "disturbed thereby, and if every one may continue to dwell in peace "beside his hearth and his household gods."[16] Adieu, bright Madam.

No reader who has made acquaintance with Polish History can well doubt but Poland was now dead or moribund, and had well deserved to die. Anarchies are not permitted in this world. Under fine names, they are grateful to the Populaces, and to the Editors of Newspapers; but to the Maker of this Universe they are eternally abhorrent; and from the beginning have been forbidden to be. They go their course, applauded or not applauded by self and neighbours,—for what lengths of time none of us can know; for a long term sometimes, but always for a fixed term; and at last their day comes. Poland had got to great lengths, two centuries ago, when poor John Casimir abdicated his Crown of Poland, after a trial of twenty years, and took leave of the Republic in that remarkable *Speech* to the Diet of 1667.

This John is "Casimir V.," last Scion of the Swedish House of Vasa,—with whom, in the Great Elector's time, we had some slight acquaintance; and saw at least the three-days beating he got (Warsaw, 28th-30th July 1656) from Karl Gustav of Sweden and the Great Elector,[17] ancestors respectively of Karl XII. and of our present Friedrich. He is not "Casimir the Great" of Polish Kings; but he is, in our day, Casimir the alone Remarkable. It seems to me I once had *in extenso* this Valedictory Speech of his; but it has lapsed again into the general Mother of Dead Dogs, and I will not spend a week in fishing for it. The gist of the Speech, innumerable Books and Dead Dogs tell you,[18] is 'lamentation over the Polish Anarchies,' and 'a Prophecy,' which is very easily remembered. The poor old Gentleman had no doubt eaten his peck of dirt among those Polacks, and swallowed chagrins till he felt his stomach could no more, and determined to have done with it. To one's fancy, in abridged form, the Valediction must have run essentially as follows:

[16] 'Sans-Souci, 26th June 1764' (Ib. p. 69). [17] Suprà, i. 248, 249.

[18] *Histoire des Trois Démembremens* does, and many others do;—copied in *Biographie Universelle*, vii. 278 (§ Casimir).

'Magnanimous Polack Gentlemen, you are a glorious Re-
'public, and have *Nie pozwalam*, and strange methods of busi-
'ness, and of behaviour to your Kings and others. We have
'often fought together, been beaten together, by our enemies
'and by ourselves; and at last I, for my share, have enough of
'it. I intend for Paris; religious-literary pursuits, and the so-
'ciety of Ninon de l'Enclos. I wished to say before going,
'That according to all record, ancient and modern, of the ways
'of God Almighty in this world, there was not heretofore, nor
'do I expect there can henceforth be, a Human Society that
'would stick together on those terms. Believe me, ye Polish
'Chivalries, without superior except in Heaven, if your glorious
'Republic continue to be managed in such manner, not good
'will come of it, but evil. The day will arrive' (this is the Pro-
phecy, almost *in ipsissimis verbis*), 'the day perhaps is not so
'far off, when this glorious Republic will get torn into shreds,
'hither, thither; be stuffed into the pockets of covetous neigh-
'bours, Brandenburg, Muscovy, Austria; and find itself reduced
'to zero, and abolished from the face of the world.

'I speak these words in sorrow of soul: words which pro-
'bably you will not believe. Which only Fate can compel you
'to believe, one day, if they are true words:—you think, pro-
'bably, they are not? Me at least, or interest of mine, they
'do not regard. I speak them from the fulness of my heart,
'and on behest of friendship and conviction alone; having the
'honour at this moment to bid you and your Republic a very
'long farewell. Good-morning, for the last time!' And so
exit: to Rome (had been Cardinal once); to Paris and the so-
ciety of Ninon's Circle for the few years left him of life.[19]

This poor John had had his bitter experiences: think only of one instance. In 1652, the incredible Law of *Liberum Veto* had been introduced, in spite of John and his endeavours. *Liberum Veto;* the power of one man to stop the proceedings of Polish Parliament by pronouncing audibly "*Nie pozwalam*, I don't permit!"—never before or since among mortals was so incredible a Law. Law standing indisputable, nevertheless, on the Polish Statute-Book for above two hundred years: like an ever-flowing fountain of Anarchy, joyful to the Polish Nation. How they got any business done at all, under such a Law? Truly they did but little; and for the last thirty years as good

[19] 'Died 16th December 1672, age 63.'

as none. But if Polish Parliament was universally in earnest to do some business, and Veto came upon it, Honourable Members, I observe, gathered passionately round the vetoing Brother; conjured, obtested, menaced, wept, prayed; and, if the case was too urgent and insoluble otherwise, the *Nie pozwalam* Gentleman still obstinate, they plunged their swords through him, and in that way brought consent. The commoner course was to dissolve and go home again, in a tempest of shrieks and curses.

The Right of Confederation, too, is very curious: do readers know it? A free Polack gentleman, aggrieved by anything that has occurred or been enacted in his Nation, has the right of swearing, whether absolutely by himself I know not, but certainly with two or three others of like mind, that he will not accept said occurrence or enactment, and is hereby got into arms against its abettors and it. The brightest jewel in the cestus of Polish Liberty is this right of confederating; and it has been, till of late, and will be now again practised to all lengths: right of every Polish gentleman to confederate with every other against, or for, whatsoever to them two may seem good; and to assert their particular view of the case by fighting for it against all comers, King and Diet included. It must be owned, there never was in Nature such a Form of Government before; such a mode of social existence, rendering "government" impossible for some generations past.

On the strength of Saxony and its resources and connections, the two Augusts had contrived to exist with the name of Kings; with the name, but with little or nothing more. Under this last August, as we heard, there have been about forty Diets, and in not one of them the least thing of business done; all the forty, after trying their best, have stumbled on *Nie pozwalam*, and been obliged to vanish in shrieks and curses.[20] As to August the Physically Strong, such treatment had he met with,—poor August, if readers remember, had made up his mind to partition Poland; to give away large sections of it in purchase of the consent of neighbours, and plant himself hereditarily in the central part;—and would have done so, had not Grumkow and he drunk so deep, and death by inflammation of the foot suddenly come upon the poor man. Some Partition

[20] Buchholz (*Preussisch-Brandenburgische Geschichte*, ii. 133, 154, &c. &c.) gives various samples, and this enumeration.

of Poland has been more than once thought of by practical people concerned. Poland, as 'a house chronically smoking through the slates,' which usually brings a new European War every time it changes King, does require to be taken charge of by its neighbours.

Latterly, as we observed, there has been little of confederating; indeed, for the last thirty years, as Rulhière copiously informs us, there has been no Government, consequently no mutiny needed; little or no National business of any kind,—the Forty Diets having all gone the road we saw. Electing of the Judges,—that, says Rulhière, and wearisomely teaches by example again and ever again, has always been an interesting act, in the various Provinces of Poland; not with the hope of getting fair or upright Judges, but Judges that will lean in the desirable direction. In a Country overrun with endless lawsuits, debts, credits, feudal intricacies, claims, liabilities, how important to get Judges with the proper bias! And these once got, or lost till next term,—what is there to hope or to fear? Russia does our Politics, fights her Seven-Years War across us; and we, happy we, have no fighting;—never till this of Courland was there the least ill-nature from Russia! We are become latterly the peaceable stepping-stone of Russia into Europe and out of it;—what may be called the door-mat of Russia, useful to her feet, when she is about paying visits or receiving them! That is not a glorious fact, if it be a safe and 'lucky' one; nor do the Polish Notabilities at all phrase it in that manner. But a fact it is; which has shown itself complete in the late Czarina's and late August's time, and which had been on the growing hand ever since Peter the Great gained his Battle of Pultawa, and rose to the ascendency, instead of Karl and Sweden.

The Poles put fine colours on all this; and are much contented with themselves. The Russians they regard as intrinsically an inferior barbarous people; and to this day you will hear indignant Polack Gentlemen bursting out in the same strain: "Still barbarian, sir; no culture, no literature,"—inferior because they do not make verses equal to ours! How it may be with the verses, I will not decide: but the Russians are inconceivably superior in respect that they have, to a singular degree among Nations, the gift of obeying, of being commanded. Polack Chivalry sniffs at the mention of such a gift. Polack Chivalry got sore stripes for wanting this gift. And in the end,

got striped to death, and flung out of the world, for continuing blind to the want of it, and never acquiring it. Beyond all the verses in Nature, it is essential to every Chivalry and Nation and Man. 'Polite Polish Society for the last thirty years has 'felt itself to be in a most halcyon condition,' says Rulhière:[21] 'given up to the agreeable, and to that only;' charming evening-parties, and a great deal of flirting; full of the benevolences, the philanthropies, the new ideas,—given up especially to the pleasing idea of "*Laissez-faire*, and everything will come right of itself." "What a discovery!" said every liberal Polish mind: "for thousands of years, how people did torment themselves trying to steer the ship; never knowing that the plan was, To let-go the helm, and honestly sit down to your mutual amusements and powers of pleasing!"

To this condition of beautifully phosphorescent rot-heap has Poland ripened, in the helpless reigns of those poor Augusts;—the fulness of time not now far off, one would say? It would complete the picture, could I go into the state of what is called "Religion" in Poland. Dissenterism, of various poor types, is extensive; and, over against it, is such a type of Jesuit Fanaticism as has no fellow in that day. Of which there have been truly savage and sanguinary outbreaks, from time to time; especially one at Thorn, forty years ago, which shocked Friedrich Wilhelm and the whole Protestant world.[22] Polish Orthodoxy, in that time, and perhaps still in ours, is a thing worth noting. A late Tourist informs me, he saw on the streets of Stettin, not long since, a drunk human creature staggering about, who seemed to be a Baltic Sailor, just arrived; the dirtiest, or among the dirtiest, of mankind; who, as he reeled along, kept slapping his hands upon his breast, and shouting, in exultant soliloquy, "Polack, Catholik!" *I* am a Pole and Orthodox, ye inferior two-legged entities!—In regard to the Jesuit Fanaticisms, at Thorn and elsewhere, no blame can attach to the poor Augusts, who always leant the other way, what they durst or could. Nor is speciality of blame due to them on any score; it was "like People, like King," all along;—and they, such their luck, have lived to bring in the fulness of time.

The Saxon Electors are again aspirants for this enviable

[21] Rulhière, i. 216 (a noteworthy passage).
[22] See suprà, ii. 144 (and many old Pamphlets on it).

Throne. We have seen the beautiful Electress zealously soliciting Friedrich for help in that project; Friedrich, in a dextrously graceful manner, altogether declining. Hereditary Saxons are not to be the expedient this time, it would seem; a grandiose Czarina has decided otherwise. Why should not she? She and all the world are well aware, Russia has been virtual lord of Poland this long time. Credible enough that Russia intends to continue so; and also that it will be able, without very much expenditure of new contrivance for that object.

So far as can be guessed and assiduously deduced from *Rulhière*, with your best attention, Russian Catharine's interference seems first of all to have been grounded on the grandiose philanthropic principle. Astonishing to the liberal mind; yet to appearance true. Rulhière nowhere says so; but that is gradually one's own perception of the matter; no other refuge for you out of flat inconceivability. Philanthropic principle, we say, which the Voltaires and Sages of that Epoch are prescribing as one's duty and one's glory: "Oh ye Kings, why won't you do good to mankind, then?" Catharine, a kind of She-Louis Quatorze, was equal to such a thing. To put one's cast Lover into a throne,—poor soul, console him in that manner;—and reduce the long-dissentient Country to blessed composure under him: what a thing! Foolish Poniatowski, an empty, windy creature, redolent of macassar and the finer sensibilities of the heart: him she did make King of Poland; but to reduce the long-dissentient Country to composure,—that was what she could not do. Countries in that predicament are sometimes very difficult to compose. The Czarina took, for above five years, a great deal of trouble, without losing patience. The Czarina, after every new effort, perceived with astonishment that she was farther from success than ever. With astonishment; and gradually with irritation, thickening and mounting towards indignation.

There is no reason to believe that the grandiose Woman handled, or designed to handle, a doomed Poland in the merciless feline-diabolic way set forth with wearisome loud reiteration in those distracted Books; playing with the poor Country as cat does with mouse; now lifting her fell paw, letting the poor mouse go loose in floods of celestial joy and hope without limit; and always clutching the hapless creature back into

the blackness of death, before eating and ending it. Reason first is, that the Czarina, as we see her elsewhere, never was in the least a Cat or a Devil, but a mere Woman; already virtual proprietress of Poland, and needing little contrivance to keep it virtually hers. Reason second is, that she had not the gift of prophecy, and could not foreknow the Polish events of the next ten years, much less shape them out beforehand, and preside over them, like a Devil or otherwise, in the way supposed.

My own private conjecture, I confess, has rather grown to be, on much reading of those *Rulhières* and distracted Books, that the Czarina,—who was a grandiose creature, with considerable magnanimities, natural and acquired; with many ostentations, some really great qualities and talents; in effect, a kind of She-Louis Quatorze (if the reader will reflect on that Royal Gentleman, and put him into petticoats in Russia, and change his improper females for improper males),—that the Czarina, very clearly resolute to keep Poland hers, had determined with herself to do something very handsome in regard to Poland; and to gain glory, both with the enlightened Philosophe classes and with her own proud heart, by her treatment of that intricate matter. "On the one hand," thinks she, or let us fancy she thinks, "here is Poland; a Country fallen bedrid amid Anarchies, curable or incurable; much tormented with religious intolerance at this time, hateful to the philosophic mind; a hateful fanaticism growing upon it for forty years past" (though it is quite against Polish Law); "and the cries of oppressed Dissidents" (Dissenters, chiefly of the Protestant and of the Greek persuasion) "becoming more and more distressing to hear. And, on the other hand, here is Poniatowski who, who—!"—

Readers have not forgotten the handsome, otherwise extremely paltry, young Polack, Stanislaus Poniatowski, whom Excellency Williams took with him 8 or 9 years ago, ostensibly as "Secretary of Legation," unostensibly as something very different? Handsome Stanislaus did duly become Lover of the Grand Duchess; and has duly, in the course of Nature, some time ago (date uncertain to me), become discarded Lover; the question rising, What is to be done with that elegant inane creature, and his vaporous sentimentalisms and sublime sorrows and disappointments? "Let us make him

King of Poland!" said the Czarina, who was always much the gentleman with her discarded Lovers (more so, I should say, than Louis Quatorze with his;—and indeed it is computed they cost her in direct moneys about twenty millions sterling, —being numerous and greedy; but never the least tiff of scolding or ill language):[23]—"King of Poland, with furnishings, and set him handsomely up in the world! We will close the Dissident Business for him, cure many a curable Anarchy of Poland, to the satisfaction of Voltaire and all leading spirits of mankind. He shall have outfit of Russian troops, poor creature; and be able to put-down Anarchies, and show himself a useful and grateful Viceroy for us there. Outfit of 10,000 troops, a wise Russian Manager: and the Question of the Dissidents to be settled as the first glory of his reign!"

Ingenuous readers are invited to try, in their diffuse vague *Rulhières*, and unintelligible shrieky Polish Histories, whether this notion does not rise on them as a possible human explanation, more credible than the feline-diabolic one, which needs withal such a foreknowledge, *un*attainable by cat or devil? Poland must not rise to be too strong a Country, and turn its back on Russia. No, truly; nor, except by miraculous suspension of the Laws of Nature, is there danger of that. But neither need Poland lie utterly lame and prostrate, useless to Russia; and be tortured on its sick-bed with Dissident Questions and Anarchies, curable by a strong Sovereign, of whom much is expected by Voltaire and the leading spirits of mankind.

What we shall have to say with perfect certainty, and what alone concerns us in our own affair, is, *first*, that Catharine did proceed by this method, of crowning, fitting-out and otherwise setting-up Stanislaus; did attempt settlement (and at one time thought she had settled) the Dissident Question and some curable Anarchies,—but stirred up such legions of incurable, waxing on her hands, day after day, year after year, as were abundantly provoking and astonishing:—and that within the next eight years she had arrived, with Poland and her cargo of anarchies, at results which struck the whole world dumb. Dumb with astonishment, for some time; and then into tempests of vociferation more or less delirious, which have never

[23] Castéra (*Vie de Catharine II*) has an elaborate Appendix on this part of his subject.

yet quite ended, though sinking gradually to lower and lower stages of human vocality. Fact *first* is abundantly manifest. Nor is fact *second* any longer doubtful, That King Friedrich, in regard to all this, till a real crisis elsewhere had risen, took little or no visible interest whatever; had one unvarying course of conduct, that of punctually following Czarish Majesty in every respect; instructing his Minister at Warsaw always to second and reinforce the Russian one, as his one rule of policy in that Country,—whose distracted procedures, imbecilities and anarchies, are, beyond this point of keeping well with a grandiose Czarina concerned in it, of no apparent practical interest to Prussia or its King.

Friedrich, for a long time, passed with the Public for contriver of the Catastrophe of Poland,—"felonious mortal," "monster of maleficence," and what not, in consequence. Rulhière, whose notion of him is none of the friendliest nor correctest, acquits him of this atrocity; declares him, till the very end, mainly or altogether passive in it. Which I think is a little more than the truth,—and only a little, as perhaps may appear by and by. Beyond dispute, these Polish events did at last grow interesting enough to Prussia and its King;—and it will be our task, sufficient in this place, to extricate and riddle-out what few of these had any cardinal or notable quality, and put them down (dated, if possible, and in intelligible form), as pertinent to throwing light on this distressing matter, with careful exclusion of the immense mass which can throw only darkness.

Ex-Lover Poniatowski becomes King of Poland (7th Sept. 1764), *and is crowned without Loss of his Hair.*

Warsaw, 7th September 1764, Stanislaus Poniatowski, by what management of an Imperial Catharine upon an anarchic Nation readers shall imagine *ad libitum*, was elected, what they call elected, King of Poland. Of course there had been preliminary Diets of Convocation, much dieting, demonstrating and electing of imaginary members of Diet,—only "ten persons massacred" in the business. There was a Saxon Party; but no counter-candidate of that or any other nation. King Friedrich, solicited by a charming Electress-Dowager, decides to remain accurately passive. Polish emissaries came entreating him. A certain Mockranowski, who had been a soldier under him (never of much mark in that capacity, though now a flamingly conspicuous "General" and Politician, in the new scene he has got into), came

passionately entreating (Potsdam, Summer of 1764, is all the date), "*Donnez-nous le Prince Henri*, Give us Prince Henri for a King!" the sound of which almost made Friedrich turn pale: "Have you spoken or hinted of this to the Prince?" "No, your Majesty." "Home, then, instantly; and not a whisper of it again to any mortal!"[24] which, they say, greatly irritated Prince Henri, and left a permanent sore-place in his mind, when he came to hear of it long after.

'A question rises here,' says one of my Notes, which perhaps I had better have burnt: 'At or about what dates did this glorious Poniatowski become Lover of the Grand-Duchess, and then become Ex-Lover? Nobody will say; or perhaps can?[25] Would have been a small satisfaction to us, and it is denied! "Ritter Williams" (that is, Hanbury) must have produced him at Petersburg some time in 1756; "11th January 1757," finding it would suit, Poniatowski appeared there on his own footing as "Ambassador from Warsaw,"—(easy to get that kind of credential from a devoted Warsaw, if you are succeeding at the Court of Petersburg; Warsaw watchfully makes that the rule of distributing its honours; and, from freezing-point upwards, is the most delicate thermometer,' says Hermann somewhere). And this is our one date, 'Poniatowski in business, *Spring* 1757;' of 'Poniatowski fallen bankrupt,' date is totally wanting.

'Poniatowski's age is 32 gone;—how long out of Russia, readers have to guess. Made his first public appearance on the streets of Warsaw, in the late Election time, as a Captain of Patriot Volunteers,—"Independence of Poland! Shall Poland be dictated to!" cried Stanislaus and an indignant Public at one stage of the affair. His Uncles Czartoryski were piloting him in; and in that mad element, the cries, and shiftings of tack, had to be many.[26] He is Nephew, by his mother, of these Czartoryskis; but is not by the father of very high family. "Ought he to be King of Poland?" argued some Polish Emissary at Petersburg: "His Grandfather was Land-steward to the Sapiehas." "And if he himself had been it!" said the Empress, inflexible, though with a blush.—It seems the family was really good, though fallen poor; and, since that Land-steward phasis, had bloomed well out again. His Father was conspicuous as a busy, shifting kind of man, in the Charles-Twelfth and other troubles; had died two years ago, as "Castellan of Cracow;" always a dear friend of Stanislaus Leczinski, who gets his death two years hence' (in 1766, as we have seen).

'King Stanislaus Poniatowski had five Brothers: two of them dead long before this time; a third, still alive, was Bishop of Something, Abbot of Something; ate his revenues in peace, and demands silence from us. The other two, Casimir and Andreas, are better worth

[24] Rulhière, ii. 268; Hermann, vi. 355-364.
[25] Preuss (iv. 12) seems to try, but does not succeed.
[26] In *Hermann*, v. 362-380 (still more in *Rulhière*, ii. 119-289), wearisome account of every particular.

25th Nov. 1764.

'naming,—especially the Son of one of them is. Casimir, the eldest, 'is "Grand Crown-Chamberlain" in the days now coming, is also '"Starost of Zips" (a Country you may note the name of!)—"and 'has a Son," who is *not* the remarkable one. Andreas, the second 'Brother (died 1773), was in the Austrian Service, "Ordnance-Master," 'and a man of parts and weight;—who has been here at Warsaw, 'ardently helping, in the late Election time. He too had a Son (at 'this time a child in arms),—who is really the remarkable "Nephew 'of King Stanislaus," and still deserves a word from us.

'This Nephew, bred as an Austrian soldier, like his Father, is the '*Joseph Poniatowski*, who was very famous in the Newspapers fifty 'years ago. By all appearance, a man of some real patriotism, energy 'and worth. He had tried to believe (though, I think, never rightly 'able) what his omnipotent Napoleon had promised him, That extinct 'Poland should be resuscitated; and he fought and strove very fiercely, 'his Poles and he, in that faith or half-faith. And perished, fiercely 'fighting for Napoleon, fiercely covering Napoleon's retreat when his 'game was lost: horse and man plunged into the Elster River (Leipzig 'Country, October 19th, 1813, evening of the "Battle of the Nations" 'there), and sank forever;—and the last gleam of Poland along with 'him.[27] Not even a momentary gleam of hope for her, in the sane or 'half-sane kind, since that,—though she now and then still tries it in 'the insane: the more to my regret, for her and others!

'Besides these three Brothers, King Stanislaus had two Sisters 'still living: one of them Wife of a very high Zamoiski; the other of 'a ditto Branicki (pronounce Braniźski)—him whom our German 'Books call *Krou-Grossfeldherr*, "Grand Crown-General," if the Crown 'have any soldiers at all; the sublime, debauched old Branicki, of 'whom Rulhière is continually talking, and never reports anything 'but futilities in a futile manner. So much is futile, and not worth 'reporting, in this Polish element!—King Stanislaus himself was born '17th January 1732; played King of shreds and patches till 1790,—or 'even farther (not till 1795 did Catharine pluck the paper tabard quite 'off him); he died in Petersburg February 11th or 12th, 1798.' After such a life!—

Stanislaus was crowned 25th November 1764. He needs, as preliminary, to be anointed, on the bare scalp of him, with holy oil before crowning; ought to have his head close-shaved with that view. Stanislaus, having an uncommonly fine head of hair, shuddered at the barbarous idea; absolutely would not: whereupon delay, consultation; and at length some artificial scalp, or second skull, of pasteboard or dyed leather, was contrived for the poor man, which comfortably took the oiling in a vicarious way, with the ambrosial locks well packed out of sight under it, and capable of flowing out again next day, as if nothing had happened.[28] Not a sublime specimen of Ornamental Human

[27] *Biographie Universelle* (§ Poniatowski, Joseph), xxxv. 349-359. [28] Rulhière.

Nature, this poor Stanislaus! Ornamental wholly: the body of him, and the mind of him, got-up for representation; and terribly plucked to pieces on the stage of the world. You may try to drop a tear over him, but will find mostly that you cannot.

For several Years the Dissident Question cannot be got settled; Confederation of Radom (23d June 1767—5th March 1768) *pushes it into Settlement.*

For several years after this feat of the false scalp, through long volumes, wearisome even in *Rulhière*, there turns-up nothing which can now be called memorable. The settling of the Dissident Question proves extremely tedious to an impatient Czarina; as to curing of the other curable Anarchies, there is absolutely nothing but a knitting-up by A, with a ravelling-out again by B, and no progress discernible whatever. Impatient Czarina ardently pushes on some Dissident settlement,—seconded by King Friedrich and the chief Protestant Courts, London included, and by the European leading spirits everywhere,—through endless difficulties: finds native Orthodoxy an unexpectedly stiff matter; Bishops generally having a fanaticism which is wonderful to think of, and which keeps mounting higher and higher. Till at length there will Images of the Virgin take to weeping,—as they generally do in such cases, when in the vicinity of brewhouses and conveniences;[29]—a Carmelite Monk go about the country working miracles; and, in short, an extremely ugly phasis of religious human nature disclose itself to the afflicted reader. King Friedrich thinks, had it not been for this Dissident Question, things would have taken their old Saxon complexion, and Poland might have rotted on as heretofore, perhaps a good while longer.

As to the knitting-up and ravelling-out again, which is called curing of the other anarchies, no reader can or need say anything: it seems to be a most painful knitting-up, by the Czartoryskis chiefly, then an instant ravelling-out by malign Opposition parties of various indistinct complexion; the knitting, the ravelling, and the malign Opposition parties, alike indistinct and without interest to mankind. A certain drunken, rather brutal Phantasm of a Prince Radzivil, who hates the Czartoryskis, and is dreadfully given to drink, to wasteful ambitions and debaucheries, figures much in these businesses; is got banished and confiscated, by some Confederation formed; then, by new Confederations, is recalled and reinstated,—worse if possible than ever. The thing is reality; but it reads like a Phantasmagory produced by Lapland Witches, under presidency of Diabolus (very certainly the Devil presiding, as you see at all turns),—and is not worth understanding, were it even easy.

Much semi-intelligible, wholly forgettable stuff about King Stanis-

[29] Nicolai, in his *Travels over Germany*, doggedly undertook to overhaul one of those weeping Virgins (somewhere in Austria, I think); and found her, he says, to depend on subterranean percolation of steam from a Brewery not far off.

23d June 1767-5th March 1768.

laus and his difficulties, and his duplicities and treacherous imbecilities,[30] now of interest to no mortal. Stanislaus is at one time out with the uncles Czartoryski, at another in with these worthy gentlemen: a man not likely to cure Anarchies, unless wishing would do it. On the Dissident Question itself he needs spurring: a King of liberal ideas, yes; but with such flames of fanaticism under the nose of him. In regard to the Dissident and all other curative processes he is languid, evasive, for moments recalcitrant to Russian suggestions; a lost imbecile, —forget him, with or without a tear. He has still a good deal of so-called gallantry on his hands; flies to his harem when outside things go contradictory.[31] Think of malign Journalists printing this bit of Letter at one time, to do him ill in a certain quarter: "Oh, come to "me, my Princess! Dearer than all Empresses:—imperial charms, "what were they to thine for a heart that has—" with more of the like stuff, for a Czarina's behoof.

Winter of 1766, Imperial Majesty, whether after or before that miraculous Carmelite Monk, I do not remember, became impatient of these tedious languors and tortuosities about the Dissident Question, and gave express order, "Settle it straightway!" To which end, Confederations and the other machinery were set agoing: Confederations among the Protestants and Dissidents themselves, about Thorn and such places (got-up by Russian engineering), and much more extensively in the Lithuanian parts; Confederations of great extent, imperative, minatory; ostensibly for reinstating these poor people in their rights (which, by old Polish Law, they quite expressly were, if that were any matter), but in reality for bringing back drunken Radzivil, who has covenanted to carry that measure. And so,

June 23d, 1767, These multiplex Polish-Lithuanian Confederations, twenty-four of them in all, with their sublime marshals and officials, and above 80,000 noblemen in them, meet by deputies at Radom, a convenient little Town within wind of Warsaw (lies 60 miles to south of Warsaw); and there coalesce into one general "Confederation of Radom,"[32] with drunken Radzivil atop, who, glad to be reinstated in his ample Domains and Wine-cellars, and willing at any rate to spite the Czartoryskis and others, has pledged himself to carry that great measure in Diet, and quash any *Nie pozwalams* and difficulties there may be. This is the once world-famous, now dimly discoverable, *Confederation of Radom*, which,—by preparatory declaring, under its hand and seal, That the Law of the Land must again become valid, and 'Free Polacks of Dissident opinions concerning Religion (*Nos dissidentes de religione*),' as the old Law phrases it, 'shall have equal rights of citizenship,'—was beautifully instrumental in achieving that bit of Human Progress, and pushing it through the Diet, and its difficulties shortly ensuing.

Not that the Diet did not need other vigorous treatment as well,

[30] Hermann, v. 400, &c.; Rulhière *passim*.
[31] Hermann, v. 402, &c.
[32] Hermann, v. 420.

the flame of fanaticism being frightfully ardent; many of the poor Bishops having run nearly frantic at this open spoliation of Mother Church, and snatching of the sword from Peter. So that Imperial Majesty had to decide on picking out a dozen, or baker's dozen, of the hottest Bishops; and carrying them quietly into Russia under lock and key, till the thing were done. Done it was, surely to the infinite relief of mankind;—I cannot say precisely on what day: October 13th-14th (locking-up of the dozen Bishops), was one vital epoch of it; November 19th, 1767 (report of Committee on it, under Radzivil's and Russia's coercion), was another: first and last it took about five months baking in Diet. Diet met Oct. 4th, 1767, Radzivil controlling as Grand-Marshal, and Russia as minatory Phantom controlling Radzivil; Diet, after adjournments, after one long adjournment, disappeared 5th March 1768; and of work mentionable it had done this of the Dissidents only. That of contributing to 'the sovereign contempt with which King Stanislaus is regarded by all ranks of men,' is hardly to be called peculiar work or peculiarly mentionable.

At this point, to relieve the reader's mind, and, at any rate, as the date is fully come, we will introduce a small *Newspaper Article* from a very high hand, little guessed till long afterwards as the writer,—namely, from King Friedrich's own. It does not touch on the Dissident Question, or the Polish troubles; but does, in a backhanded way, on Prussian Rumours rising about them; and may obliquely show more of the King's feeling on that subject than we quite suppose. It seems the King had heard that the Berlin people were talking and rumouring of "a War being just at hand;" whereupon—'*March 5th*, 1767, *in the Vossische Zeitung* (Voss's Chronicle), No. 28,' an inquisitive Berlin Public read as follows:

'We are advised from Potsdam, that, on the 27th of February, to-
'wards evening, the sky began to get overcast; black clouds, presaging
'a tempest of unexampled fury, covered all the horizon: the thunder,
'with its lightnings, forked bolts of amazing brilliancy, burst out; and,
'under its redoubled peals, there descended such a torrent of hail as
'within man's memory had not been seen. Of two bullocks yoked in
'their plough, with which a peasant was hastening home, one was
'struck on the head by a piece of it, and killed outright. Many of the
'common people were wounded in the streets; a brewer had his arm
'broken. Roofs are destroyed by the weight of this hail; all the win-
'dows that looked windward while it fell were broken. In the streets,
'hailstones were found of the size of pumpkins (*citrouilles*), which had not
'quite melted two hours after the storm ceased. This singular phenome-
'non has made a very great impression. Scientific people say, the air
'had not buoyancy enough to support these solid masses when congealed
'to ice; that the small hailstones in these clouds getting so lashed
'about in the impetuosity of the winds, had united the more the farther
'they fell, and had not acquired that enormous magnitude till com-

28th March-6th Oct. 1768.

'paratively near the earth. Whatever way it may have happened, it 'is certain that occurrences of that kind are rare, and almost without 'example.'[33]

Another singularity is, 'Professor Johann Daniel Titius of Wittenberg,' who teaches *Natural Philosophy* in that famous University, one may judge with what effect, wrote a Monograph on this unusual Phenomenon![34]

Confederation of Bar ensues, on the per-contra side (March 28th, 1768); *and, as first Result of its Achievements* (October 6th, 1768), *a Turk-Russian War.*

The Confederation of Radom, and its victorious Diet, had hardly begun their Song of Triumph, when there ensued on the per-contra side a flaming *Confederation of Bar*;—which, by successive stages, does at last burn-out the Anarchies of Poland, and reduce them to ashes. Confederation of Bar; and then, as progeny of that, for and against, such a brood of Confederations, orthodox, heterodox, big, little, short-lived, long-lived, of all complexions and degrees of noisy fury, potent, at any rate, each of them for murder and arson, within a certain radius, as the Earth never saw before. Now was the time of those inextricable marchings (as inroads and outroads) through the Lithuanian Bogs, of those death-defiant, unparalleled exploits, skirmishings, scaladings, riding by the edge of precipices, of Pulawski, Potocki and others,—in which Rulhière loses himself and turns on his axis, amid impatient readers.

For the Russian troops (summoned by a trembling Stanislaus and his Senate, in terms of Treaty 1764), and in more languid manner, the Stanislaus soldiery, as per law of the case, proceeded to strike in,—generally, my impression was, with an eye to maintain the King's Peace and keep-down murder and arson:—and sure enough, the small bodies of drilled Russians blew an infuriated orthodox Polack chivalry to right and left at a short notice; but as to the Constable's Peace or King's, made no improvement upon that, far the reverse. It is certain the Confederate chivalry were driven about, at a terrible rate,—over the Turk frontier for shelter; began to appeal to the Grand Turk, in desperate terms: "Brother of the Sun and Moon, saw you ever such a chance for finishing Russia? Polack chivalry is Orthodox Catholic, but also it is Anti-Russian!" The Turk beginning to give ear to it, made the matter pressing and serious. Here, more specifically, are some features and successive phases,—unless the reader prefer to skip.

'*Bar, March* 1768. The Confederation of Radom, as efficient pre-'liminary, and chief agent in that Diet of emancipation to the Dissident 'human mind, might long have been famous over Poland and the

[33] *Vossische Zeitung*, ubi suprà; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xv. 204.

[34] Rödenbeck (ii. 285) gives the Title of it, '*Considerations on the Potsdam Hail of Last Year* (Wittenberg, 1768).'

'world; but there instantly followed as corollary to it a *Confederation* 'of Bar, which quite dimmed the fame of Radom, and indeed of all 'Confederations prior or posterior! As the Confederation of Bar and 'its Doings, or rather sufferings and tragical misdoings and undoings, 'still hang like fitful spectralities, or historical shadows, of a vague 'ghastly complexion, in the human memory, one asks at least: Since 'they were on this Planet, tell us where? Bar is in the Waiwodship 'Podol (what we call Podolia), some 400 miles south-east of Warsaw; 'not far from the Dniester River:—not very far from that mystery of 'the Dniester, the Zaporavian Cossacks,—from those rapids or cata-'racts (quasi-cataracts of the Dniester, with Islands in them, where 'those Cossack robbers live unassailable):—across the Dniester lies 'Turkey, and its famed fortress of Choczim. This is a commodious 'station for Polish Gentlemen intending mutiny by law.

'*March 8th*, 1768, Three short days after the Diet of Radom had 'done its fine feat, and retired to privacy, news come to Warsaw, 'That Podolia and the Southern parts are all up, confederating with 'the highest animation; in hot rage against such decision of a Diet, 'contrary to Holy Religion and to much else; and that the said deci-'sion will have to fight for itself, now that it has done voting. This 'interesting news is true; and goes on intensifying and enlarging itself, 'one dreadful Confederation springing up, and then another and ever 'another, day after day; till at last we hear that on the 27th of the 'month, *March 27th*, 1768, at Bar, a little Town on the Southern or 'Turkish Frontier, all these more or less dreadful Confederations have 'met by delegates, and coalesced into one "Confederation of Bar," '—which did surely prove dreadful enough, to itself especially, in the 'months now ensuing!'

No history of Bar Confederation shall we dream of; far be such an attempt from us. It consists of many Confederations, and out of each, *pro* and *contra*, spring many. Like the Lernean Hydra, or even Hydras in a plural condition. A many-headed dog: and how many whelps it had,—I cannot give even the cipher of them, or I would! One whelp Confederation, that of Cracow, is distinguished by having frequently or generally been "drunk;" and of course its procedures had often a vinous character.[35] I fancy to have read somewhere that the number of them was one hundred and twenty-five. The rumour and the furious barking of Bar and its whelps goes into all lands: such rabid loud baying at mankind and the moon; and then, under Russia's treat-ment, such shrill yelping and shrieking, was not heard in the world before, though perhaps it has since.

Poor *Bar's* exploits in the fighting way were highly inconsiderable; all on the same scale; and spread over such a surface of country, mostly unknown, as renders it impossible to give them head-room, were you never so unfurnished. They can be read in eloquent Rulhière; but by

[35] In *Hermann* (v. 431-448); and especially in *Rulhière* (ii. livre 8 et seq.), details in superabundance.

no mortal held in memory. Anarchy is not a thing to be written of: a Lernean Hydra, several Lernean Hydras, in chaotic genesis, getting their heads lopped off, and at the same time sprouting new ones in such ratio, where is the Zoologist that will give account of it? There was not anything considerable of fighting; but of bullying, plundering, murdering and being murdered, a frightful amount. There are seizures of castles, convents, defensible houses; marches at a rate like that of antelopes, through the Lithuanian parts, boggy, hungry, boundless, opening to the fancy the Infinitude of Peat, in the solid and the fluid state. This, perhaps, is the finest species of feats, though they never lead to anything. There are heroes famed for these marches.

The Pulawskis, for example,—four of them, Lawyer people,—showed much activity, and a talent for impromptu soldiering, in that kind. The Magnates of the Confederation, I was surprised to learn, had all quitted it, the instant it came to strokes: "You Lawyer people, with your priests and orthodox peasantries, you do the fighting part; ours is the consulting!" And except Potocki (and he worse than none), there is presently not a Magnate of them left in Poland,—the rest all gone across the Austrian Border, to Teschen; to Bilitz, a handy little town and domain in that Duchy of Teschen;—and sit there as "Committee of Government:" much at their ease in comparison, could they but agree among themselves, which they cannot. Bilitz is one of the many domains of Magnate Sulkowski:—do readers recollect the Sulkowski who at one time "declared War" on King Friedrich; and was picked up, both War and he, so compendiously by General Goltz, and locked in Glogau to cool? This is the same Sulkowski; much concerned now in these matters; a rich Magnate, glad to see his friends about him as Governing Committee; but gets, and gives, a great deal of vexation in it, the element proving again too hot!—

I said there were four famed Pulawskis;[36] a father, once Advocate in Warsaw, with three sons and a nephew; who, though extremely active people, could do no good whatever. The father Pulawski had the fine idea of introducing the British Constitution; clothing Poland wholly in British tailorage, and so making it a new Poland: but he never could get it done. This poor gentleman died in Turkish prison, flung into jail at Constantinople, on calumnious accusation and contrivance by a rival countryman; his sons and nephew, poor fellows, all had their fame, more or less, in the Cause of Freedom so-called; but no other profit in this world, that I could hear of. Casimir, the eldest son, went to America; died there, still in the Cause of Freedom so-called; Fort Pulawski, in the Harbour of Charleston (which is at present, on very singular terms, *re*ëngaged in the same so-called Cause!), was named in memory of this Casimir. He had defended Czenstochow (if anybody knew what Czenstochow was, or could find it in the Polish map); and it was also he that contrived that wonderful plan of suddenly snapping-up King Stanislaus from the streets of Warsaw one night,[37]

[36] Hermann, v. 465.

[37] '3d November 1771.'

and of locking him away (by no means killing him), as the source of all our woes. O my Pulawskis, men not without manhood, what a bedlam of a Time have you and I fallen into, and what Causes of Freedom it has got in hand!

Bar, a poor place, with no defences but a dry ditch and some miserable earthworks, the Confederates had not the least chance to maintain; Kaminiec, the only fortress of the Province, they never even got into, finding some fraction of royal soldiery who stood for King Stanislaus there, and who fired on the Confederates when applied to. Bar a small Russian division, with certain Stanislaus soldieries conjoined, took by capitulation; and (date not given) entered in a victorious manner. The War-Epic of the Confederates, which Rulhière sings at such length, is blank of meaning.

Of "Cloister Czenstochow," a famed feat of Pulawski's, also without result, I could not from my Rulhière discover (what was altogether an illuminative fact to me!) that the date of Czenstochow was not till 1771. A feat of "Cloister *Berdiczow*," almost an exact fac-simile by the same Pulawski, also resultless, I did, under Hermann's guidance, at once find;—and hope the reader will be satisfied to accept it instead: Cloister Berdiczow, which lies in the Palatinate of Kiow; and which has a miraculous Holy Virgin, not less venerated far and wide in those eastern parts, than she of Cloister Czenstochow in the western: *this* Cloister Berdiczow and its salutary Virgin, Pulawski (the Casimir, now of Charleston Harbour) did defend, with about 1,000 men, in a really obstinate way. The Monastery itself had in it gifts of the faithful, accumulated for ages; and all the richest people in those Provinces, Confederate or not, had lodged their preciosities there, as in an impregnable and sure place, in those times of trouble. Intensely desirous, accordingly, the Russians were to take it, but had no cannon; desperately resolute Pulawski and his 1,000 to defend. Pulawski and his 1,000 fired intensely, till their cannon-balls were quite done; then took to firing with ironwork, and hard miscellanies of every sort, especially glad when they could get a haul of glass to load with;—and absolutely would not yield till famine came; though the terms offered were good, —had they been kept.

So that Pulawski, it would appear, did Two Cloister Defences? Two, each with a miraculous Holy Virgin; an eastern, and then a westerly. This of Berdiczow, not dated to me farther, is for certain of the year 1768; and Pulawski, owing to famine, did yield here. In 1771, at miraculous Cloister Czenstochow, in the western parts, Pulawski did an external feat, or consented to see it done,—that of trying to snuff-out poor King Stanislaus on the streets (3d November, 10 P.M., "miraculously" in vain, as most readers know),—which brought its obloquies and troubles on the Defender of Czenstochow. Obloquies and troubles: but as to surrendering Czenstochow on call of obloquy, or of famine itself, Pulawski would not, not he for his own part; but solemnly left his men to do it, and walked away by circuitous uncertain

paths, which end in Charleston Harbour, as we have seen.[38] Defence of Czenstochow in 1771 shall not concern us farther. Truly these two small defences of monasteries by Pulawski are almost all, I do not say of glorious, but even of creditable or human, that reward the poor wanderer in that Polish Valley of Jehosaphat, much of it peat-country; wherefore I have, as before, marked the approximate localities, approximate dates, for behoof of ingenuous readers.

The Russians, ever since 1764, from the beginnings of those Stanislaus times, are pledged to maintain peace in Poland; and it is they that have to deal with this affair,—they especially, or almost wholly, poor Stanislaus having scarcely any power, military or other, and perhaps being loath withal. There was more of investigating and parleying, bargaining and intriguing, than of fighting, on Stanislaus's part. 'June 11th, 1768,' says a Saxon Note from Warsaw, 'Mokranowski, 'Stanislaus's General' (the same that was with Friedrich), 'has been 'sent down to Bar to look into those Confederates. Mokranowski 'does not think there are above 8,000 of them; about 3,000 have got 'their death from Russian castigation. The 8,000 might be treated 'with, only Russians are so dreadfully severe, especially so intent on 'wringing money from them. Confederates have been complaining 'to the Turk; Turk ambiguous; gives them no definite ground of 'hope. "What, then, is your hope?" I enquired. "Little or none, 'except in Heaven," several answered: "it is for our religion and our 'liberty:" religion cut to pieces by this Dissident Toleration-blasphemy; 'liberty ditto by the Russian guarantee of peace among us: "what 'can we do but trust in God and our own despair?"[39] "Prave worts, Ancient Pistol,"—but much destitute of sense, and not to be realised in present circumstances. Here is something much more critical:

June—July 1768. 'The peasants in the Southern regions, Pala- 'tinates Podol, Kiow, Braclaw, called *Ukraine* or Border-Country by 'the Poles, are mostly of Greek and other schismatic creeds. Their 'Lords are of an orthodox religion, and not distinguished by mild 'treatment of such Peasantry, upon whom civil war and plunder have 'been latterly a sore visitation. To complete the matter, the Con- 'federates in certain quarters, blown-upon by fanatical priests, set 'about converting these poor peasants, or forcing them, at the point of 'the bayonet, to swear that they adopt the "Greek united rite," which 'I suppose to be a kind of halfway house towards perfect orthodoxy. 'In one Village, which was getting converted in this manner, the 'military party seemed to be small; the Village boiled over upon it; 'trampled orthodoxy and military both under foot, in a violent and 'sanguinary manner; and was extremely frightened when it had done. 'Extremely frightened, not the Village only, but the schismatic mind

[38] At Savannah, in a stricter sense. 'Perished at the Siege' (futile attempt to storm, by the French, which they called a Siege) 'of Savannah, 9th October 1779.'

[39] 'Essen's Report, 11th June 1768' (in *Hermann*, v. 441).

'generally in those parts, dreading vengeance for such a paroxysm. But 'the atrocious Russians whispered them, "We are here to protect you 'in your religions and rights, in your poor consciences and skins." 'Upon which hint of the atrocious Russians, the schismatic mind and 'population one and all rose; and, "with the cannibal's ferocity, gave 'way to their appetite for plunder!" * *

'Nay, the Russian Government' (certain Russian Officials hard pressed) 'had invited the Zaporavian Cossacks to step over from their 'Islands in the Dniester, and assist in defending their Religion' (true Greek, of course); 'who at once did so; and not only extinguished the 'last glimmer of Confederation there, but overwhelmed the Country, 'thousands on thousands of them, attended by revolted peasants,—say 'a 20,000 of peasants under command of these Zaporavians,—who 'went about plundering and burning. That they plundered the Jew 'pothouses of their brandy, and drank it, was a small matter. Very 'furious upon Jews, upon Noblemen, Landlords, upon Catholic Priests. '"On one tree" (tree should have been noted) "was found hanged a 'specimen of each of those classes, with a Dog adjoined, as fit com-'pany." In one little Town, Town of *Human*' (so-called in that foreign dialect), 'getting some provocation or other, they set to mas-'sacring; and if brandy were plentiful, we can suppose they made 'short work. By the lowest computation the number of slain Jews 'and Catholics amounted to 10,000 odd[40]—Rulhière says "50,000, by 'some accounts 200,000."' This I guess to have been at its height about the end of June; this leads direct to the catastrophe, as will presently be seen.

Foreign States don't seem to pay much attention,—indeed, what sane person would like to interfere, or hope to do it with profit? France, Austria, both wish well to Poland, at least ill to Russia; Choiseul has no finance, can do nothing but intrigue, and stir-up trouble everywhere: a devout Kaiserin goes with Holy Church, and disapproves of these Dissident Tolerations: it is remarked that all through 1768 the Confederates of Bar are permitted to retire over the Austrian Frontier into Austrian Silesia, and find themselves there in safety. Permitted to buy arms, to make preparations, issue orders: at Sulkowski's Bilitz, in the Duchy of Teschen, supreme Managing Committee sits there; no Kaunitz or Official person meddling with it. About the beginning of next year (1769), it is, ostensibly, a little discountenanced; and obliged to go to Eperjes, on the Hungarian Frontier[41] (as a more decent or less conspicuous place),—such trouble now rising; a Turk War having broken out, momentous not to the Confederation alone. March 1769, the ever-intriguing Choiseul,—fancy with what rapturous effect,—had sent some kind of Agent or Visitor to Teschen; Vergennes in Turkey, from the beginning of these things, has been plying night and day his diplomatic bellows upon every live-coal ("I who myself

[40] Hermann, v. 444; Rulhière, iii. 93.
[41] See Büsching: for Eperjes, ii. 1427; for Bilitz, viii. 885.

kindled this Turk-War!" brags he afterwards);—not till next year (1770) did Choiseul send his Dumouriez to the Bilitz neighbourhoods; not till next again, when Choiseul was himself out,[42] did his Vioménil come:[43] neither of whom, by their own head alone, without funds, without troops, could do other than with fine effort make bad worse.

It is needless continuing such a subject. Here is one glimpse two years later, and it shall be our last: '*Near Lublin, 25th September* '1770. It is frightful, all this that is passing in these parts,—about the 'Town of Labun, for example. The dead bodies remain without 'burial; they are devoured by the dogs and the pigs.' * * Every-'where reigns Pestilence; nor do we fear contagion so much as famine. 'Offer 100 ducats for a fowl or for a bit of bread, I swear you won't 'get it. General von Essen' (Russian, we will hope) 'has had to escape 'from Laticzew, then from' some other place, 'Pestilence chasing him 'everywhere.'

To apply to the Turks,—afflicted Polish Patriots prostrating themselves with the hope of despair, "Save us, your sublime Clemency; throw a ray of pity on us, Brother of the Sun and Moon: oh, chastise our diabolic oppressors!"—this was one of the first resources of the Bar Confederates. The Turks did give ear; not inattentive, though pretending to be rather deaf. M. de Vergennes,—of whose 'diplomatic bellows' we just heard (in fact, for diligence in this Turk element, in this young time, the like of him was seldom seen; we knew him long afterwards as a diligent old gentleman, in French-Revolution days),—M. de Vergennes zealously supports; zealous to let loose the Turk upon Anti-French parties. The Turks seem to wag their heads, for some time; and their responses are ambiguous. For some time, not for long. Here, fast enough, comes, in disguised shape, the Catastrophe itself, ye poor plaintive Poles!

July—October 1768. Those Zaporavian and other Cossacks, with 20,000 peasants plundering about on both sides of the Dniester, had set fire to the little Town of Balta, which is on the south side, and belongs to the Turks: a very grave accident, think all political people, think especially the Foreign Excellencies at Warsaw, when news of it arrives. Burning of Balta, not to be quenched by the amplest Russian apologies, proved a live-coal at Constantinople; and Vergennes says, he set population and Divan on fire by it: a proof that the population and Divan had already been in a very inflammable state. Not a wise Divan, though a zealous. Plenty of fury in these people; but a sad deficiency of every other faculty. They made haste, in their hot humour, to declare War (6th October 1768);[44] not considering much how they would carry it on. Declared themselves in late Autumn,—as if to give the Russians ample time for preparing; those poor Turks

[42] Thrown out '2d December 1770,'—by Louis's *new* Pompadour.

[43] Hermann, v. 469-471; in *Rulhière* (iv. 241-289) account of Dumouriez and his encings and spyings, still more of Vioménil, who had "French Volunteers," and did some bits of real fighting on the small scale.

[44] Hermann, v. 608-11

themselves being as yet ready with nothing, and even the season for field-operations being over.

King Friedrich, who has still a Minister at the Porte, endeavoured to dissuade his old Turk friends, in this rash crisis; but to no purpose; they would listen to nothing but Vergennes and their own fury. Friedrich finds this War a very mad one on the part of his old Turk friends; their promptitude to go into it (he has known them backward enough when their chances were better!), and their way of carrying it on, are alike surprising to him. He says: 'Catharine's Generals were unacquainted with the first elements of Castrametation and Tactic; but the Generals of the Sultan had a still more prodigious depth of ignorance; so that to form a correct idea of this War, you must figure a set of purblind people, who, by constantly beating a set of altogether blind, end by gaining over them a complete mastery.'[45] This, as Friedrich knows, is what Austria cannot suffer; this is what will involve Austria and Russia, and Friedrich along with them, in—Friedrich, as the matter gradually unfolds itself, shudders to think what. The beginnings of this War were perhaps almost comical to the old Soldier-King; but as it gradually developed itself into complete shattering to pieces of the stupid Blind by the ambitious Purblind, he grew abundantly serious upon it.

It is but six months since Polish Patriotism, so effulgent to its own eyes in Orthodoxy, in Love of glorious Liberty, confederated at Bar, and got into that extraordinary whirlpool, or cesspool, of miseries and deliriums we have been looking at; and now it has issued on a broad highway of progress,—broad and precipitous,—and will rapidly arrive at the goal set before it. All was so rapid, on the Polish and on the Turkish part. The blind Turks, out of mere fanaticism and heat of humour, have rushed into this adventure;—and go rushing forward into a series of chaotic platitudes on the huge scale, and mere tragical disasters, year after year, which would have been comical, had they not been so hideous and sanguinary: constant and enormous blunders on the Turk part, issuing in disasters of like magnitude; which in the course of Two Campaigns had quite finished-off their Polish friends, in a very unexpected way; and had like to have finished themselves off, had not drowned Poland served as a stepping-stone.

[45] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vi. 23, 24.

26th March 1769.

Not till March 26th, 1769, six months after declaring in such haste, did the blind Turks 'display their Banner of Mahomet,' that is, begin in earnest to assemble and make ready. Nor were the Russians shiningly strategic, though sooner in the field,—a Prince Galitzin commanding them (an extremely purblind person); till replaced by Romanzow, our old Colberg acquaintance, who saw considerably better. Galitzin, early in the season, made a rush on Choczim (Chotzim), the first Turk Fort beyond the Dniester; and altogether failed,—not by Turk prowess, but by his own purblind mal-arrangements (want of ammunition, want of bread, or I will forget what);—which occasioned mighty grumblings in Russia: till in a month or two, by favour of Fortune and blindness of the Turk, matters had come well round again; and Galitzin, walking up to Choczim the second time, found there was not a Turk in the place, and that Choczim was now his on those uncommonly easy terms!

Instead of farther details on such a War,—the *shadow* or reflex of which, as mirrored in the Austrian mind, has an importance to Friedrich and us; but the self or substance of which has otherwise little or none,—we will close here with a bit of Russian satire on it, which is still worth reading. The date is evidently Spring 1769; the scene what we are now treating of: Galitzin obliged to fall back from Choczim; great rumour—"What a Galitzin; what a Turk War his, in contrast to the last we had![46]—no Romanzow yet appointed in his room. And here is a small Manuscript, which was then circulating fresh and new in Russian Society; and has since gone over all the world (though mostly in an uncertain condition, in old Jest-Books and the like), as a genuine bit of *caviare* from those Northern parts:

Manuscript circulating in Russian Society. 'Galitzin, much grieved 'about Choczim, could not sleep; and, wandering about in his tent, 'overheard, one night, a common soldier recounting his dream to the 'sentry outside the door.

"A curious dream," said the soldier: "I dreamt I was in a battle; "that I got my head cut off; that I died; and, of course, went to "Heaven. I knocked at the door: Peter came with a bunch of Keys; "and made such rattling that he awoke God; who started up in haste, "asking, 'What is the matter?' 'Why,' says Peter, 'there is a great "War on earth between the Russians and the Turks.' 'And who "commands my Russians?' said the Supreme Being. 'Count Münnich,'

[46] Turk War of 1736-1739, under Münnich (suprà, iii. 244-282).

"answered Peter. 'Very well; I may go to sleep again!'—But this "was not the end of my dream," continued the soldier; "I fell asleep "and dreamt again, the very same as before, except that the War was "not Count Münnich's, but the one we are now in. Accordingly, when "God asked, 'Who commands my Russians?' Peter answered, 'Prince "Galitzin.' 'Galitzin? Then get me my boots!' said the" (Russian) "Supreme Being."[47]

[47] W. Richardson (then at Petersburg, Tutor to Excellency Cathcart's Children; afterwards Professor at Glasgow, and a man of some reputation in his old age), *Anecdotes of the Russian Empire, in a Series of Letters written a few Years ago from St. Petersburg* (London, 1784), p. 110: date of this Letter is '17th October 1769.'

END OF VOL. IX.

PRINTED BY VIRTUE AND CO., LIMITED, CITY ROAD, LONDON.